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HOOD'S OWN.

THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS HOOD.

COMIC AND SERIOUS, IN PROSE AND VERSE, WITH ALL THE ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY HIS SON AND DAUGHTER.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:
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1871.

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HOOD'S OWN:

OR, LAUGHTER FROM YEAR TO YEAR.

CUT AND COME AGAIN.

THE CAPTAIN'S COW.

A NAUTICAL ROMANCE.

"Water, water everywhere,
But not a drop to drink."—COLERIDGE.

IT is a jolly Mariner
As ever knew the billows' stir,

Or battled with the gale;
His face is brown, his hair is black,
And down his broad gigantic back
There hangs a platted tail.

In clusters, as he rolls along,
His tarry mates around him throng,
Who know his budget well;
Betwixt Canton and Trinidad
No Sea-Romancer ever had
Such wondrous tales to tell!

Against the mast he leans a-slope,
And thence upon a coil of rope
Slides down his pitchy "starn;"
Heaves up a lusty hem or two,
And then at once without ado
Begins to spin his yarn:—

"As from Jamaica we did come,
Laden with sugar, fruit and rum,
It blew a heavy gale:
A storm that scar'd the oldest men
For three long days and nights, and then
The wind began to fail.

Still less and less, till on the mast
The sails began to flap at last,
The breezes blew so soft;
Just only now and then a puff,
Till soon there was not wind enough
To stir the vane aloft.

"No, not a cat's paw anywhere:
Hold up your finger in the air
  You couldn't feel a breath;
For why, in yonder storm that burst,
The wind that blew so hard at first
  Had blown itself to death.

"No cloud aloft to throw a shade;
No distant breezy ripple made
  The ocean dark below.
No cheering sign of any kind;
The more we whistled for the wind
  The more it did not blow.

"The hands were idle, one and all;
No sail to reef against a squall;
  No wheel, no steering now!
Nothing to do for man or mate,
But chew their cuds and ruminate,
  Just like the Captain's Cow.

"Day after day, day after day,
Becalm'd the Jolly Planter lay,
  As if she had been moor'd:
The sea below, the sky a-top
Fierce blazing down, and not a drop
  Of water left aboard!

"Day after day, day after day;
Becalm'd the Jolly Planter lay,
  As still as any log;
The Parching seamen stood about,
Each with his tongue a-lolling out,
  And panting like a dog—

"A dog half mad with summer heat
And running up and down the street,
By thirst quite overcome;
And not a drop in all the ship
To moisten cracking tongue and lip,
Except Jamaica rum!

"The very poultry in the coop
Began to pine away and droop—
The cock was first to go;
And glad we were on all our parts,
He used to damp our very hearts
With such a ropy crow.

"But worst it was, we did allow,
To look upon the Captain's Cow,
That daily seem'd to shrink:
Deprived of water hard or soft,
For, though we tried her oft and oft,
The brine she wouldn't drink:

"But only turn'd her bloodshot eye,
And muzzle up towards the sky,
And gave a moan of pain,
A sort of hollow moan and sad,
As if some brutish thought she had
To pray to heav'n for rain;

"And sometimes with a steadfast stare
Kept looking at the empty air,
As if she saw beyond,
Some meadow in her native land,
Where formerly she used to stand
A-cooling in the pond.

"If I had only had a drink
Of water then, I almost think
  She would have had the half:
But as for John the Carpenter,
He couldn't more have pitied her
  If he had been her calf.

"So soft of heart he was and kind
To any creature lame, or blind,
  Unfortunate, or dumb:
Whereby he made a sort of vow,
In sympathising with the Cow,
  To give her half his rum;—

"An oath from which he never swerv'd,
For surely as the rum was serv'd
  He shared the cheering dram;
And kindly gave one half at least,
Or more, to the complaining beast,
  Who took it like a lamb.

"At last with overclouding skies
A breeze again began to rise,
  That stiffen'd to a gale:
Steady, steady, and strong it blew;
And were not we a joyous crew,
As on the Jolly Planter flew
  Beneath a press of sail!

"Swiftly the Jolly Planter flew,
And were not we a joyous crew,
  At last to sight the land!
A glee there was on every brow,
That like a Christian soul the Cow
  Appear'd to understand.

"And was not she a mad-like thing
To land again and taste the spring,
  Instead of fiery glass:
About the verdant meads to scour,
And snuff the honey'd cowslip flower,
  And crop the juicy grass!

"Whereby she grew as plump and hale
As any beast that wears a tail,
  Her skin as sleek as silk;
And through all parts of England now
Is grown a very famous Cow,
  By giving Rum-and-Milk!"

PARTY SPIRIT.

"WHY did you not dine," said a Lord to a Wit,
  "With the Whigs, you political sinner?"
"Why really I meant, but had doubts how the *Pit*
  Of my stomach would bear a Fox Dinner."

EPIGRAM.

THE SUPERIORITY OF MACHINERY.

A MECHANIC his labour will often discard,
  If the rate of his pay he dislikes;
But a clock—and its case is uncommonly hard—
  Will continue to work, tho' it *strikes!*

A FIRST ATTEMPT IN RHYME.

The attempt and not the deed."—LADY MACBETH.

A FEW days since it happened to me to look into a Lady's Album—one of those pretty nuisances which are sent to one like the Tax-gatherer's Schedules, with a blank or two for the victim

FROM THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

to fill up. The Book was of the usual kind; superbly bound of course, and filled with paper of various tints and shades, to suit the taste of the contributors:—baiting, one might fancy, with a bluish tinge for Lady Chatterton, with a light green for Mrs. Hall, or Miss Mitford, and with a French White for Miss Costello—for Moore with a flesh colour, with gray for the Bard

of Memory, and with rose colour for the Poet of Hope—with stone colour for Allan Cunningham, with straw colour for the Corn Law Rhymer, with drab and slate for Bernard Barton and the Howitts, and with a sulphur tint for Satan Montgomery. The copper colour being perhaps, aimed at the artists in general, who are partial to the warmth of its tone.

As yet, however, but few of our "celebrated pens" and pencils had enriched or ornamented the volume. The literary offerings were short and few; and the pictorial ones were still more rare. Thus between the Mendicant begging for Scraps in the Frontispiece, and a water-colour branch of Fuchsia, there were no less than eighteen blank leaves: twenty-two more from the flower to the Group of Shells—if they *were* shells—for they looked more like petrifactions of a cracknel, a French roll, and a twist—and fifteen barren pages from the Conchology to the great Parrot—which, by the bye, seemed purposely to have been put into the same livery as the lady's footman, namely, a peagreen coat, with crimson smalls. There was only one more drawing; a view of some Dutch place, done in Sepia, and which some wag had named in pencil as "a Piece of Brown Holland."

The prose and verse were of the ordinary character: Extracts from Byron, Wordsworth, and Mrs. Hemans; a Parody of an Irish Melody, an Unpublished Ballad, attributed to Sir Walter Scott, and sundry original effusions, including a Sonnet of sixteen lines, to an Infant. There were also two specimens of what is called Religious Poetry—the one working up a Sprig of Thyme into an "ETERNITY!" and the other setting out as jauntily as a Song, but ending in a "HIM."

In glancing over these effusions, it was my good fortune to be attracted to some verses by a certain singularity in their construction, the nature of which it required a second perusal to determine. Indeed, the peculiarity was so unobtrusive, that it had escaped the notice of the owner of the Album, who had even

designated the lines in question as "nothing particular." They were, she said, as the title implied, the first attempt in rhyme, by a female friend; and who, to judge from her manner and expressions, with respect to her maiden essay, had certainly not been aware of anything extraordinary in her performance. On the contrary, she had apologised for the homely and commonplace character of the lines, and had promised, if she ever improved in her poetry, to contribute another and a better sample. A pledge which Death, alas! had forbidden her to redeem.

As a Literary Curiosity, the Proprietress of the original Poem has kindly allowed me to copy and present it to the Public. Instead of a mere commonplace composition, the careful Reader will perceive that whilst aiming at, and so singularly missing, what Garrick called "the jingle of verse," the Authoress has actually invented a New Species of Poetry—an intermediate link, as it were, between Blank Verse and Rhyme, and as such likely to be equally acceptable to the admirers of Thomson and the lovers of Shenstone.

COPY.

If I were used to writing verse,
And had a Muse not so perverse,
But prompt at Fancy's call to spring
And Carol like a bird in Spring;
Or like a Bee, in summer time,
That hums about a bed of thyme,
And gathers honey and delights
From ev'ry blossom where it 'lights;
If I, alas! had such a Muse,
To touch the Reader or amuse,
And breathe the true poetic vein,
This page should not be fill'd in vain!

But ah! the power was never mine
To dig for gems in Fancy's mine:
Or wander over land and main
To seek the Fairies' old domain—
To watch Apollo while he climbs
His throne in oriental climes;
Or mark the "gradual dusky veil"
Drawn over Tempé's tuneful vale,
In classic lays remembered long—
Such flights to bolder wings belong;
To Bards who on that glorious height,
Of sun and song, Parnassus hight,
Partake the fire divine that burns,
In Milton, Pope, and Scottish Burns,
Who sang his native braes and burns.

For me a novice strange and new,
Who ne'er such inspiration knew,
But weave a verse with travail sore,
Ordain'd to creep and not to soar,
A few poor lines alone I write,
Fulfilling thus a friendly rite,
Not meant to meet the Critic's eye,
For oh! to hope from such as I,
For any thing that's fit to read,
Were trusting to a broken reed!

1*st of April*, 1840. E. M. G.

HORSE AND FOOT.

HORSE AND FOOT.

"Fain would I climbe
But that I fear to fall."—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

IT requires some degree of moral courage to make such a confession, for a horse-laugh will assuredly take place at my expense, but I never could sit on anything with four legs, except a chair, a table or a sofa. Possibly my birthplace was adverse, not being raised in Yorkshire, with its three Ridings—perhaps my education was in fault, for of course I was put to my feet like other children, but I do not remember being ever properly taken off them in the riding-school. It is not unlikely that my

passion for sailing has been inimical to the accomplishment; there is a roll about a vessel so different from the pitch of a horse, that a person accustomed to a fore and aft sea-saw, or side lurch, is utterly disconcerted by a regular up-and-down motion —at any rate, seamen are notorious for riding at anchor better than at anything else. Finally, the Turk's principle, Predestination, may be accountable for my inaptitude. One man is evidently born under what Milton calls a "mounted sign," whilst another comes into the world under the influence of Aries, predoomed to perform on no saddle but one of mutton. Thus we see one gentleman who can hardly keep his seat upon a pony, or a donkey; when another shall turn and wind a fiery Pegasus, or back a Bucephalus; to say nothing of those professional equestrians, who tumble *on* a horse instead of *off*. It has always seemed to me, therefore, that our Astleys and Ducrows, whether they realised fortunes or not, deserved to do so, besides obtaining more honorary rewards. It would not, perhaps, have been out of character, if they had been made Knights of, or Cavaliers; especially considering that many Mayors, Aldermen, and Sheriffs have been so dubbed, whose pretensions never stood on more than two legs, and sometimes scarcely on one.

The truth is, I have always regarded horsemen with something of the veneration with which the savages beheld, for the first time, the Spanish chivalry—namely, as superior beings. With all respect then to our gallant Infantry, I have always looked on our Cavalry as a grade above them—indeed, the feat of Widdrington, who "fought upon his stumps," and so far, on his own legs, has always appeared to me comparatively easy, whereas for a charge of cavalry,

> Charge, Chester, charge,
> *Off*, Stanley, *off*;

has always seemed to me the most natural reading.

The chase of course excites my admiration and wonder, and

like Lord Chesterfield I unfeignedly marvel—but for a different reason—that any gentleman ever goes to it a second time. A chapter of Nimrod's invariably gives me a crick in the neck. I can well believe that "it is the pace that kills," but why rational beings with that conviction should ride to be killed exceeds my comprehension. For my own part could such a pace ever come into fashion, it would be suicidal in me to attempt to hunt at a trot, or even in a walk. Ride and tie, perhaps, if, as I suppose, it means one's being tied on—but no, my evil genius would evade even that security.

THE MASTER OF THE HORSE.

Above all, but for certain visits to Epsom and Ascot I should have set down horse-racing as a pleasant fiction. That Buckle without being buckled on, should have reached the age he attained to—or that Day should have had so long a day—are to my mind "remarkable instances of longevity" far more wonderful than any recorded in the newspapers. How a jockey can bestride, and what is more, start with one of those thorough-bred steeds, is to me a standing, or rather running, or rather flying

miracle. Were I a Robinson or a Rogers, I should certainly think of the plate as a coffin-plate, and that the stakes were such as those that were formerly driven through self-murderers' bodies.

It would appear, then, that a rider like a poet, must be born and not made—that there are two races of men as differently fated as the silver-spooned and the wooden-ladled—some coming into the world, so to speak, at *Ryde*, others, like myself, at *Footscray*, and thus by necessity, equestrians or pedestrians. In fact, to corroborate this theory, there is the Championship, which being hereditary, is at least one instance of a gentleman being ordained to horseback from his birth. As to me, instead of retrograding through Westminster Hall on Cato, I must have backed out of the office.

It is probable, however, that beside the causes already enumerated, something of my inaptitude may be due to my profession. It has been remarked elsewhere, as to riding, that "sedentary persons seldom have a good seat," and literary men generally appear to have been on a par, as to Horsemanship, with the sailors. The Author of "Paul Pry," in an extremely amusing paper,* has recorded his own quadrupedal mischances.

Coleridge, for a similar or a still greater incapacity, was discharged from a dragoon regiment. Lamb avowedly never went "horse-pickaback" in his life. Byron, for all his ambition to be thought a bold cavalier, and in spite of his own hints on the subject, appears to have been but an indifferent performer—and Sir Walter Scott, as we read in his life, tumbled from his galloway, and Sir Humphrey Davy jumped over him. Even Shakspeare, as far as we have any account of his knowledge of horses, never got beyond holding them. Lord Chesterfield has described Doctor Johnson's appearance in the saddle; but the catalogue would be too tedious. Suffice it, if riding be the "poetry of motion," authors excel rather in its prose.

* A Cockney's Rural Sports.

To affirm, however, that I never ventured on the quadruped in question would be beside the truth, having a dim notion of once getting astride a Shetland pony in my boyhood, but how or where it carried me, or how I sat, if I did sit on it for any

FAST AND LOOSE.

distance, is in blank, having been picked up insensible within twenty yards of the door. I have a distinct recollection however of mounting a full-grown mahogany-coloured animal of the same genus, after coming to man's estate, which I may be pardoned for relating, as it was my only performance of the kind.

It was during my first unfortunate courtship, when I had the brief happiness of three weeks' visit at the residence of the lady's father in the county of Suffolk. I had made considerable progress, I flattered myself, in the affections of his "eldest daughter," when, alas! a letter arrived from London, which summoned me on urgent business to the metropolis. There was

no neat postchaise to be procured in the neighbourhood, nor indeed any other vehicle on account of the election; and my host kindly pressed upon me the use of one of his saddle-horses to carry me to the next market-town, where I should meet the mail. The urgency of the case induced me to accede to the proposal, and with feelings that all lovers will duly estimate, I took leave of my adored Honoria.

"TARNATION!—HE'S LEFT HIS SHADOW BEHIND HIM!"

She evidently felt the parting—we might not meet again for an age, or even two or three ages, *alias* weeks, and to be candid, I fully participated in her feelings of anxiety, and something more, considering the perilous nature of the expedition. But the Horse came, and the last adieus—no, not the last, for the animal having merely taken me an airing, across a country of his own choosing, at last brought me back of his own head, for

I was unable to direct it, safe to the house, or rather to the door of his own stable. At the time, despite some over-severe raillery, I rather enjoyed the untoward event; but on mature reflection, I have since found reason to believe that the change which afterwards took place in the young lady's sentiments towards me was greatly attributable to my equestrian failure. The popular novel of "Rob Roy" made its appearance soon afterwards, and along with a certainly over-fervent admiration of its heroine, Di Vernon, a notable horse-woman, it is not improbable that Honoria imbibed something of an opposite feeling towards her humble servant who was only a Foot-Man.

Since then, I have contrived to get married, to a lady of a more pedestrian taste; an escape from celibacy that might have been more difficult had my bachelorship endured till a reign when the example of the Sovereign has made riding so fashionable an exercise with the fair sex. Indeed, I have invariably found that every female but one whom I might have liked or loved, was a capital horsewoman. How other timid or inapt gentlemen are

to procure matrimonial partners, is a problem that remains to be solved. They must seek companions, as W. says, in the humbler *walks* of life. Poor W.! He was deeply, devotedly attached to a young lady of family and fortune, to whom he was not altogether indifferent, but he could not ride out with her on horseback, and the captain could, which determined her choice. The rejected lover has had a twist in his brain and a warp in his temper ever since; but his bitterness, instead of falling on the sex as usual, has settled on the whole equine race. He hates them all, from the steed of sixteen hands high down to the Shetland pony, and insists, against Mr. Thomas, and his Brutally-Humane Society, that horses are never ill-used. There is a "bit of raw" in his own bosom that has made him regard their galled withers with indifference: a sore at his heart which has made him callous to their sufferings. They deserve all they get. The Dog is man's best friend, he says, and the Horse his worst.

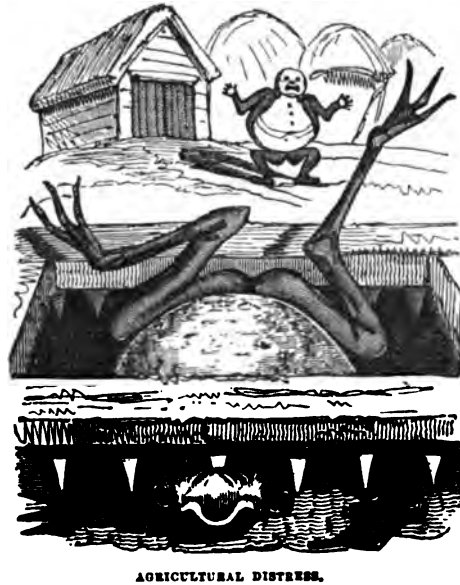
* * * * * *

Since writing the above, word has been brought to me that poor W. is no more. He deceased suddenly, and the report says, of apoplexy; but I know better. His death was caused, indeed, by *a full habit*—but it was *a blue one*.

"A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT."

PIROUETTES.

"DON'T tell me," said my uncle, "of your Operatives (he meant Opera-dancers) who spin about like teetotums or peg-tops. I am for none of your whirligigs. It is a mere *tour de force*, to show how many revolutions they can make on one leg; and nine times in ten the performer, especially a male one, shows by his face, at the conclusion, what a physical exertion it has been. The best dancers are sparing of such manœuvres; for they know that any appearance of effort is fatal to Grace. When I say the best dancers, I mean such Artistes as Taglioni, and others of the same school; who, by the way, always seemed to me to deserve the same encomium that King Solomon bestowed on the lilies—*they* TOIL *not, neither do they* SPIN."



AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

BILLS OF MORTALITY.

MR. WITHERING'S CONSUMPTION, AND ITS CURE.

A DOMESTIC EXTRAVAGANZA.

"Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid,
My shroud of white, all stuck with yew,
Oh, prepare it!"—TWELFTH NIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

"AND who was Mr. Withering?"

Mr. Withering, Gentle Reader, was a drysalter of Dowgate-hill. Not that he dealt in salt, dry or wet—or, as you might dream, in dry salt stockfish, ling, and Findon haddies, like the

salesmen in Thames-street. The commodities in which he trafficked, wholesale, were chiefly drugs, and dyewoods, a business whereby he had managed to accumulate a moderate fortune. His character was unblemished,—his habits regular and domestic, but although advanced in years beyond the middle age, he was still a bachelor.

"And consumptive? Why then according to Dr. Imray's book, he had hair of a light colour, large blue eyes, long eyelashes, white and regular teeth, long fingers with the nails contracted or curved, a slender figure, and a fair and blooming countenance."

PREDESTINATION.

Not exactly, Miss. Mr. Withering was rather dark—

"Oh yes—as the doctor says, the tuberculous constitution is not confined to persons of sanguineous temperaments and fair

complexion. It also belongs to those of a very different appearance. The subjects of this affection are often of a swarthy and dark complexion, with coarse skin, dark hair, long dark eyelashes, black eyes, thick upper lip, short fingers, broad nails, and a more robust habit of body, with duller intellect, and a careless or less active disposition."

Nay, that is still not Mr. Withering. To tell the truth, he was not at all like a consumptive subject: — not pigeon-breasted, but broad-chested—not emaciated, but plump as a partridge—not hectic in colour, but as healthily ruddy as a redstreak apple—not languid, but as brisk as a bee,—in short, a comfortable little gentleman, of the Pickwick class, something, perhaps, quizzical, but nothing phthisical in his appearance.

"Why, then, what was the matter with the man?"

A decline, Madam. Not the rapid decay of nature, so called, but one of those declines which an unfortunate lover has sometimes to endure from the lips of a cruel beauty; for Mr. Withering, though a steady, plodding man of business, in his warehouse or counting-house, was, in his parlour or study, a rather romantic and sensitive creature, with a strong turn for the sentimental, which had been nourished by his course of reading —chiefly in the poets, and especially such as dealt in Love Elegies, like his favourite Hammond. Not to forget Shenstone, whom, in common with many readers of his standing, he regarded as a very nightingale of sweetness and pathos in expressing the tender passion. Nay, he even ventured occasionally to clothe his own amatory sentiments in verse, and in sundry poems painted his torments by flames and darts, and other instruments of cruelty, so shockingly, that, but for certain allegorical touches, he might have been thought to be describing the ingenious torture of some poor white captive by a red Indian squaw.

But, alas! his poetry, original or borrowed, was of no more avail than his plain prose against that petrifaction which he addressed as a heart, in the bosom of Miss Puckle. He might as well have tried to move all Flintshire by a geological essay; or have

picked his way with a toothpick into a Fossil Saurian. The obdurate lady had a soul above trade, and the offer of the dry-salter and lover, with his dying materials in either line, was met by what is called a *flat* refusal, though it sounded, rather, as if set in a *sharp*.

Now in such cases, it is usual for the Rejected One to go into something or other, the nature of which depends on the temperament and circumstances of the individual, and I will give you six guesses, Gentle Reader, as to what it was that Mr. Withering went into when he was refused by Miss Puckle.

LOOKING UP TO THE OVERSEER.

"Into mourning?"

No.

"Into a tantrum?"

No.

"Into the Serpentine?"

No—nor into the Thames, to sleep in peace in Bugsby's Hole.

"Into the Army or Navy?"

No.

"Into a madhouse?"

No.

"Into a Hermitage?"

No—nor into a Monastery.

The truth is, he opportunely remembered that his father's great aunt, Dinah, after a disappointment in love, was carried off by Phthisis Pulmonalis; and as the disease is hereditary, he felt, morally as well as physically and grammatically, that he must, would, could, should, and ought to go like a true Withering into a Consumption.

"And did he, Sir?"

He did, Miss;—and so resolutely, that he sold off his business, at a sacrifice, and retired, in order to devote the rest of his life to dying for Amanda—*alias* Miss Susan Puckle. And a long job it promised to be, for he gloried in dying very hard,

and in pining for her, which of course is not to be done in a day. And truly, instead of a lover's going off, at a pop, like Werter, it must be much more satisfactory to a cruel Beauty, to see her victim deliberately expiring by inches, like a Dolphin, and dying of as many hues,—now crimson with indignation, then looking blue with despondence, anon yellow with jaundice, or green with jealousy—at last fading into a melancholy mud-colour, and thence darkening into the black tinge of despair and death. It is said, indeed, that when the cruel Miss Puckle was informed of his dying for her, she exclaimed, "Oh! I hope he will let me *crimp* him first,—like a skate!"

CHAPTER II.

"But did Mr. Withering actually go into a consumption?"

As certainly, Miss, as a passenger steps of his own accord into an omnibus that is going to Gravesend. He had been refused, and had a strong sentimental impression that all the Rejected and Forsaken Martyrs of true love were carried off sooner or later, by the same insidious disease. Accordingly his first step was to remove from the too keen air of Pentonville, to the milder climate of Brompton, where he took a small detached house, adapted to the state of single unblessedness, to which he was condemned. For with all his conviction of the propriety, or necessity of the catastrophe, his dying for love did not involve a love for dying; he might soon have to breathe his last, but it should be of a fine air.

His establishment consisted but of two female servants; namely, a housemaid, and a middle-aged woman, at once cook, housekeeper, and nurse, who professedly belonged to a consumptive family, and therefore knew what was good or bad, or neither, for all pulmonary complaints. Her name was Button.

She was tall, large-boned, and hard-featured; with a loud

voice, a stern eye, and the decided manner of a military sergeant —a personage adapted, and in fact accustomed, to rule much more refractory patients than her master. It did not indeed re-

quire much persuasion to induce him to take to wear "flannin next his skin," or woollen comforters round his throat and wrists, or even a hareskin on his chest in an east wind. He was easily led to adopt cork soles and clogs against wet, and a great-coat in cold weather—nay, he was even out-talked into putting his jaw into one of those hideous contrivances called Respirators. But this was nothing. He was absolutely com-

pelled to give up all animal food and fermented liquors—to renounce successively his joint, his steak, his chop, his chicken, his calves' feet, his drop of brandy, his gin-and-water, his glass of wine, his bottled porter, his draught ditto, and his ale down to

"WELL, THIS IS A HIGH MOVE!"

that bitter pale sort, that he used to call his *Bass* relief. No, he was not even allowed to taste the table-beer. He had promised to be consumptive, and Mrs. Button took him at his word. As much light pudding, sago, arrow-root, tapioca—or gruel—with toast-and-water, barley-water, whey, or apple-tea, as often as he pleased—but as to meat or "stimuluses," she would as soon give him "Alick's Acid, or Corrosive Supplement."

To this dietary dictation, the patient first demurred, but soon submitted. Nothing is more fascinating or dangerous to a man

just rejected by a female, than the show of kindness by another of the sex. It restores him to his self-love—nay, to his very self,—reverses the sentence of social excommunication just pronounced against him, and contradicts the moral annihilation implied in the phrase of being "nothing to nobody." A secret well known to the sex, and which explains how so many unfortunate gentlemen, crossed in love, happen to marry the housemaid, the cook, or any kind creature in petticoats—the first Sister of Charity, black, brown, or carroty, who cares a cus—

"Oh!——"

JO-AFTER VACCINATION.

—a custard for their appetite, or a comforter for their health. Even so with Mr. Withering. He had offered himself from the top of his Brutus to the sole of his shoe to Miss Puckle, who had plumply told him that he was not worth having as a gift. And, yet, here—in the very depth of his humiliation, when he would hardly have ventured to bequeath his wretched body to an anatomical lecturer—here was a female, not merely caring for his person in general, but for parts of it in particular—his poor throat and his precious chest, his delicate trachea, his irritable bronchial tubes, and his tender lungs. Nevertheless, no onerous tax was imposed on his gratitude; the only return

required—and how could he refuse it!—was his taking a Temperance, or rather Total Abstinence Pledge for his own benefit. So he supped his semi-solids and swallowed his slops; merely remarking on one occasion, after a rather rigorous course of barley-water, that if his consumption increased he thought he should "try *Madeira*," but whether the island, or the wine, he left in doubt.

CHAPTER III.

In the meantime Mr. Withering continued as plump as a partridge, and as rosy as a redstreak apple. No symptoms of the imputed disease made their appearance. He slept well, ate well of sago, &c., drank well of barley-water and the like, and

PREPARING A HOT BED.

shook hands with a palm not quite so hard and dry as a dead Palm of the Desert. He had neither hectic flushes nor short-

ness of breath—nor yet pain in the chest, to which three several physicians in consultation applied their stethoscopes.

Doctor A.—Hearing nothing at all.

Doctor B.—Nothing particular.

Doctor C.—Nothing wrong.

And Doctor E. distinctly hearing a cad-like voice, proclaiming "all right."

Mr. Withering, nevertheless, was dying—if not of consumption, of *ennui*—the mental weariness of which he mistook for the physical lassitude so characteristic of the other disease. In spite, therefore, of the faculty, he clung to the poetical theory that he was a blighted drysalter, withering prematurely on his stem; another victim of unrequited love, whom the utmost care could retain but a few short months from his cold grave. A conviction he expressed to posterity in a series of Petrarchian sonnets, and in plain prose to his housekeeper, who only insisted the more rigidly on what she called her "regimental rules" for his regimen, with the appropriate addition of Iceland Moss. A recipe to which he quietly submitted, though obstinately rejecting another prescription of provincial origin—namely, snails beaten up with milk. In vain she told him from her own experience in Flanders, that they were reckoned not only nourishing but relishing by the Belgians, who after chopping them up with bread crumbs and sweet herbs, broiled them in the shells, in each of which a small hole was made, to enable the Flemish epicure to blow out the contents.* Her master decisively set his face against the experiment, alleging plausibly enough that the operation of snails must be too slow for any galloping complaint.

There was, however, one experiment, of which on his own recommendation Mr. Withering resolved to make a trial—change of air, of course involving change of scene. Accord-

* The origin perhaps of the vulgar phrase, "a good blow out."

ingly, packing his best suit and a few changes of linen in his carpet-bag, he took an inside place in the Hastings coach, and was whirled down ere night to that favourite Cinque Port. And for the first fortnight, thanks to the bracing yet mild air of the place, which gave tone to his nerves, without injury to his chest, the result exceeded his most sanguine expectations. But alas! he was doomed to a relapse, a revulsion so severe, that, in a more advanced stage of his complaint he ought to have "gone out like a snuff."

"What, from wet feet, or a damp bed?"

No, Madam—but from a promenade, with dry soles, on a bright day in June, and in a balmy air that would not have injured a lung of lawn-paper.

CHAPTER IV.

Poor Mr. Withering!

Happy for him had he but walked in any other direction—up to the Castle or down to the beach—had he only bent his steps westward to Harlington or Bexhill, or eastward to Fairlight,—or to the Fish-ponds—but his sentimental bias would carry him towards Lovers' Seat,—and there—on the seat itself—he beheld his lost Amanda, or rather Miss Puckle, or still more properly, Mrs. Scrimgeour, who, with her bridegroom, had come to spend the honeymoon at green Hastings. The astounded drysalter stood aghast and agape at the unexpected encounter; but the lady, cold and cutting as the East wind, vouchsafed no sign of recognition.

The effect of this meeting was a new shock to his system. He felt, at the very moment, that he had a hectic flush, hot and cold fits, with palpitation of the heart,—and his disease set in again with increased severity. Yes, he was a doomed man,

and might at once betake himself to the last resource of the consumptive.

"Not," he said, "not that all the asses' milk in England would ever lengthen his years."

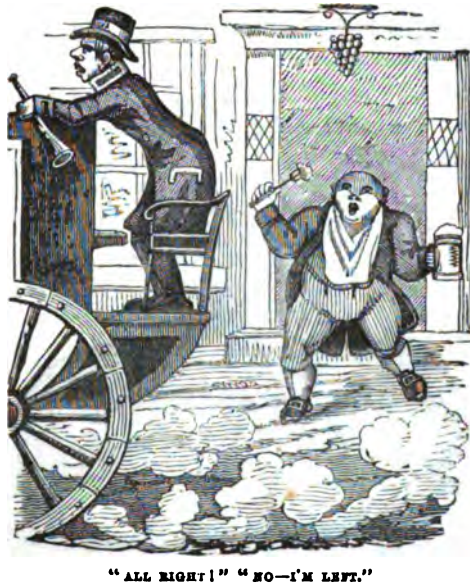
LOVERS' SEAT.

Impressed with this conviction, and heartily disgusted with Hastings, he repacked his carpet-bag, and returned by the first coach to London, fully convinced, whatever the pace of the Rocket, or the nature of the road, that he was going very fast, and all down hill.

CHAPTER V.

It was about ten o'clock at night when Mr. Withering arrived at his own residence in Brompton; but although there was a light in the parlour, a considerable time elapsed before he could obtain admittance.

At last, after repeated knockings and ringings, the street-door opened, and disclosed Mrs. Button, who welcomed her master with an agitation which he attributed at once to his unexpected return, and the marked change for the worse which of course was visible in his face.



"ALL RIGHT!" "NO—I'M LEFT."

"Yes, you may well be shocked—but here, pay the coachman and shut the door, for I'm in a draught. You may well be shocked and alarmed, for I'm looking, I know, like death,—but bless me, Mrs. Button, the house smells very savoury!"

"It's the drains as you sniff, Sir," said the Housekeeper; "they always do smell strongish afore rain."

"Yes, we shall have wet weather, I believe—and it may be the drains—though I never smelt anything in my life so like fried beef-steaks and onions!"

"Why, then, to tell the truth," said Mrs. Button, "it *is* beef and inguns; it's a favourite dish of mine, and as you're forbid animal food, I thought I'd jest treat myself in your absence, so as not to tantalise you with the smell."

"Very good, Mrs. Button, and very considerate. Though with your lungs, I hardly approve of hot suppers. But there seems to me another smell about the house,—yes—most decidedly—the smell of tobacco."

"Oh, that's the plants!" exclaimed the Housekeeper—"the geranums that I've been smoking, they were eaten up alive with green animalculuses."

UNLICENSED VICTUALLERS.

"Humph!" said Mr. Withering, who, sniffing about like a spaniel, at last made a point at the Housekeeper herself.

"It's very odd—very odd, indeed, but there is a sort of perfume about *you*, Mrs. Button—not exactly lavender or Eau de Cologne—but more like the smell of liquor."

"Law, Sir!" exclaimed the Housekeeper, with a rather hysterical chuckle, "the sharp nose that you have sure*ly*! Well, sure enough the tobacco-smoke did make me squeamish, and I sent out for a small quantity of arduous spirits just to settle my

stomach. But never mind the luggage, Sir, I'll see to that, while you go up to the drawing-room and the sofey, for you do look like death, and that's the truth."

And suiting her actions to her words, she tried to hustle her master towards the staircase; but his suspicions were now excited, and making a piglike dodge round his driver, he bolted into the parlour, where he beheld a spectacle that fully justified his misgivings.

"Lord! what did he see, Sir?"

Nothing horrible, Madam; only a cloth laid for supper, with plates, knives, and forks, and tumblers for two. At one end of the table stood a foaming quart-pot of porter; at the other a

black bottle, labelled "Cream of the Valley," while in the middle was a large dish of smoking hot beefsteaks and onions. For a minute he wondered who was to be the second party at the feast, till, guided by a reflection, in the looking-glass, he turned towards the parlour-door, behind which, bolt upright and motionless as waxwork, he saw a man, as the old song says,

"Where nae man should be."

"Heyday! Mrs. Button, whom have we here?"

"If you please, Sir," replied the abashed Housekeeper, "it's only a consumptious brother of mine, as is come up to London for physical advice."

"Humph!" said Mr. Withering, with a significant glance towards the table, "and I trust that in the mean time you have advised him to abstain, like your master, from animal food and stimulants."

"Why you see, Sir, begging your pardon," stammered Mrs. Button, "there's differences in constitutions. Some people requires more nourishing than others. Besides, there's two sorts of consumption."

"Yes, so I see," retorted Mr. Withering; "the one preys on your vitals and the other on your victuals."

Just at this moment a scrap of paper on the carpet attracted his eye, and at the same time catching that of Mrs. Button, and both parties making an attempt together to pick it up, their heads came into violent collision.

"It's only the last week's butcher's bill," said the Housekeeper, rubbing her forehead.

"I see it is," said the master, rubbing the top of his head with one hand, whilst, with the bill in the other, he ran through the items, from beef to veal, and from veal to mutton, boggling especially at the joints.

"Why, zounds! Ma'am, your legs run very large!"

"My legs, Sir?"

"Well, then, *mine*, as I pay for them. Here's one I see of eleven pounds, and another of ten and a half. I really think my two legs, cold one day and hashed the next, might have dined you through the week, without four pounds of my chops!"

JEWISH DISABILITIES.—FIRST REMOVE.

"Your chops, Sir?"

"Yes, my chops, woman—and if I had not dropped in, you and your consumptive brother there would be supping on my steaks. You would eat me up alive!"

"You forget, Sir," muttered the Housekeeper, "there's a nousemaid."

"Forget the devil!" bellowed Mr. Withering, fairly driven beyond his patience, and out of his temper by different provocatives; for all this time the fried beef and onions,—one of the most savoury of dishes,—had been steaming under his nose, suggesting rather annoying comparisons between the fare before him and his own diet.

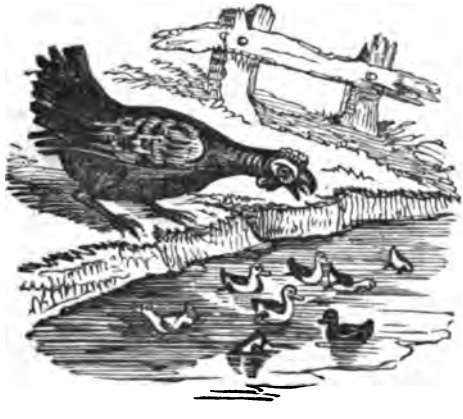
"Yes, here have I been starving these two months on spoon victuals and slops, while my servants, my precious servants—confound them!—were feasting on the fat of the land! Yes, you, woman! you—with your favourite dishes,—my fried steaks, and my boiled legs, and my broiled chops, but forbidding me—

me your master,—to dine even on my own kidneys, or my own sweetbread! But if I'll be consumptive any longer I'll be——"

The last word of the sentence, innocent or profane, was lost in the loud slam of the street-door—for Mrs. Button's consumptive brother, disliking the turn of affairs, had quietly stolen out of the parlour, and made his escape from the house.

"And did Mr. Withering observe his vow?"

Most religiously, Madam. Indeed, after dismissing Mrs. Button with her "regimental rules," he went rather to the opposite extreme, and dined and supped so heartily on his legs and shoulders, his breast and ribs, his loins, his heart, and liver, and his calf's head, and moreover washed them down so freely with wine, beer, and strong waters, that there was far more danger of his going out with an Apoplexy than of his going into a Consumption.



A FLEET OFF THE MOTHER BANK.

"NOW FOR AN EFFECT!"

A HARD CASE.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?
'Tis with their judgments as their watches, none
Go just alike, but each believes his own."—POPE.

THAT Doctors differ, has become a common proverb; and truly, considering the peculiar disadvantages under which they labour, their variances are less wonders than matters of course. If any man works in the dark, like a mole, it is the Physician. He has continually, as it were, to divine the colour of a pig in a poke—or a cat in the bag. He is called in to a suspected *trunk* without the policeman's privilege of a search. He is expected

to pass judgment on a physical tragedy going on in the house of life, without the critic's free admission to the performance. He is tasked to set to rights a disordered economy, without, as the Scotch say, going "*ben*," and must guess at riddles hard as Sampson's as to an animal with a honey-combed inside. In fact, every malady is an Enigma, and when the doctor gives you over, he "gives it up."

A few weeks ago one of these puzzles, and a very intricate one, was proposed to the faculty at a metropolitan hospital. The disorder was desperate: the patient writhed and groaned in agony—but his *lights* as usual threw none on the subject. In

the meantime the case made a noise, and medical men of all degrees and descriptions, magnetizers, homœopathists, hydropathists, mad doctors, sane doctors, quack doctors, and even horse doctors, flocked to the ward, inspected the symptoms, and then debated and disputed on the nature of the disease. It was in the brain, the heart, the liver, the nerves, the muscles, the skin, the blood, the kidneys, the "globes of the lungs," "the

DE LUNATICO INQUIRENDO.

momentum," "the pancras," "the capilaire vessels," and the "gutty sereny." Then for its nature; it was chronic, and acute, and intermittent, and non-contagious, and "ketching," and "inflammable," and "heredittary," and "eclectic," and Lord knows what besides. However, the discussion ended in a complete wrangle, and every doctor being mounted on his own

theory, never was there such a scene since the Grand Combat of Hobby Horses at the end of Mr. Bayes's Rehearsal!

"*It's in his* STOMACH!" finally shouted the House-Surgeon, —after the departing disputants,—"*it's in his stomach!*"

The poor patient, who in the interval had been listening between his groans, no sooner heard this decision, than his head seemed twitched by a spasm, that also produced a violent wink of the left eye. At the same time he beckoned to the surgeon.

"You're all right, Doctor—as right as a trivet."

"I know I am," said the surgeon,—"it's in your stomach."

"It *is* in my stomach, sure enough."

"Yes—flying gout—"

"Flying what!" exclaimed the patient. "No, no sich luck, Doctor," and he made a sign for the surgeon to put his ear near his lips, "it's six *Hogs* and a *Bull*, as I've swaller'd."

AN EPIGRAM.

'Tis said of Lord B., none is keener that he
To spit a Wild Boar with éclât;
But he never gets near to the Brute with his spear,
He gives it so very much *law*.

ENGLISH RETROGRESSION.

"*Back her!*" shouted the Captain, from the paddle-box of the Lively to the cabin-boy on the deck, who repeated the command to the engineer in the hold—and the paddles being reversed to order, the packet, with a retrograde motion, began to approach the pier, to which she was soon secured by a hawser. Her passage across the Channel had been a rough one: but as all passages come to an end at last, she had arrived in a French harbour and smooth water.

There is this advantage in a stormy voyage by sea, that it makes one land on a foreign soil as cordially as if it were native; and accordingly with the most perfect satisfaction I found myself standing, high and dry, in that seaport, the name of which

Queen Mary of England, surnamed the Bloody, declared would be found engraven on her heart—the earliest instance, by the by, of lithography. For my own part, my heart was also deeply interested in the locality, which, to an Englishman, is classical ground, and associated with literary fictions as well as historical facts. Not to name a certain slender figure of a Traveller in

"CIRCUMSTANCES OVER WHICH I HAVE NO CONTROL."

black, with a clerical wig and hat, my mind's eye was filled with the familiar phantoms of personages almost as real to me as the place itself; and the very scenery in which they had played their parts was shortly to be before me. With the help of a Calais touter, I had found my way to the wrong Hotel, the master of which stood bowing to me, as only a Frenchman can bow, and congratulating me—or rather all France—if not all Europe,

on my safe arrival. In compliment to my nation, he pretended to use our native language, but of course it was a strange jargon —for it seems to be the pleasure of "our Sweet Enemy France"—as Sir Philip Sidney called her—since she cannot break our ranks, or our banks, or our hearts, heads, winds, or spirits, to break our English. But my head and heart were too full of Monsieur Dessein, the Mendicant Monk, the Désobligeant, the Remise, the Fair Fleming, and the Snuff-Box, to notice or resent the liberties that were taken with our insular tongue.

"MAY WE NE'ER WANT A FRIEND, OR A BOTTLE TO GIVE HIM."

"And now, Monsieur," said I, after bandying civilities which employed us to the top of the first flight of stairs—"and now, Monsieur, be pleased to show me the chamber which was occupied by the Author of the 'Sentimental Journey.'"

"La journée?"

"Yes, the apartment of our Tristram Shandy."

"L'apartement—triste—"

"Exactly: the room where he had the memorable interview with the Monk of the Franciscan order."

"Order?—ah!—oui—yes—you shall order, Sare, what you will please—"

"All in good time, Monsieur,—but I must first see the room that was tenanted by our immortal Sterne."

"Sterne!" ejaculated my host — "eh? — Sterne?— Diable l'emporte!—it is de oder Hotel. Mon Dieu! c'est une drole de chose—but de English pepels when dey come to Calais, dey always come *Sterne foremost!*"

EPIGRAM.

THREE traitors, Oxford—Francis—Bean,
Have missed their wicked aim;
And may all shots against the Queen,
In future do the same:
For why, I mean no turn of wit,
But seriously insist,
That if Her Majesty were *hit*,
No one would be so *miss'd*.

SPRING AND FALL.

"SET DOWN ONE, AND CARRY ONE."

THE LITTLE BROWNS.

TAKING into account the peculiar circumstances of the country, and the particular juncture, coincident with the depreciation of our gold money, there is something strange and puzzling about the proposed issue of a new coinage of Half-Farthings.

In a cheap country one can understand the utility and convenience of such small moneys: for example, in France or Belgium with their centimes—or in Germany with its pfennings, ten of which are equivalent to one of our pence. For in any of these lands it is still possible to procure some article or other in exchange for a coin of the lowest denomination: but in England

dear England, what is there that one can purchase for such a mite as one of the new fractions? Nothing. The traditionary farthing rushlight has risen to four times the price, and the old ha'penny roll has rolled into a penny one. And half a farthing? The only commodity I know of to be obtained for such a trifle is—kicks!

"I'd kick him for half a farthing."

It is barely possible, however, that at the street stalls, or in hawkers' baskets, there may be something in the lozenge or lollipop line to be bought for one of these new doits. But the issue of a new coinage, of a novel value, expressly for the convenience of little children with limited incomes, is a thing not to be supposed.

It is not likely, either, that the penny has thus been split into eighths, because the oranges have been eight for sixpence; neither is it probable that our copper currency has been chopped so small only to make it more like mint sauce.

Is it possible that, alarmed by the depreciation of our sovereigns, our rulers have thought of producing a coin not valuable enough for plugging—and two little and light for sweating—even in the present warm weather?

Is it plausible that to meet the haggling which hard times will produce, these copper minims have been invented so that two merchants or brokers who have boggled about a farthing, may split the difference and effect a bargain? Such a supposition were too derogatory to our modern Greshams.

A certain Journal, indeed, has hinted that the measure will benefit the poor, by their receiving fractions which hitherto have never been given to the petty purchaser; but surely this argument is untenable, for will not the same coinage enable the seller to impose a fraction hitherto impracticable on his article—for example, a penny and one eighth on his bun or roll?

The new denomination can hardly be intended—against an

universal Income Tax—to enable a man with fourpence-farthing a year to pay three per cent. on his annuity. The Victoria D.G. on the new coin would never lend her royal countenance to any such speculation.

A RECEIPT IN FULL.

Is it possible, in consideration of the dearness of bread, that the Liliputian currency has been invented for the purchase of such tiny little loaves as Gulliver used to devour by the dozen? Alas! the people who make money are not so considerate for those who don't!

With none of these views is it likely that the Demi Farthings have been minted—nor yet to encourage low play, by furnishing almost nominal stakes for short whist and games of chance.

To what purpose, then, have the dwarf coppers been introduced? There still remains one use for them, and really it ap-

pears on plausible grounds to have been the very use intended by the authors of the measure—namely, to be given away.

The universal distress of the working classes—the rapid increase of pauperism, and the broad hint which has been thrown out, that the wants of the starving population must be provided for by voluntary contribution, tend strongly to favour this hypo-

DOUBLE ENTRY.

thesis. The man and woman with a spare penny—the lady and gentleman with a spare shilling, will be enabled, by this very small change, to enlarge the sphere of their benevolence; and the noble philanthropist, whose generosity amounts to a guinea, may have a thousand beggars beset his gate, and "none go unrelieved away!" Yes—thanks to our mint-masters, we shall be indulged with cheap charity, if nothing else!

But besides the mendicants, the minute coin will be serviceable to give to children,—to crossing sweepers, watermen, Jacks-in-the-water, and other humble officials, who look to ladies and gentlemen for fees. Whether the Half-Farthings will do to tip servants, guards, chamber-maids, stage coachmen, waiters, or box-keepers, is more problematical: how it might answer to

slip such a gratuity into the itching palm of a powdered portly Footman, or Hall Porter, in crimson and gold, or sky blue and silver—one of those pampered menials who lounge about the doors of Portland Place, and vainly ask each other the meaning of "Destitution in the Metropolis"—how it might do, to present such a tipping to such a topping personage, to offer such tribute money to such a Cæsar, is very, very questionable; but in these hard times, when every retrenchment is desirable, the experiment at least ought to be made—nay, should even a young lady call with her subscription-book to beg for something for the little Blacks, it might not be amiss to introduce her to the little Browns.

THE OMNI-BUSS.

THE OMNIBUS.

A SKETCH ON THE ROAD.

It was a fine evening in Autumn, but late enough to be dusk, as my friend F. was driving me, in a gig, along a road near Chigwell, in Essex, when suddenly we were startled by loud and repeated screams, as from numerous female voices.

F. immediately pulled up:—whilst the alarming chorus was repeated from throats in better time than unison—followed by entreaties for help.

The sounds came from above; and looking up towards the top of the bank on the right hand side of the road which was cut through a hill, we perceived an omnibus, with two females perched on the roof, and another on the box, who held the whip and the reins. At every window, moreover, appeared one or two caps or bonnets, accounting for the full chorus we had just heard.

Leaving our own vehicle in the road, we hastened to the rescue; and having first helped the ladies to alight, proceeded to get the omnibus into the road—a task of considerable difficulty. The females in the meanwhile scrambled down to the low ground, where we found them clustered round the senior of the party, who, seated on the stump of a tree, was giving way to sundry gesticulations and exclamations, which being echoed and imitated by a fugle-woman on either side, were copied and repeated again by some eighteen young ladies of various ages and very different sizes. In reality, the Principal, teachers, and pupils of Prospect-House Establishment, at Woodford.

"O! I never!" exclaimed the Governess: and eighteen juvenile voices, and two middle-aged ones instantly reiterated, "O, I never!"

"It's a Providence we were not killed!" cried the Governess; and as if they had been at their responses in church, the twenty voices simultaneously repeated, "Providence we were not killed!"

My experience in the suburban woodlands, suggested a tolerable guess at the truth which the narrative of Mrs. Vandeleur afterwards confirmed. The ladies of Prospect-House Establishment had been enjoying their annual Gipsying in Epping Forest —a festival from which prudence and principle rigorously excluded the other sex with the exception of one Tobias, who during the illness of the household coachman, had been recommended for the service, as a sober, steady, civil, and family man.

Well, they had gone, she said, to the old perennial rendezvous, a certain retired spot, secure from vulgar intrusion, and betaken themselves to their rural recreations, some pursuing Entomology (she meant hunting butterflies), others studying botany (by picking harebells and looking for "eagles" and "oak trees" in sliced fern-stalks), the graphical, sketching picturesque stumps, and land-skipping—and the young ones picking ladybirds, or playing at hide

A SPILL CASE.

and seek. For herself, she had enjoyed "Sturm's Reflections" under an umbrageous beech, whilst Miss Tancred and Miss Groper spread the hospitable cloth on Flora's lap, and disposed on it the viands and beverages congenial to a Juvenile Fête Champêtre, namely cold pigeon pie, ham and beef sandwiches, and tea-cakes, with flasks of home-made gooseberry, currant, and

cowslip wine, and a few bottles of porter and ale for the more mature of the sylvan revellers. These good things, with grace before and after, having been duly discussed, not forgetting the allotment of a portion for Tobias—the votaries of Flora, &c., again betook themselves to their rural felicity till recalled by the sound of a large handbell, when the little flock having been counted over, they proceeded to the rendezvous,—a Majestic Monarch of the Forest, alias oak—and punctual to appointment there stood the green Omnibus, the PARAGON, with its horses ready harnessed—but where was Tobias?

A ROCKING HORSE.

In vain twenty shrill voices made the woods ring with "Tobias!—bias!—ias!"—no Tobias answered. In speechless alarm, the anxious females clustered again around the Governess, gazing in each others' faces with blank looks, when suddenly they were starled by a strange sound from the interior of the vehicle.—Yes, there certainly was somebody snoring in the omnibus, but nobody cared to verify the fact, by inspection, for suppose it should not be Tobias? At last the more courageous Miss Groper ventured to open the door and look in, and, alas! for human frailty! Tobias it was indeed, helplessly, hopelessly drunk!

Poor Tobias! Too corpulent to skip after butterflies or climb for birds' nests, too ignorant to read "Sturm's Reflections," or in truth any thing else, and unable to play hide and seek with himself, he had found the time pass away very tediously,

"Under the shade of melancholy boughs."

He had looked on the sole of each boot, more than once, and into the crown of his hat still oftener, and had blown his nose, and counted the fourpence halfpenny in his pocket over and over, but he could not always be blowing his nose without a cold, or counting fourpence halfpenny. How then was he to

AN INGRATE.

occupy or amuse himself but by eating and drinking?—the last, indeed, being encouraged by the heat of the weather, and the discovery of certain bottles of ale and stout and home-made wines amongst the remnants of the feast. So tapping a bottle of ale, he quaffed it off, not without drinking the health of the Governess and the ladies in general, succeeded by more particular toasts, as the "young 'oman in the welwet cape," "she in the blue bonnet," and the like. Then he drank the porter, and then he instinctively put to the horses, for the fatigue of which

he refreshed himself with another bottle of ale, and then tasted the wines, and then feeling drowsy, crept into the further corner of the 'bus for a nap, till the arrival of the company. But the malt liquor had been more potent, and his slumbers were deeper than he had reckoned on. The maidens might as well have attempted to rouse Rip Van Winkle.

What was to be done? There was not a house within reach, or a creature within hail. The gloom of evening was fast deepening, and the prospect of being benighted in the Forest, associated, by some at least, with wild beasts and banditti, reconciled the females, old and young, to the only alternative. The Governess and the majority of the ladies got into the omnibus, allowing the horrid creature as wide a berth as they could—the two teachers ascended outside to the roof—and the box was assigned to Miss Wrigglesworth, who on the strength of having once driven a donkey shay, assumed the whip and the ribbons, and set the horses in motion by one cut at the reins and another at the traces. Luckily the horses were steady and sensible animals, and being allowed their own way at first, kept the coach out of difficulties, till the charioteer attempting some manœuvres of her own, contrived to perch the omnibus on an eminence dangerous even for a Paragon.

"I DO BESEECH YOU, PLAY UPON THIS PIPE."

The rest may be briefly told. Tobias was dragged from the vehicle by the legs, and after a hearty shaking, was secured by the side of F. in the gig. The omnibus, I volunteered to pilot to Prospect House, where I safely deposited its precious freight —the Governess literally overwhelming me with her acknowledgments—and the young ladies declaring one and all, with every appearance of sincerity, that "they would never, never, never go any where again *without Gentlemen.*"

A REFLECTION ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

"THOSE Evening Bells—those Evening Bells!"
How sweet they used to be, and dear!
When full of all that Hope foretells,
Their voice proclaim'd the new-born Year!

But, ah! much sadder now I feel,
To hear that old melodious chime,
Recalling only how a *Peel*
Has tax'd *the comings-in of Time!*

EPIGRAM

ON THE ART-UNIONS.

THAT Picture-Raffles will conduce to nourish
Design, or cause good colouring to flourish,
Admits of logic-chopping and wise sawing,
But surely Lotteries encourage Drawing!

A MORNING THOUGHT.

No more, no more will I resign
My couch so warm and soft,
To trouble trout with hook and line,
That will not spring aloft.

With larks appointments one may fix
To greet the dawning skies,
But hang the getting up at six,
For fish that will not *rise!*

BACON IN DEMAND—BRISTLES GETTING UP—A FULL SUPPLY OF BARK—IVORY RATHER BRISK—TALLOW IS FLAT—AND THERE'S A RISE IN TIMBER.

"ABROAD IN THE MEADOWS
TO SEE THE YOUNG LAMBS."

THE HAPPIEST MAN IN ENGLAND.

A SKETCH ON THE ROAD.

"It is the Soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object; but the Mind descries.
And thence delight, disgust, and cool indifference rise."—CRABBE.

"A CHARMING morning, Sir," remarked my only fellow-passenger in the Comet, as soon as I had settled myself in the opposite corner of the coach.

As a matter of course and courtesy I assented; though I had certainly seen better days. It did not rain; but the weather was gloomy, and the air felt raw, as it well might with a pale dim sun overhead, that seemed to have lost all power of roasting.

"Quite an Italian Sky," added the stranger, looking up at a sort of French gray coverlet that would have given a Neapolitan fancy the ague.

However, I acquiesced again, but was obliged to protest against the letting down of both windows in order to admit what was called the "fresh invigorating breeze from the Surrey Hills."

To atone for this objection, however, I agreed that the coach was the best, easiest, safest, and fastest in England, and the road the most picturesque out of London. Complaisance apart, we were passing between two vegetable screens, of a colour converted by dust to a really "invisible green," and so high, that they excluded any prospect as effectually as if they had been Venetian blinds. The stranger, nevertheless, watched the monotonous fence with evident satisfaction.

"No such hedges, Sir, out of England."

"I believe not, Sir!"

"No, Sir, quite a national feature. They are peculiar to the enclosures of our highly cultivated island. You may travel from Calais to Constantinople without the eye reposing on a similar spectacle."

"So I have understood, Sir."

"Fact, Sir: they are unique. And yonder is another rural picture unparalleled, I may say, in continental Europe — a meadow of rich pasture, enamelled with the indigenous daisy and a multiplicity of buttercups!"

The oddity of the phraseology made me look curiously at the speaker. A pastoral poet, thought I—but no—he was too plump and florid to belong to that famishing fraternity, and in his dress, as well as in his person, had every appearance of a man well to do in the world. He was more probably a gentleman farmer, an admirer of fine grazing-land, and perhaps delighted in a well-dressed paddock and genteel haystack of his

own. But I did him injustice, or rather to his taste—which was far less exclusive—for the next scene to which he invited my attention was of a totally different character — a vast, bleak, scurfy-looking common, too barren to afford even a picking to any living creatures, except a few crows. The view, however, elicited a note of admiration from my companion :

BONEFACE.

"What an extensive prospect! Genuine, uncultivated nature —and studded with rooks!"

The stranger had now furnished me with a clue to his character; which he afterwards more amusingly unravelled. He was an Optimist;—one of those blessed beings (for they are blessed) who think that whatever is is beautiful as well as right; practical philosophers, who make the best of everything; im-

aginative painters, who draw each object *en beau*, and deal plentifully in *couleur de rose*. And they are right. To be good—in spite of all the old story-books, and all their old morals,—is not to be happy. Still less does it result from Rank, Power, Learning, or Riches; from the single state or a double one, or even from good health or a clean conscience. The source of felicity, as the poet truly declares, is in the Mind—for like my fellow-traveller, the man who has a mind to be happy will be so, on the plainest commons that nature can set before him—with or without the rooks.

The reader of Crabbe will remember how graphically he has described, in his "Lover's Journey," the different aspects of the same landscape to the same individual, under different moods—on his outward road, an Optimist, like my fellow-traveller, but on his return a malcontent like myself.

A CLEAR STAGE, AND NO FAVOUR.

In the meantime, the coach stopped—and opposite to what many a person, if seated in one of its right-hand corners, would have considered a very bad look out,—a muddy square space, bounded on three sides by plain brick stabling and wooden barns, with a dwarf wall, and a gate, for a foreground to the

picture. In fact, a straw-yard, but untenanted by any live stock, as if an Owenite plan amongst the brute creation, for living in a social parallelogram, had been abandoned. There seemed no peg here on which to hang any eulogium; but the eye of the Optimist detected one in a moment:

"What a desirable Pond for Ducks!"

He then shifted his position to the opposite window, and with equal celerity discovered "a capital Pump! with oceans of excellent Spring Water, and a commodious handle within reach of the smallest Child!"

I wondered to myself how he would have described the foreign Fountains, where the sparkling fluid gushes from groups of

Sculpture into marble basins, and, without the trouble of pumping at all, ministers to the thirst and cleanliness of half a city. And yet I had seen some of our Travellers pass such a superb Water-work with scarcely a glance, and certainly without a syllable of notice! It is such Headless Tourists, by the way,

CORNI OBLIGATI.

who throng to the German Baths and consider themselves Bubbled, because, without any mind's eye at all, they do not see all the pleasant things which were so graphically described by the Old Man of the Brunnens. For my own part, I could not help thinking that I must have lost some pleasure in my own progress through life by being difficult to please.

For example, even during the present journey, whilst I had been

inwardly grumbling at the weather, and yawning at the road, my fellow-traveller had been revelling in Italian skies, salubrious breezes, verdant enclosures, pastoral pictures, sympathising with wet habits and dry, and enjoying desirable duck-ponds, and parochial Pumps!

What a contrast, methought, between the cheerful contented spirit of my present companion, and the dissatisfied temper and tone of Sir W. W., with whom I once had the uncomfortable honour of travelling *tête-à-tête* from Leipzig to Berlin. The road, it is true, was none of the most interesting, but even the tame and flat scenery of the Lincolnshire Fens may be rendered still more wearisome by sulkily throwing yourself back in your carriage and talking of Switzerland! But Sir W. W. was far too nice to be wise—too fastidious to be happy—too critical to be contented. Whereas my present coach-fellow was not afraid to admire a commonplace inn—I forget its exact locality—but he described it as "superior to any oriental Caravansery—and with a Sign that, in the Infancy of the Art, might have passed for a *Chef d'Œuvre*."

Happy man! How he must have enjoyed the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy, whereas to judge by our periodical critiques on such Works of Modern Art, there are scarcely a score out of a thousand annual Pictures that ought to give pleasure to a Connoisseur. Nay, even the Louvre has failed to satisfy some of its visitants, on the same principle that a matchless collection of Titians has been condemned for the want of a good Teniers.

But my fellow-traveller was none of that breed: he had nothing in common with a certain Lady, who, with half London, or at least its Londoners, had inspected Wanstead House, prior to its demolition, and on being asked for her opinion of that princely mansion, replied that it was "short of cupboards."

In fact, he had soon an opportunity of pronouncing on a Country Seat—far, very, very far inferior to the House just

mentioned, and declared it to be one which "Adam himself would have chosen for a Family residence, if Domestic Architecture had flourished in the primeval Ages."

Happy Man, again! for with what joy, and comfort, and cheerfulness, for his co-tenants, would he have inhabited the enviable dwelling; and yet, to my private knowledge, the Proprietor was one of the most miserable of his species, simply because he chose to go through life like a pug-dog — with his nose turned up at everything in the world. And, truly, flesh is grass, and beauty is dust, and gold is dross, nay, life itself but a vapour; but instead of dwelling on such disparagements, it is far wiser and happier, like the florid gentleman in one corner of the Comet, to remember that one is not a Sworn Appraiser, nor bound by oath like an Ale-Conner to think small beer of small beer.

"THE LAST MAN."

From these reflections I was suddenly roused by the Optimist, who earnestly begged me to look out of the Window at a prospect which though pleasing, was far from a fine one, for either variety or extent.

"There, Sir,—there's a Panorama! A perfect circle of enchantment! realising the Arabia Felix of Fairy Land in the County of Kent!"

"Very pretty, indeed."

"It's a gem, Sir, even in our Land of Oaks — and may

challenge a comparison with the most luxuriant Specimens of what the Great Gilpin calls Forest Scenery!"

"I think it may."

"By-the-bye, did you ever see Scrublands, Sir, in Sussex?"

"Never, Sir."

"Then, Sir, you have yet to enjoy a romantic scene of the Sylvan Character, not to be paralleled within the limits of Geography! To describe it would require one to soar into the regions of Poetry, but I do not hesitate to say, that if the celebrated Robinson Crusoe were placed within sight of it, he would exclaim in a transport 'Juan Fernandez!'"

"I do not doubt it, Sir."

"Perhaps, Sir, you have been in Derbyshire?"

"No, Sir."

"Then, Sir, you have another splendid treat *in futuro*—Braggins—a delicious amalgamation of Art and Nature,—a perfect Eden, Sir,—and the very spot, if there be one on the Terrestrial Globe, for the famous Milton to have realised his own 'Paradise Regained!'"

In this glowing style, waxing warmer and warmer with his own descriptions, the florid gentleman painted for me a series of highly-coloured sketches of the places he had visited; each a retreat that would wonderfully have broken the fall of our first Parents, and so thickly scattered throughout the counties, that by a moderate computation our Fortunate Island contained at least a thousand "Perfect Paradises," copyhold or freehold. A pleasant contrast to the gloomy pictures which are drawn by certain desponding and agriculturally-depressed Spirits who cannot find a single Elysian Field, pasture or arable, in the same country!

In the meantime, such is the force of sympathy, the Optimist had gradually inspired me with something of his own spirit, and I began to look out for and detect unrivalled forest scenery, and

perfect panoramas, and little Edens, and might in time have picked out a romantic pump, or a picturesque post,—but, alas! in the very middle of my course of Beau Idealism, the coach stopped, the door opened, and with a hurried good-morning, the florid gentleman stepped out of the stage and into a gig which had been waiting for him at the end of a cross-road, and in another minute was driving down the lane between two of those hedges that are only to be seen in England.

A BUMPER AT PARTING.

"Well, go where thou wilt," thought I, as he disappeared behind the fence, "thou art certainly the Happiest Man in England!"

Yes—he was gone; and a light and a glory had departed with him. The air again felt raw, the sky seemed duller, the sun more dim and pale, and the road more heavy. The scenery appeared to become tamer and tamer, the inns more undesirable, and their signs were mere daubs. At the first opportunity I obtained a glass of sherry, but its taste was vapid; everything in short appeared "flat, stale, and unprofitable." Like a *Bull* in the Alley, whose flattering rumours hoist up the public funds, the high sanguine tone of the Optimist had raised my spirits considerably above par; but now his operations had ceased, and

by the usual reaction my mind sank again even below its natural level. My short-lived enthusiasm was gone, and instead of the cheerful fertile country through which I had been journeying, I seemed to be travelling that memorable long stage between Dan and Beersheba where "all was barren."

BUYER AND CELLAR.—LIGHT WINE.

Some months afterwards I was tempted to go into Essex to inspect a small Freehold Property which was advertised for sale in that county. It was described, in large and small print, as "a delightful Swiss Villa, the prettiest thing in Europe, and enjoying a boundless prospect over a country proverbial for Fertility, and resembling that Traditional Land of Promise described metaphorically in Holy Writ as overflowing with Milk and Honey."

Making all due allowance, however, for such professional

flourishes, this very Desirable Investment deviated in its features even more than usual from its portrait in the prospectus.

The Villa turned out to be little better than an ornamented Barn, and the Promised Land was some of the worst land in England, and overflowed occasionally by the neighbouring river. An Optimist could hardly have discovered a single merit on the estate; but he did; for whilst I was gazing in blank disappointment at the uncultivated nature before me, not even studded with rooks, I heard his familiar voice at my elbow—

"Rather a small property, Sir—but amply secured by ten solid miles of Terra Firma from the encroachments of the German Ocean."

PERE LA CHAISE.

"And if the sea could," I retorted, "it seems to me very doubtful, whether it would care to enter on the premises."

"Perhaps not as a matter of marine taste," said the Optimist. "Perhaps not, Sir. And yet, in my pensive moments, I have fancied that a place like this with a sombre interest about it, would be a desirable sort of Wilderness, and more in unison

with an Il Penseroso cast of feelings than the laughing beauties of a Villa in the Regent's Park, the Cynosure of Fashion and Gaiety, enlivened by an infinity of equipages. But excuse me, Sir, I perceive that I am wanted elsewhere," and the florid gentleman went off at a trot towards a little man in black, who was beckoning to him from the door of the Swiss Villa.

"Yes," was my reflection as he turned away from me, "if he can find in such a swamp as this a Fancy Wilderness, a sort of Shenstonian Solitude for a sentimental fit to evaporate in, he must certainly be the Happiest Man in England."

As to his pensive moments, the mere idea of them sufficed to set my risible muscles in a quiver. But as if to prove how he would have comported himself in the Slough of Despond, during a subsequent ramble of exploration round the estate, he actually plumped up to his middle in a bog;—an accident which only drew from him the remark that the place afforded "a capital opportunity for a spirited proprietor to establish a Splendid Mud Bath, like the ones so much in vogue at the German Spas!"

"If that gentleman takes a fancy to the place," I remarked to the person who was showing me round the property, "he will be a determined bidder."

"Him bid!" exclaimed the man, with an accent of the utmost astonishment—"Him bid!—why he's the Auctioneer that's to sell us! I thought you would have remarked that in his speech, for he imitates in his talk the advertisements of the famous Mr. Robins. He's called the Old Gentleman."

"Old! why he appears to be in the prime of life."

"Yes, Sir,—but it's the other Old Gentleman—"

"What! the Devil?"

"Yes, Sir,—because you see, he's always *a-knocking down of somebody's little Paradise.*"

"ALL ROUND MY HAT."

AN UNDERTAKER

Is an Illwiller to the Human Race. He is by Profession an Enemy to his Species, and can no more look kindly at his

Fellows than the Sheriff's Officer; for why, his Profit begins with an Arrest for the Debt of Nature. As the Bailiff looks on a failing Man so doth he, and with the same Hope, namely, to take the Body.

Hence hath he little Sympathy with his Kind, small Pity for the Poor, and least of all for the Widow and the Orphan, whom he regards, Planter like, but as so many Blacks on his Estate If he have any Community of Feeling, it is with the Sexton

A MAGNUM BONUM.

who has likewise a Per Centage on the Bills of Mortality, and never sees a Picture of Health but he longs to ingrave it. Both have the same quick Ear for a Churchyard Cough, and both the

same Relish for the same Music, to wit, the Toll of Saint Sepulchre. Moreover both go constantly in black—howbeit 'tis no Mourning Suit but a Livery—for he grieves no more for the Defunct than the Bird of the same Plumage, that is the Undertaker to a dead Horse.

As a Neighbour he is to be shunned. To live opposite to him is to fall under the Evil Eye. Like the Witch that forespeaks other Cattle, he would rot you as soon as look at you, if it could be done at a Glance; but that Magic being out of Date, he contents himself with choosing the very Spot on the House Front that shall serve for a Hatchment. Thenceforward he watches your going out and your coming in: your rising up and your lying down, and all your Domestic Imports of Drink and Victual, so that the veriest She Gossip in the Parish is not more

"IS THAT ROGERS'S LAST, OR YOUR OWN?"

familiar with your Modes and Means of Living, nor knows so certainly whether the Visitor, that calls daily in his Chariot, is

a mere Friend or a Physician. Also he knows your Age to a Year, and your Height to an Inch, for he hath measured you with his Eye for a Coffin, and your Ponderosity to a Pound, for he hath an Interest in the Dead Weight, and hath so far inquired into your Fortune as to guess with what Equipage you shall travel on your last Journey. For, in professional Curiosity, he is truly a *Pall* Pry. Wherefore to dwell near him is as melancholy as to live in view of a Churchyard; to be within Sound of his Hammering is to hear the Knocking at Death's Door.

To be friends with an Undertaker is as impossible as to be the Crony of a Crocodile. He is by Trade a Hypocrite, and deals of Necessity in Mental Reservations and Equivoques. Thus he drinks to your good Health, but hopes, secretly, it will not endure. He is glad to find you so hearty—as to be Apoplectic; and rejoices to see you so stout—with a short Neck. He bids you beware of your old Gout—and recommends a Quack Doctor. He laments the malignant Fever so prevalent—and wishes you may get it. He compliments your Complexion—when it is Blue or Yellow; admires your upright Carriage,—and hopes it will break down. Wishes you good Day, but means everlasting Night; and commends his Respects to your Father and Mother—but hopes you do not honour them. In short, his good Wishes are treacherous; his Inquiries are suspicious; and his Civilities are dangerous; as when he proffereth the Use of his Coach—or to see you Home.

For the rest, he is still at odds with Humanity; at constant Issue with its Naturalists, and its Philanthropists, its Sages, its Counsellors, and its Legislators. For example, he praises the Weather—with the Wind at East; and rejoices in a wet Spring and Fall, for Death and he reap with one Sickle, and have a good or bad Harvest in common. He objects not to bones in Bread (being as it were his own diet), nor to ill Drugs in Beer,

nor to Sugar of Lead or arsenical Finings in Wine, nor to ardent Spirits, nor to Interment in Churches. Neither doth he discountenance the Sitting on Infants; nor the swallowing of Plum Stones; nor of cold Ices at Hot balls—nor the drinking of Embrocations, nay he hath been known to contend that the wrong Dose was the right one. He approves, *contra* the Physicians, of a damp Bed and wet Feet,—of a hot Head and cold Extremities, and lends his own Countenance to the Natural Small Pox, rather than encourage Vaccination—which he calls flying in the Face of Providence. Add to these, a free Trade in Poisons, whereby the Oxalic Crystals may currently become Proxy for the Epsom ones; and the corrosive Sublimate as common as Salt in Porridge. To the same End he would give unto every Cockney a Privilege to shoot, within ten miles round London, without a Taxed License, and would never concur in a Fine or Deodand for Fast Driving, except the Vehicle were a Hearse. Thus, whatever the popular Cry, he runs counter: a Heretic in Opinion, and a Hypocrite in Practice, as when he pretends to be sorrowful at a Funeral; or, what is worse, affects to pity the ill-paid Poor, and yet helpeth to screw them down.

SHEER PRETENSION.

To conclude, he is a Personage of ill presage to the House of Life: a Raven on the Chimney Pot—a Deathwatch in the Wainscot,—a Winding Sheet in the Candle. To meet with him is ominous. His Looks are sinister; his Dress is lugubrious;

his Speech is prophetic; and his Touch is mortal. Nevertheless he hath one Merit, and in this our World, and in these our Times, it is a main one; namely, that whatever he *Undertakes* he *Performs*.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY,

TAKEN BY THE DAGUERREOTYPE.

YES, there are her features! her brow, and her hair,
  And her eyes, with a look so seraphic,
Her nose, and her mouth, with the smile that is there,
  Truly caught by the Art Photographic!

Yet why should she borrow such aid of the skies,
  When by many a bosom's confession,
Her own lovely face, and the light of her eyes,
  Are sufficient to *make an impression?*

THE LADY IN COMUS.

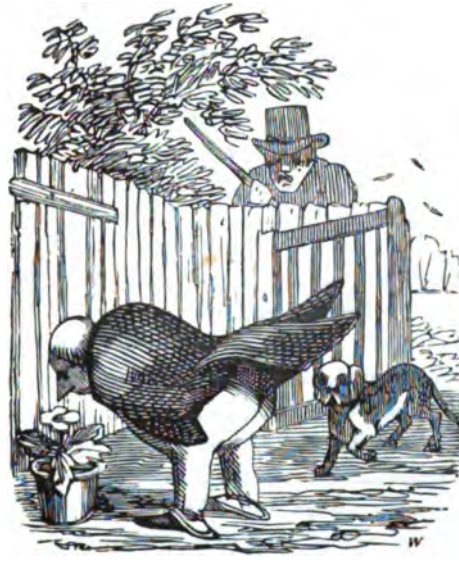
SUGGESTIONS BY STEAM.

When Woman is in rags and poor,
And sorrow, cold, and hunger tease her,
If man would only listen more
To that small voice that crieth—"Ease her!"

Without the guidance of a friend,
Though legal sharks and screws attack her,
If man would only more attend
To that small voice that crieth—"Back her!"

So oft it would not be his fate
To witness some despairing dropper
In Thames's tide, and run too late
To that small voice that crieth—"Stop her!"

"FORGIVE ME THIS ONCE!"



A STRANGE BIRD.

THE LARK AND THE ROOK.

A FABLE.

"Lo! hear the gentle lark!"—SHAKESPEARE.

ONCE on a time—no matter where—
A lark took such a fancy to the air,
That though he often gaz'd beneath,
Watching the breezy down, or heath,
Yet very, very seldom he was found
To perch upon the ground.

Hour after hour,
Through ev'ry change of weather hard or soft,
Through sun and shade, and wind and show'r,
Still fluttering aloft;
In silence now, and now in song,
Up, up in cloudland all day long,
On weary wing, yet with unceasing flight,
Like to those Birds of Paradise, so rare,
Fabled to live, and love, and feed in air,
But never to alight.

It caus'd, of course, much speculation
Among the feathered generation;
Who tried to guess the riddle that was in it—
The robin puzzled at it, and the wren,
The swallows, cock and hen,
The wagtail, and the linnet,
The yellowhammer, and the finch as well—
The sparrow asked the tit, who couldn't tell,
The jay, the pie—but all were in the dark,
Till out of patience with the common doubt,
The Rook at last resolved to worm it out,
And thus accosted the mysterious Lark:—

"Friend, prithee, tell me why
You keep this constant hovering so high,
As if you had some castle in the air,
That you are always poising there,
A speck against the sky—
Neglectful of each old familiar feature
Of Earth that nurs'd you in your callow state—
You think you're only soaring at heaven's gate,
Whereas you're flying in the face of Nature!"

"Friend," said the Lark, with melancholy tone,
And in each little eye a dewdrop shone,
"No creature of my kind was ever fonder
  Of that dear spot of earth
  Which gave it birth—
And I was nestled in the furrow yonder!
Sweet is the twinkle of the dewy heath,
And sweet that thymy down I watch beneath,
Saluted often with a living sonnet:
But Men, vile Men, have spread so thick a scurf
Of dirt and infamy about the Turf,
  I do not like to settle on it!"

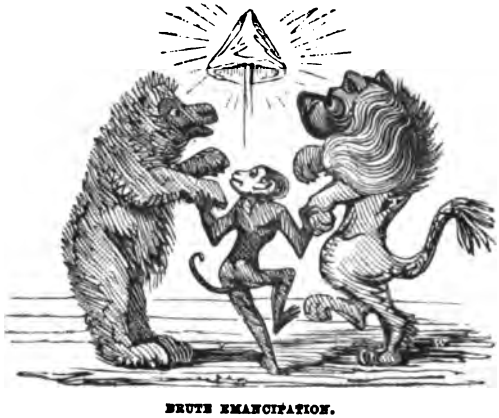
MORAL.

Alas! how Nobles of another race
Appointed to the bright and lofty way,
Too willingly descend to haunt a place
Polluted by the deeds of Birds of Prey!

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

To Bowring, man of many tongues,
(All over tongues like rumour)
This tributary verse belongs
To paint his learned humour;
All kinds of gabs he talks, I wis,
From Latin down to Scottish;
As fluent as a parrot is,
But far more *Polly*-glottish!
No grammar too abstruse he meets
However dark and verby,—
He gossips Greek about the streets,
And often *Russ*—in urbe—:

Strange tongues whate'er you do them call,
In short the man is able
To tell you what's *o'clock* in all
The *dialects* of Babel.
Take him on 'Change; try Portuguese,
The Moorish and the Spanish,
Polish, Hungarian, Tyrolese,
The Swedish and the Danish;
Try him with these and fifty such,
His skill will ne'er diminish,
Although you should begin in Dutch
And end (like me) in *Finnish*.



BRUTE EMANCIPATION.

EPIGRAM.

When would-be Suicides in purpose fail,
Who could not find a morsel though they needed—
If Peter sends them for attempts to jail,
What would he do to them if they succeeded?

SKIPPING.

A MYSTERY.

LITTLE Children skip,
The rope so gaily gripping,
Tom and Harry,
Jane and Mary,
Kate, Diana,
Susan, Anna,
All are fond of skipping!

The Grasshoppers all skip,
The early dew-drop sipping,
Under, over,
Bent and clover,
Daisy, sorrel,
Without quarrel,
All are fond of skipping!

The tiny Fairies skip,
At midnight softly tripping;
Puck and Peri,
Never weary,
With an antic,
Quite romantic,
All are fond of skipping!

The little Boats they skip,
Beside the heavy Shipping,
While the squalling
Winds are calling,
Falling, rising,
Rising, falling,
All are fond of skipping!

The pale Diana skips,
The silver billows tipping,
With a dancing
Lustre glancing
To the motion
Of the ocean—
All are fond of skipping!

The little Flounders skip,
When they feel the dripping;
Scorching, frying,
Jumping, trying
If there is not
Any shying,
All are fond of skipping!

The very Dogs they skip,
While threatened with a whipping,
Wheeling, prancing,
Learning dancing,
To a measure,
What a pleasure!
All are fond of skipping!

The little Fleas they skip,
And nightly come a nipping,
Lord and Lady,
Jude and Thady,
In the night
So dark and shady—
All are fond of skipping!

The Autumn Leaves they skip;
When blasts the trees are stripping;
Bounding, whirling,
Sweeping, twirling,

And in wanton
Mazes curling,
All are fond of skipping!

The Apparitions skip,
Some mortal grievance ripping,
Thorough many
A crack and cranny,
And the keyhole
Good as any—
All are fond of skipping!

But oh! how Readers skip,
In heavy volumes dipping!
* * * * * and * * * * *
* * * * and * * * * *
* * * and * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
All are fond of skipping!

MORAL REFLECTIONS ON THE CROSS OF ST. PAUL'S.

THE man that pays his pence, and goes
Up to thy lofty cross, St. Paul,
Looks over London's naked nose,
Women and men:
The world is all beneath his ken,
He sits above the *Ball*.
He seems on Mount Olympus' top,
Among the Gods, by Jupiter! and lets drop
His eyes from the empyreal clouds
On mortal crowds.

Seen from these skies,
How small those emmets in our eyes!
Some carry little sticks—and one
His eggs—to warm them in the sun:
Dear! what a hustle,
And bustle!
And there's my aunt. I know her by her waist,
So long and thin,
And so pinch'd in,
Just in the pismire taste.

LITTLE AND BIGAMY.

Oh! what are men?—Beings so small,
That, should I fall
Upon their little heads, I must
Crush them by hundreds into dust!

And what is life? and all its ages—
There's seven stages!
Turnham Green! Chelsea! Putney! Fulham!
Brentford! and Kew!
And Tooting, too!
And oh! what very little nags to pull 'em.

Yet each would seem a horse indeed,
If here at Paul's tip-top we'd got 'em;
Although, like Cinderella's breed,
They're mice at bottom.
Then let me not despise a horse,
Though he looks small from Paul's high cross!
Since he would be,—as near the sky,
—Fourteen hands high.

What is this world with London in its lap?
Mogg's Map.
The Thames, that ebbs and flows in its broad channel?
A *tidy* kennel.
The bridges stretching from its banks?
Stone planks.

Oh me! hence could I read an admonition
To mad Ambition!
But that he would not listen to my call,
Though I should stand upon the cross, and *bawl*.

VERY DEAF INDEED.

A HARPY.

THE PRAYSE OF IGNORANCE.

AN EXTRACT FROM AN ORATION DELIVERED BEFORE THE MOST GRAVE AND LEARNED FACULTY OF PADUA, BY THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

Now your Clowne knoweth none of the Bokeman's troubles, and his dayes be the longer; for he doth not vault upon the fierie Pegasus, but jumpes merrilye upon old Ball, who is a cart-horse, and singeth another man's song, which hath, it may be, thirty and six verses, and a burthen withal, and goes to a tune which no man knowes but himself. Alsoe, he wooes the ruddye Cicely, which is not a Muse, but as comely a maide of fleshe as needes be, and many daintye ballades are made of their loves, as

may be read in our Poets their Pastoralls; only that therein he is called Damon, which standes for Roger, and Cicely, belike, is ycleped Sylvia, as belongs to their pastorall abodes. Where they lead soe happye life as to stir up envye in the towne's women, who would faine become Shepherdesses, by hook and by crook, and get green gownes and lay down upon the sweet verdant grass. Oh, how pleasauntly they sit all the daye long under a

ACTED PROVERB—"SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST."

shady tree, to hear the young lambes; but at night they listen to the plaintive Philomell, and the gallaunts doe make them chappelets: or, if it chance to be May, they goe a Mayingé, whilst the yonge buds smell sweetlye, and the littel birdes are whistlynge and hoppinge all about.

Then Roger and Cicely sit adowne under the white hawthorne, and he makes love to her in a shepherd-like waye, in the

midst of her flocke. She doth not minde sheepes'-eyes. Even like Cupid and Psyche, as they are set forthe by a cunning Flemishe Limner, as hath been my hap to behold in the Low Countrye, wherein Cupid, with his one hand, is a toyinge with the haires of his head; but with the other he handleth the fair neck of his mistresse, who sitteth discreetlye upon a flowere bank, and lookes down as beseemes upon her shoon; for she is vain of her modestye. This I have seen at the Hague.

THE MAIN-PIPE.

And Roger sayth, O Cicely, Cicely, how prettye you be; whereat she doth open her mouthe, and smiles loudly; which, when he heares, he sayth again, Nay, but I doe love thee passing well, and with that lays a loud buss upon her cheek, which cannot blushe by reason of its perfect ruddynesse. Anon, he spreadeth in her lap the pink ribbands which he bought at the wake, for her busking, and alsoe a great cake of ginger brede, which causeth her heart to be in her mouthe. Then, quoth he, The little Robins have got their mates, and the prettye Finches be all paired, and why sholde not we? And quoth she, as he kisseth her, O Robin, Robin, you be such a sweet-billed bird, that I must needes crye "Aye." Wherefore, on the Sundaye they go to the Parishe Churche, that they may be joyned into one, and be no more single. Whither they walk tenderlye upon their toes, as if they stepped all the waye upon egges. And

Roger hath a brave bowpot at his bosom, which is full of Heart's Ease; but Cicely is decked with ribbands, a knot here, and a knot there, and her head is furnished after a daintye fashion, soe that she wishes, belike, that she was Roger to see herselfe all round about,—and content her eyes upon her own devices.

MISS TREE.

Whereas, Roger smells to his nosegaye; but his looks travel, as the crabbe goeth, which is side-wayes towards Cicely; and he smiles sweetlye, to think how that he's going to be made a husband-man, and alsoe of the good cheere which there will be to eat that daye. Soe he walks up to the altar with a stout harte; and when the parson hath made an ende, he kisseth Cicely afreshe, and their markes are registered as man and wife in the church bokes.

After which, some threescore yeares, it may befall you to

light on a grave-stone, and, on the wood thereof, to read as followeth :—

"Here I bee, Roger Rackstrawe, which did live at Dipmore Ende, of this Parishe—but now in this tomb.

"Time was that I did sowe and plough,
That lyes beneathe the furrowes now;
But though Death sowes me with his graine,
I knowe that I shall spring againe."

Now is not this a life to be envyde, which needeth so many men's paynes to paint its pleasures? For, saving the Law clerkes, it

"I WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

is set forth by all that write upon sheepe's skins, even the makers of pastoralls: wherein your Clowne is constantly a figure of poetry, —being allwayes amongst the leaves. He is their Jack-i'-the-Green.—Wherefore I crye, for my owne part, Oh! that I were a Boore! that troubleth no man, and is troubled of none. Who is written, wherein he cannot reade, and is mayde into Poetry.

that yet is no Poet; for how sholde he make songs, that knoweth not King Camdus his alphabet, to pricke them down withal?—

Seeing that he is nowayes learnede—nor hath never bitten of the Apple of Knowledge, which was but a sowre crabbe Apple, whereby Adam his wisdom-teeth were set on edge. Wherefore, he is much more a happye man, saying unto his lusty yonge Dame, We twaine be one fleshe.—But the Poet sayth to his mate, thou art skin of my skin, and bone of my bone; soe that this saying is not a paradoxe,—That the Boke man is a Dunce in being Wise,—and the Clowne is wise in being a Dunce.

A VALENTINE.

Oh! cruel heart! ere these posthumous papers
  Have met thine eyes, I shall be out of breath;
Those cruel eyes, like two funereal tapers,
  Have only lighted me the way to death.
Perchance, thou wilt extinguish them in vapours,
  When I am gone, and green grass covereth
Thy lover, lost; but it will be in vain—
It will not bring the vital spark again.

Ah! when those eyes, like tapers, burn'd so blue,
  It seemed an omen that we must expect
The sprites of lovers; and it boded true,
  For I am half a sprite—a ghost elect;
Wherefore I write to thee this last adieu,
  With my last pen—before that I effect
My exit from the stage; just stopp'd before
The tombstone steps that lead us to death's door.

Full soon these living eyes, now liquid bright,
  Will turn dead dull, and wear no radiance, save
They shed a dreary and inhuman light,
  Illum'd within by glow-worms of the grave;
These ruddy cheeks, so pleasant to the sight,
  These lusty legs, and all the limbs I have,
Will keep Death's carnival, and, foul or fresh,
Must bid farewell, a long farewell, to flesh!

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER, AS THE GERMANS SALUTE.

Yea, and this very heart, that dies for thee,
  As broken victuals to the worms will go;
And all the world will dine again but me—
  For I shall have no stomach;—and I know,
When I am ghostly, thou wilt sprightly be
  As now thou art: but will not tears of woe
Water thy spirits, with remorse adjunct,
When thou dost pause and think of the defunct?

And when thy soul is buried in a sleep,
  In midnight solitude, and little dreaming
Of such a spectre—what if I should creep
  Within thy presence in such dismal seeming?
Thine eyes will stare themselves awake, and weep,
  And thou wilt cross thyself with treble screaming,
And pray with mingled penitence and dread
That I were less alive—or not so dead.

THE PARTING OF POMPEY AND CORNELIA.

Then will thy heart confess thee, and reprove
  This wilful homicide which thou hast done:
And the sad epitaph of so much love
  Will eat into my heart, as if in stone:
And all the lovers that around thee move,
  Will read my fate, and tremble for their own;
And strike upon their heartless breasts, and sigh,
  "Man, born of woman, must of woman die!"

Mine eyes grow dropsical—I can no more—
And what is written thou may'st scorn to read,
Shutting thy tearless eyes.—'Tis done—'tis o'er—
My hand is destin'd for another deed.

"COME LIKE SHADOWS, SO DEPART,
SHOW HIS EYES AND GRIEVE HIS HEART."

But one last word wrung from its aching core,
And my lone heart in silentness will bleed;
Alas! it ought to take a life to tell
That one last word—that fare—fare—fare thee well!

"RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

BELL ON "THE HAND."

"PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE."

I'LL tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore:—
Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door:
So he call'd upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—
Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

Now a hand-maid, whatever her fingers be at,
Will run like a puss when she hears a *rat*-tat:
So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more
Had question'd the stranger and answer'd the door.

The meeting was bliss; but the parting was woe;
For the moment will come when such comers must go;
So she kiss'd him, and whisper'd—poor innocent thing—
"The next time you come, love, pray come with a ring."

"TELL ME, MY HEART, CAN THIS BE LOVE?"

ON THE POPULAR CUPID.

THE figure above was copied, by permission, from a lady's Valentine. To the common apprehension, it represents only a miracle of stall-feeding—a babe-Lambert—a caravan-prodigy of grossness,—but, in the romantic mythology, it is the image of the Divinity of Love.

In sober verity,—does such an incubus oppress the female bosom? Can such a monster of obesity be coeval with the gossamer natures of Sylph and Fairy in the juvenile faith? Is this he—the buoyant Camdeo,—that, in the mind's eye of the poetess, drifts adown the Ganges in a lotus—

> "Pillow'd in a lotus flow'r,
> Gather'd in a summer hour,
> Floats he o'er the mountain wave,
> Which would be a tall ship's grave?"

Is this personage the disproportionate partner for whom Pastorella sigheth,—in the smallest of cots?—Does the platonic Amanda (who is all soul) refer, in her discourses on Love, to this palpable being, who is all body? Or does Belinda, indeed, believe that such a substantial Sagittarius lies ambush'd in her perilous blue eye?

BLACK EMANCIPATION.

It is in the legend, that a girl of Provence was smitten once, and died, by the marble Apollo: but did impassioned damsel ever dote, and wither, beside the pedestal of this preposterous effigy? or, rather, is not the unseemly emblem accountable for the coyness and proverbial reluctance of maidens to the approaches of Love?

I can believe in his dwelling alone in the heart—seeing that he must occupy it to repletion;—in his constancy, because he looks sedentary and not apt to roam. That he is given to melt —from his great pinguitude.

That he burneth with a flame, for so all fat burneth—and hath languishings—like other bodies of his tonnage. That he sighs —from his size.

I dispute not his kneeling at ladies' feet—since it is the pos-

ture of elephants, — nor his promise that the homage shall remain eternal. I doubt not of his dying,—being of a corpulent habit, and a short neck.—Of his blindness—with that inflated pig's cheek. But for his lodging in Belinda's blue eye, my whole faith is heretic—*for she hath never a sty in it.*

"SON OF THE SLEEPLESS!"

EPIGRAM.

ON A CERTAIN EQUESTRIAN STATUE AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

WHOEVER has locked upon Wellington's breast,
Knows well that he's not so full in the chest;
But the sculptor, to humour the Londoners partial,
Has turn'd the lean Duke to a plump City Marshal.

"O, MY BONNIE, BONNIE BET!"

BACKING THE FAVOURITE.

Oh a pistol, or a knife!
For I'm weary of my life,—
My cup has nothing sweet left to flavour it;
My estate is out at nurse,
And my heart is like my purse—
And all through backing of the Favourite!

At dear O'Neil's first start,
I sported all my heart,—
Oh, Becher, he never marr'd a braver hit!
For he cross'd her in her race,
And made her lose her place,
And there was an end of that Favourite!

Anon, to mend my chance,
For the Goddess of the Dance *

* The late favourite of the King's Theatre, who left the pas seul of life, for a perpetual *Ball*. Is not that her effigy now commonly borne about by the Italian image vendors—an ethereal form holding a wreath with both hands above her head—and her husband, in emblem, beneath her foot?

I pin'd and told my enslaver it;
But she wedded in a canter,
And made me a Levanter,
In foreign lands to sigh for the Favourite!

WEIGHT FOR AGE.

Then next Miss M. A. Tree
I adored, so sweetly she
Could warble like a nightingale and quaver it;
But she left that course of life
To be Mr. Bradshaw's wife,
And all the world lost on the Favourite!

But out of sorrow's surf
Soon I leaped upon the turf,

Where fortune loves to wanton it and waver it;
But standing on the pet,
"Oh my bonny, bonny Bet!"
Black and yellow pull'd short up with the Favourite!

Thus flung by all the crack,
I resolv'd to cut the pack,—
The second-raters seem'd then a safer hit;
So I laid my little odds
Against Memnon! Oh, ye Gods!
Am I always to be floored by the Favourite!

"O, THAT THIS TOO, TOO SOLID FLESH WOULD MELT!"

A COMPLAINT AGAINST GREATNESS.

I AM an unfortunate creature, the most wretched of all that groan under the burden of the flesh. I am fainting, as they say

of kings, under my oppressive greatness. A miserable Atlas, I sink under the world of—myself.

But the curious will here ask me for my name. I am then, or they say I am, "The Reverend Mr. Farmer, a four years' old Durham Ox, fed by himself, upon oil cake and mangel-wurzel:" but I resemble that worthy agricultural Vicar only in my fat living. In plain truth I am an unhappy candidate for the show

A SCOTCH CRAB.

at Sadler's, not "the Wells," but the Repository. They tell me I am to bear the bell (as if I had not enough to bear already!) by my surpassing tonnage—and, doubtless, the prize emblem will be proportioned to my uneasy merits. With a great Tom of Lincoln about my neck—alas! what will it comfort me to have been "commended by the judges?"

Wearisome and painful was my Pilgrim-like-progress to this place, by short and tremulous steppings, like the digit's march upon a dial. My owner, jealous of my fat, procured a crippled drover, with a withered limb, for my conductor; but even *he* hurried me beyond my breath. The drawling hearse left me labouring behind; the ponderous fly-waggon passed me like a bird upon the road, so tediously slow is my pace. It just sufficeth, Oh ye thrice happy Oysters! that have no locomotive faculty at all, to distinguish that I am not at rest. Wherever the grass grew by the wayside, how it tempted my natural longings

—the cool brook flowed at my very foot, but this short thick neck forbade me to eat or drink: nothing but my redundant dewlap is likely ever to graze on the ground!

If stalls and troughs were not extant, I must perish. Nature has given to the Elephant a long flexible tube, or trunk, so that

PIGMY AND CRANE.

he can feed his mouth, as it were, by his nose; but is man able to furnish me with such an implement? Or would he not still withhold it, lest I should prefer the green herb, my natural delicious diet, and reject his rank, unsavoury condiments? What beast, with free will, but would repair to the sweet meadow for its pasture; and yet how grossly is he labelled and libelled? Your bovine servant in the catalogue is a "Durham Ox, *fed by himself* (as if he had any election,) upon oil-cake."

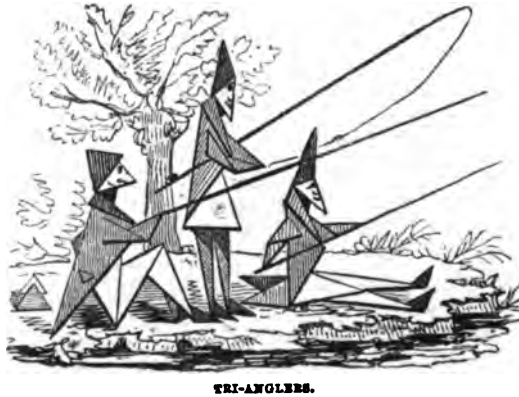
I wonder what rapacious Cook, with an eye to her insatiable grease-pot and kitchen perquisites, gave the hint of this system of stall feeding! What unctuous Hull Merchant, or candle-lov-

ing Muscovite, made this grossness a desideratum? If mine were, indeed, like the fat of the tender sucking pig, that delicate glutton, there would be reason for its unbounded promotion; but to see the prize-steak, loaded with that rank yellow abomination (the lamp-lighters know its relish,) might wean a man from carnivorous habits for ever. Verily, it is an abuse of the Christmas holly, the emblem of old English and wholesome cheer, to plant it upon such blubber. A gentlemanly entrail must be driven to extreme straits, indeed (Davis's Straits,) to feel any yearnings for such a meal; and yet I am told that an assembly of gentry, with all the celebrations of full bumpers and a blazing chimney-pot, have honoured the broiled slices of a prize-bullock, a dishful of stringy fibres, an animal cabbage-net, and that rank even hath been satisfied with its rankness.

Will the honourable club, whose aim it is thus to make the beastly nature more beastly, consider of this matter? Will the humane, when they provide against the torments of cats and dogs, take no notice of our condition? nature, to the whales, and creatures of their corpulence, has assigned the cool deeps; but we have no such refuge in our meltings. At least, let the stall-feeder confine his system to the uncleanly swine which chews not the cud; for let the worthy members conceive on the palate of imagination, the abominable

THE SPARE BED.

returns of the refuse-linseed in our after-ruminations. Oh! let us not suffer in vain! It may seem presumption in a brute, to question the human wisdom; but, truly, I can perceive no beneficial ends, worthy to be set off against our sufferings. There must be, methinks, a nearer way of augmenting the perquisites of the kitchen-wench and the fire-man,—of killing frogs,—than by exciting them, at the expense of us poor blown-up Oxen, to a mortal inflation.



TRI-ANGLERS.

THE MERMAID OF MARGATE.

"Alas! what perils do inviron
That man who meddles with a siren!"—HUDIBRAS.

ON Margate beach, where the sick one roams,
And the sentimental reads;
Where the maiden flirts, and the widow comes—
Like the ocean—to cast her weeds;—

Where urchins wander to pick up shells,
And the Cit to spy at the ships,—
Like the water gala at Sadler's Wells,—
And the Chandler for watery dips;—

SPADE HUSBANDRY.

There's a maiden sits by the ocean brim,
As lovely and fair as sin!
But woe, deep water and woe to him,
That she snareth like Peter Fin!

Her head is crown'd with pretty sea-wares,
And her locks are golden and loose;
And seek to her feet, like other folks' heirs,
To stand, of course, in her shoes!

And, all day long, she combeth them well,
  With a sea-shark's prickly jaw;
And her mouth is just like a rose-lipp'd shell,
  The fairest that man e'er saw!

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

And the Fishmonger, humble as love may be,
  Hath planted his seat by her side;
"Good even, fair maid! Is thy lover at sea,
  To make thee so watch the tide?"

She turn'd about with her pearly brows,
  And clasp'd him by the hand:—
"Come, love, with me; I've a bonny house
  On the golden Goodwin Sand."

And then she gave him a siren kiss,
  No honeycomb e'er was sweeter:
Poor wretch! how little he dreamt for this
  That Peter should be salt-Peter!

And away with her prize to the wave she leapt,
Not walking, as damsels do,
With toe and heel, as she ought to have stept,
But she hopt like a Kangaroo!

One plunge, and then the victim was blind,
Whilst they gallop'd across the tide;
At last on the bank he waked in his mind,
And the Beauty was by his side.

"COME O'ER THE SEA."

One half on the sand, and half in the sea,
But his hair all began to stiffen:
For when he look'd where her feet should be,
She had no more feet than Miss Biffen!

But a scaly tail of a dolphin's growth
In the dabbling brine did soak.
At last she open'd her pearly mouth,
Like an oyster, and thus she spoke:—

"You crimpt my father, who was a skate;—
And my sister you sold—a maid;
So here remain for a fishlike fate,
For lost you are, and betray'd!"

And away she went, with a seagull's scream,
  And a splash of her saucy tail;
In a moment he lost the silvery gleam
  That shone on her splendid mail!

The sun went down with a blood-red flame,
  And the sky grew cloudy and black,
And the tumbling billows like leap-frog came,
  Each over the other's back!

CLOD AND STICKING.

Ah, me! it had been a beautiful scene,
  With the safe terra-firma round;
But the green water-hillocks all seem'd to him,
  Like those in a churchyard ground;

And Christians love in the turf to lie,
  Not in watery graves to be;
Nay, the very fishes will sooner die
  On the land than in the sea.

"MOST POTENT, GRAVE, AND REVEREND SIGNIORS."

And whilst he stood, the watery strife
  Encroached on every hand,
And the ground decreas'd—his moments of life
  Seem'd measur'd, like Time's, by sand;

And still the waters foam'd in, like ale,
  In front, and on either flank,
He knew that Goodwin and Co. must fail,
  There was such a run on the bank.

A little more, and a little more,
  The surges came tumbling in;
He sang the evening hymn twice o'er,
  And thought of every sin!

A BANK DIRECTOR.

Each flounder and plaice lay cold at his heart,
  As cold as his marble slab;
And he thought he felt in every part
  The pincers of scalded crab.

The squealing lobsters that he had boil'd,
  And the little potted shrimps,
All the horny prawns he had ever spoil'd,
  Gnaw'd into his soul, like imps!

And the billows were wandering to and fro,
  And the glorious sun was sunk,
And Day, getting black in the face, as tho'
  Of the night-shade she had drunk!

STRING-HALT.

Had there been but a smuggler's cargo adrift,
  One tub, or keg, to be seen,
It might have given his spirits a lift,
  Or an *anker* where *Hope* might lean!

But there was not a box or a beam afloat,
  To raft him from that sad place;
Not a skiff, nor a yawl, or a mackerel boat,
  Nor a smack upon Neptune's face.

At last, his lingering hopes to buoy,
  He saw a sail and a mast,
And called "Ahoy!"—but it was not a hoy,
  And so the vessel went past.

And with saucy wing that flapp'd in his face,
  The wild bird about him flew,
With a shrilly scream that twitted his case,
  "Why, thou art a sea-gull too!"

And lo! the tide was over his feet;
  Oh! his heart began to freeze,
And slowly to pulse:—in another beat
  The wave was up to his knees!

"DUST O!"

He was deafen'd amidst the mountain-tops,
  And the salt spray blinded his eyes,
And wash'd away the other salt drops
  That grief had caused to arise;—

But just as his body was all afloat,
  And the surges above him broke,
He was saved from the hungry deep by a boat,
  Of Deal—(but builded of oak).

The skipper gave him a dram, as he lay,
And chafed his shivering skin;
And the Angel return'd that was flying away,
With the spirit of Peter Fin!

"OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME!"

MY SON, SIR.

It happened the other evening, that, intending to call in L—— Street, I arrived a few minutes before Hyson; when W*****, seated beside the urn, his eyes shaded by his hand, —was catechising his learned progeny, the master Hopeful, as if for a tea-table degree. It was a whimsical contrast, between the fretful pouting visage of the urchin, having his gums rubbed so painfully, to bring forward his wisdom-tooth—and the parental visage, sage, solemn, and satisfied, and appealing ever and anon, by a dramatic side look, to the circle of smirking auditors.

W***** was fond of this kind of display, eternally stirring up the child for exhibition with his troublesome long pole,—besides lecturing him through the diurnal vacations so tediously,

that the poor urchin was fain,—for the sake of a little play,—to get into school again.

"WHO'LL BE MASTER?"

I hate all forcing frames for the young intellect,—and the *Locke* system, which after all is but a *Canal* system for raising the babe-mind to unnatural levels. I pity the poor child that is learned in alpha beta, but ignorant of top and taw—and was never so maliciously gratified, as when, in spite of all his promptings and leading questions, I beheld W * * * * * reddening, even to the conscious tips of his tingling ears, at the boy's untimely inaptitude. Why could he not rest contented, when the poor imp had answered him already, "What was a Roman Emperor?" without requiring an interpretation of *the Logos?*

"MY SON, SIR."

"WHO SAYS THERE IS NOT A SURPLUS!"

THE SURPLICE QUESTION.

BY A BENEDICT.

A VERY pretty public stir
Is making, down at Exeter,
About the surplice fashion:
And many bitter words and rude
Have been bestowed upon the feud,
And much unchristian passion.

For me, I neither know nor care
Whether a Parson ought to wear
A black dress or a white dress;
Fill'd with a trouble of my own,—
A Wife who preaches in her gown,
And lectures in her night-dress!

A JUGLESS NIGHTINGALE.

AS IT FELL UPON A DAY.

I WONDER that W——, the Ami des Enfans, has never written a sonnet, or ballad, on a girl that had broken her pitcher. There are in the subject the poignant heart's anguish for sympathy and description—and the brittleness of jars and joys, with the abrupt loss of the watery fruits — (the *pumpkins* as it were) of her labours,—for a moral. In such childish accidents there is a world of woe;—the fall of earthenware is to babes, as, to elder contemplations, the Fall of Man.

I have often been tempted myself to indite a didactic ode to that urchin in Hogarth, with the ruined pie-dish. What a lusty agony is wringing him—so that all for pity he could die;—and then, there is the instantaneous falling-on of the Beggar Girl, to lick up the fragments—expressively hinting how universally want and hunger are abounding in this miserable world,—and ready gaping at every turn, for such windfalls and stray God-sends. But, hark!—what a shrill, feline cry startleth the wild Aldgate!

Oh! what's befallen Bessy Brown,
  She stands so squalling in the street;
She's let her pitcher tumble down,
  And all the water's at her feet!

The little school-boys stood about,
  And laughed to see her pumping, pumping;
Now with a curtsey to the spout,
  And then upon her tiptoes jumping.

Long time she waited for her neighbours,
  To have their turns!—but she must lose
The watery wages of her labours,—
  Except a little in her shoes!

Without a voice to tell her tale,
  And ugly transport in her face;
All like a jugless nightingale,
  She thinks of her bereaved case.

At last she sobs—she cries—she screams:—
  And pours her flood of sorrows out,
From eyes and mouth, in mingled streams,
  Just like the lion on the spout.

For well poor Bessy knows her mother
Must lose her tea, for water's lack,
That Sukey burns—and baby-brother
Must be dry-rubb'd with huck-a-back.

PLATES DONE ON STONE.

THE SPOILED CHILD.

My Aunt Shakerly was of enormous bulk. I have not done justice to her hugeness in my sketch, for my timid pencil declined to hazard a sweep at her real dimensions. There is a vastness in the outline, of even moderate proportions, till the mass is rounded-off by shadows, that makes the hand hesitate, and be apt to stint the figure of its proper breadth: how, then, should I have ventured to trace, like mapping in a Continent, the surpassing boundaries of my Aunt Shakerly!—

What a visage was hers!—the cheeks, a pair of hemispheres: her neck literally swallowed up by a supplementary chin. Her arm, cased in a tight sleeve, was as the bolster,—her body like the feather bed of Ware. The waist, which, in other trunks, is an isthmus, was in hers only the middle zone of a continuous tract of flesh;—her ankles over-lapped her shoes.

THE SPOILED CHILD.

With such a figure, it may be supposed that her habits were sedentary.—When she did walk, the Tower Quay, for the sake of the fresh river-breeze, was her favourite resort. But never, in all her water-side promenades, was she hailed by the uplifted finger of the Waterman. With looks purposely averted he declined, tacitly, such a Fairlopian Fair.—The Hackney-coach driver, whilst she halted over against him, mustering up all her scanty puffings for an exclamation, drove off to the nether pavement, and pleaded a prior call. The chairman, in answer to her signals, had just broken his poles. Thus, her goings were cramped within a narrow circle: many thoroughfares, besides, being strange to her and inaccessible, such as Thames Street,

through the narrow pavements ;—others, like the Hill of Holborn —from their impracticable steepness. How she was finally to master a more serious ascension (the sensible incumbrance of the flesh clinging to her even in her spiritual aspirations) was a matter of her serious despondency—a picture of Jacob's Ladder, by Sir F. Bourgeois, confirming her that the celestial staircase was without a landing.

ROCKING-'EM, RIDDEN BY DARLING.

For a person of her elephantine proportions, my Aunt was of a kindly nature—for I confess a prejudice against such Giantesses. She was cheerful, and eminently charitable to the poor—although she did not condescend to a personal visitation of their very limited abodes. If she had a fault, it was in her conduct towards children—not spoiling them by often repeated indulgences, and untimely severities, the common practice of bad mothers :—it was by a shorter course that the latent and hereditary virtues of the infant Shakerly were blasted in the bud.

Oh, my tender cousin * *! (for thou wert yet unbaptised.) Oh! would thou had'st been—my little babe-cousin—of a savager mother born!—For then, having thee comfortably swaddled, upon a backboard, with a hole in it, she would have hung thee up, out of harm's way, above the mantel-shelf, or behind the kitchen-door—whereas, thy parent was no savage, and so, having her hands full of other matters, she laid thee down, helpless, upon the parlour chair!

In the meantime, the "Herald" came.—Next to an easy seat, my Aunt dearly loved a police newspaper;—when she had once plunged into its columns, the most vital question obtained from her only a random answer;—the world and the roasting-jack stood equally still.—So, without a second thought, she dropped herself on the nursing chair. One little smothered cry—my cousin's last breath, found its way into the upper air,—but the still small voice of the reporter engrossed the maternal ear.

THE HAIR APPARENT TO THE CROWN

My aunt never skimmed a newspaper, according to some people's practice. She was as solid a reader as a sitter, and did not get up, therefore, till she had gone through the "Herald" from end to end. When she did rise, — which was suddenly,—the earth quaked—the windows rattled—the ewers plashed over—the crockery fell from the shelf—and the cat and rats ran out together, as they are said to do from a falling house.

"Heyday!" said my uncle, above stairs, as he staggered

from the concussion—and, with the usual curiosity, he referred to his pocket-book for the Royal Birthday. But the almanack not accounting for the explosion, he ran down the stairs, at the heels of the housemaid, and there lay my Aunt, stretched on the parlour-floor, in a fit. At the very first glimpse, he explained the matter to his own satisfaction, in three words—

"Ah—the apoplexy"

Now the housemaid had done her part to secure him against this error, by holding up the dead child; but as she turned the body *edgeways*, he did not perceive it. When he did see it—but I must draw a curtain over the parental agony—

"MOPPET."

* * * * *

About an hour after the catastrophe, an inquisitive she-neighbour called in, and asked if we should not have the Coroner to sit on the body:— but my uncle replied, "There was no need."—"But in cases, Mr. Shakerly, where the death is not natural."—"My dear Madam," interrupted my uncle,—"it was a natural death enough."

THE FALL OF THE DEER.

[FROM AN OLD MS.]

Now the loud Crye is up, and harke!
The barkye Trees give back the Bark;

The House Wife heares the merrie rout,
And runnes,—and lets the beere run out,
Leaving her Babes to weepe,—for why?
She likes to heare the Deer Dogges crye,
And see the wild Stag how he stretches
The naturall Buck-skin of his Breeches,
Running like one of Human kind
Dogged by fleet Bailiffes close behind—

"DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW YOU'RE OUT?"

As if he had not payde his Bill
For Ven'son, or was owing still
For his two Hornes, and soe did get
Over his Head and Ears in Debt:—

Wherefore he strives to paye his waye
With his long Legges the while he maye:—
But he is chased, like Silver Dish,
As well as anye Hart may wish,
Except that one whose Heart doth beat
So faste it hasteneth his feet;—
And runninge soe, he holdeth Death
Four Feet from him,—till his Breath
Faileth, and slacking Pace at last,
From runninge slow he standeth faste,

ARCHER, IN THE BOW'S STRATAGEM.

With hornie Bayonettes at baye,
To baying Dogges around, and they
Pushing him sore, he pusheth sore,
And goreth them that seek his Gore,—
Whatever Dogge his Horne doth rive
Is dead—as sure as he's alive!
Soe that courageous Hart doth fight
With Fate, and calleth up his might,

And standeth stout that he maye fall
Bravelye, and be avenged of all,
Nor like a Craven yield his Breath
Under the Jawes of Dogges and Death!

"HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER"

"TAKE, O TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY!"

DECEMBER AND MAY.

"Crabbed age and Youth cannot live together."—SHAKESPEARE.

SAID Nestor, to his pretty wife, quite sorrowful one day,
"Why, dearest, will you shed in pearls those lovely eyes away?

You ought to be more fortified!" "Ah, brute, be quiet, do,
I know I'm not so fortyfied! nor fiftyfied, as you!

"Oh, men are vile deceivers all, as I have ever heard,
You'd die for me you swore, and I—I took you at your word.
I was a tradesman's widow then—a pretty change I've made;
To live, and die the wife of one, a widower by trade!"

"Come, come, my dear, these flighty airs declare, in sober truth,
You want as much in age, indeed, as I can want in youth;
Besides, you said you liked old men, though now at me you huff."
"Why, yes," she said, "and so I do—but you're not old enough!"

"Come, come, my dear, let's make it up, and have a quiet hive,
I'll be the best of men,—I mean,—I'll be the best *alive!*
Your grieving so will kill me, for it cuts me to the core."—
'I thank ye, Sir, for telling me—for now I'll grieve the more!"

POINTED INDIFFERENCE.

THE EVENING PAPERS.

A WINTER NOSEGAY.

O, WITHER'D winter Blossoms,
Dowager-flowers,—the December vanity.
In antiquated visages and bosoms,—
What are ye plann'd for,
Unless to stand for
Emblems, and peevish morals of humanity?

There is my Quaker Aunt,
A Paper-Flower,—with a formal border
No breeze could e'er disorder,
Pouting at that old beau—the Winter Cherry,
A pucker'd berry;

And Box, like a tough-lived annuitant,—
Verdant alway—
From quarter-day even to quarter-day;
And poor old Honesty, as thin as want,
Well-named—God-wot;
Under the baptism of the water-pot,
The very apparition of a plant;
And why,
Dost hold thy head so high,
Old Winter Daisy;—
Because thy virtue never was infirm,
Howe'er thy stalk be crazy?
That never wanton fly, or blighted worm,

A WINTER NOSEGAY.

Made holes in thy most perfect indentation?
'Tis likely that sour leaf,
To garden thief,
Forcepp'd or wing'd was never a temptation:—
Well,—still uphold thy wintry reputation

Still shalt thou frown upon all lovers' trial:
And when, like Grecian maids, young maids of ours
Converse with flow'rs,
Then thou shalt be the token of denial.

DREAM.

Away! dull weeds,
Born without beneficial use or needs!
Fit only to deck out cold winding-sheets,

"ALL IN THE DOWNS."

And then not for the milkmaid's funeral-bloom
Or fair Fidele's tomb——
To tantalise,—vile cheats!
Some prodigal bee, with hope of after-sweets,

Frigid, and rigid,
As if ye never knew
One drop of dew,
Or the warm sun resplendent;
Indifferent of culture and of care,
Giving no sweets back to the fostering air,
Churlishly independent—
I hate ye, of all breeds!
Yea, all that live so selfishly—to self,
And not by interchange of kindly deeds—
Hence!—from my shelf!

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

EQUESTRIAN COURTSHIP.

It was a young maiden went forth to ride,
And there was a wooer to pace by her side;
His horse was so little, and hers so high,
He thought his angel was up in the sky.

His love was great tho' his wit was small;
He bade her ride easy—and that was all.
The very horses began to neigh,—
Because their betters had nought to say.

They rode by elm, and they rode by oak,
They rode by a church-yard, and then he spoke:—
"My pretty maiden, if you'll agree
You shall always amble through life with me."

The damsel answer'd him never a word,
But kick'd the gray mare, and away she spurr'd.
The wooer still follow'd behind the jade,
And enjoy'd—like a wooer—the dust she made.

They rode thro' moss, and they rode thro' moor,—
The gallant behind and the lass before:—
At last they came to a miry place,
And there the sad wooer gave up the chase.

Quoth he, "If my nag were better to ride,
I'd follow her over the world so wide.
Oh, it is not my love that begins to fail,
But I've lost the last glimpse of the gray mare' tail!"

CROSS'S ZEBRA

"SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND."

"SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND."

It has been my fortune, or misfortune, sometimes to witness the distresses of females upon shipboard;—that is, in such fresh-victual passages as to Ramsgate—or to Leith. How they can contemplate or execute those longer voyages, beyond Good Hope's Cape,—even with the implied inducements of matrimony,—is one of my standard wonders. There is a natural shrinking—a cat-like antipathy—to water, in the lady-constitution,—(as the false Argonaut well remembered when he shook off Ariadne)—that seems to forbid such sea-adventures. Betwixt a younger daughter, in Hampshire for example,—and a Judge's son of Calcutta, there is, apparently, a great gulf fixed:—

How have I felt, and shuddered, for a timid, shrinking, anxious female, full of tremblings as an aspen,—about to set her

first foot upon the stage—but it can be nothing to a maiden's debût on the deck of an East Indiaman.

Handkerchiefs waving—not in welcome, but in farewell,—Crowded boxes,—not filled with living Beauty and Fashion—but departing luggage. Not the mere noisy Gods of the gallery to encounter,—but those, more boisterous, of the wind and wave. And then, all before her,—the great salt-water Pit!—

As I write this, the figure of Miss Oliver rises up before me,—just as she looked on her first introduction, by the Neptune, to the Ocean. It was her first voyage,—and she made sure would be her last. Her storms commenced at Gravesend,—her

LONG DIVISION.

sea began much higher up. She had qualms at Blackwall. At the Nore, she came to the mountain billows of her imagination; for however the ocean may disappoint the expectation, from the land,—on ship-board, to the uninitiated, it hath all its terrors.—The sailor's capful of wind was to her a North-wester. Every splash of a wave shocked her, as if each brought its torpedo. The loose cordage did not tremble and thrill more to the wind than her nerves. At every tack of the vessel,—on all-fours, for she would not trust to her own feet, and the outstretched hand of courtesy,—she scrambled up to the higher

side. Her back ached with straining against the bulwark, to preserve her own, and the ship's, perpendicular:—her eyes glanced right, left, above, beneath, before, behind—with all the alacrity of alarm. She had not organs enough of sight, or hearing, to keep watch against all her imagined perils; her ignorance of nautical matters, in the meantime, causing her to mistake the real sea-dangers for subjects of self-congratulation. It delighted her to understand that there were barely three fathoms of water between the vessel and the ground; —her notion had been, that the whole sea was bottomless.— When the ship struck upon the sand, and was left there high and dry by the tide, her pleasure was, of course, complete. "We could walk about," she said, "and pick up shells." I believe, she would have been as well contented, if our Neptune had been pedestalled upon a rock:—deep water and sea-room were the only subjects of her dread. When the vessel, therefore, got afloat again, the old terrors of the landswoman returned upon her with their former force. All possible marine difficulties and disasters were huddled, like an auction medley, in one lot, into her apprehension:—

Cables entangling her,
Shipspars for mangling her,
Ropes, sure of strangling her;
Blocks over-dangling her;
Tiller to batter her,
Topmast to shatter her,
Tobacco to spatter her;
Boreas blustering,
Boatswain quite flustering,
Thunder clouds mustering
To blast her with sulphur—
If the deep don't engulph her;

Sometimes fear's scrutiny
Pries out a mutiny,
Sniffs conflagration,
Or hints at starvation :—
All the sea-dangers,
Buccaneers, rangers,

"WHAT WILL THE PEERS DO NEXT?"

Pirates, and Sallee-men,
Algerine galleymen,
Tornadoes and typhons,
And horrible syphons,
And submarine travels
Thro' roaring sea-navels;

Every thing wrong enough,
Long boat not long enough,
Vessel not strong enough;
Pitch marring frippery,
The deck very slippery,

A DUTCH CODDLING.

And the cabin—built sloping,
The Captain a-toping,
And the Mate a blasphemer,
That names his Redeemer,—
With inward uneasiness;
The cook, known by greasiness,
The victuals beslubber'd,
Her bed—in a cupboard;
Things of strange christening,
Snatch'd in her listening,

Blue lights and red lights
And mention of dead lights,
And shrouds made a theme of,
Things horrid to dream of,—
And *buoys* in the water
To fear all exhort her;

"SEE ME, SKATE!"

Her friend no Leander,
Herself no sea gander,
And ne'er a cork jacket
On board of the packet;
The breeze still a stiffening,
The trumpet quite deafening;
Thoughts of repentance,

And doomsday and sentence;
Every thing sinister,
Not a church minister,—
Pilot a blunderer,
Coral reefs under her,
Ready to sunder her;
Trunks tipsy-topsy,
The ship in a dropsy;
Waves oversurging her,
Syrens a-dirgeing her;
Sharks all expecting her,
Sword-fish dissecting her,
Crabs with their hand-vices
Punishing land vices:
Sea-dogs and unicorns,
Things with no puny horns,
Mermen carnivorous—
"Good Lord deliver us!"

The rest of the voyage was occupied,—excepting one bright interval,—with the sea malady and sea-horrors. We were off Flamborough Head. A heavy swell, the consequence of some recent storm to the Eastward, was rolling right before the wind upon the land:—and, once under the shadow of the bluff promontory, we should lose all the advantage of a saving Westerly breeze. Even the seamen looked anxious; but the passengers (save one) were in despair. They were, already, bones of contention, in their own misgivings, to the myriads of cormorants and water-fowl inhabiting that stupendous cliff. Miss Oliver alone was sanguine:—she was all nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles;—her cheeriness increased in proportion with our dreariness. Even the dismal pitching of the vessel could not disturb her unseasonable levity;—it was like a lightening before death

—but, at length, the mystery was explained. She had springs of comfort that we knew not of. Not brandy,—for that we shared in common;—nor supplications,—for those we had all applied to;—but her ears, being jealously vigilant of whatever passed between the mariners, she had overheard from the captain—and it had all the sound to her of a comfortable promise,—that "if the wind held, we should certainly *go on shore*."

"MY NATURE IS SUBDUED TO WHAT IT WORKS IN."
FANCY PORTRAIT.—DENON.

FANCIES ON A TEA-CUP.

I LOVE to pore upon old china — and to speculate, from the images, on Cathay. I can fancy that the Chinese manners betray themselves, like the drunkard's, in their cups.

How quaintly pranked and patterned is their vessel! — exquisitely outlandish, yet not barbarian.—How daintily transparent! — It should be no vulgar earth, that produces that superlative ware, nor does it so seem in the enamell'd landscape.

There, are beautiful birds; there—rich flowers and gorgeous butterflies, and a delicate chime, if we may credit the porcelain.

There be also horrible monsters, dragons, with us obsolete, and reckoned fabulous; the main breed, doubtless, having followed

"O! THERE'S NOTHING HALF SO SWEET IN LIFE."

Fohi (our Noah), in his wanderings thither from the Mount Ararat.—But how does that impeach the loveliness of Cathay? —There are such creatures even in Fairyland.

STORKS AND LEAVES.

I long often to loiter in those romantic Paradises — studded with pretty temples — holiday pleasure-grounds— the true Tea-Gardens. I like those meandering waters, and the abounding little islands.

And here is a Chinese nursemaid,—Ho-Fi, chiding a fret-ful little Pekin child. The urchin hath just such another toy, at the

end of a string, as might be purchased at our own Mr. Dunnett's. It argues an advanced state of civilisation, where the children have many playthings; and the Chinese infants—witness their flying fishes and whirligigs, sold by the stray natives about our streets—are far-gone in such juvenile luxuries.

But here is a better token.—The Chinese are a polite people: for they do not make household, much less husbandry, drudges of their wives. You may read the women's fortune in their tea-cups. In nine cases out of ten, the female is busy only in the lady-like toils of the toilette. Lo! here, how sedulously the blooming Hy-son is pencilling the mortal arches, and curving the cross-bows of her eyebrows. A musical instrument, her secondary engagement, is at her almost invisible feet. Are such little extremities likely to be tasked with laborious offices?—Marry, in kicking, they must be ludicrously impotent, —but then she hath a formidable growth of nails.

By her side, the obsequious Hum is pouring his soft flatteries into her ear. When she walketh abroad, (here it is on another sample) he shadeth her at two miles off with his umbrella. It is like an allegory of Love triumphing over space. The lady is walking upon one of those frequent petty islets, on a plain, as if of porcelain without any herbage, only a solitary flower springs up, seemingly by enchantment, at her fairy-like foot. The watery space between the lovers is aptly left as a

THE SARACEN'S HEAD.

blank, excepting her adorable shadow, which is tending towards her slave.

How reverentially is yon urchin presenting his flowers to the Greybeard! So honourably is age considered in China! There would be some sense, *there*, in birth-day celebrations.

Here, in another compartment, is a solitary scholar, apparently studying the elaborate didactics of Con-Fuse-Ye.

The Chinese have, verily, the advantage of us upon earthenware! They trace themselves as lovers, contemplatists, philosophers: — whereas, to judge from our jugs and mugs, we are nothing but sheepish piping shepherds and fox hunters.

WALTON REDIVIVUS.

A NEW-RIVER ECLOGUE.

"My old New River hath presented no extraordinary novelties lately. But there Hope sits, day after day, speculating on traditionary gudgeons. I think she hath taken the Fisheries. I now know the reasons why our forefathers were denominated East and West Angles. Yet is there no lack of spawn, for I wash my hands in fishets that come through the pump, every morning, thick as motelings—little things that perish untimely, and never taste the brook."—*From a Letter of C. Lamb.*

[Piscator is fishing,—near the Sir Hugh Middleton's Head, without either a basket or can. Viator cometh up to him, with an angling-rod and a bottle.]

Via. GOOD morrow, Master Piscator. Is there any sport afloat?

Pis. I have not been here time enough to answer for it. It is barely two hours agone since I put in.

Via. The fishes are shyer in this stream than in any water that I know.

Pis. I have fished here a whole Whitsuntide though without a nibble. But then the weather was not so excellent as to-day. This nice shower will set the gudgeons all agape.

Via. I am impatient to begin.

Pis. Do you fish with gut?

Via. No—I bait with gentles

Pis. It is a good taking bait: though my question referred to the nature of your line. Let me see your tackle. Why this is no line, but a ship's cable. It is a six-twist. There is nothing in this water but you may pull out with a single hair.

Via. What, are there no dace, nor perch?—

THE NEW RIVER HEAD.

Pis. I doubt not but there have been such fish here, in former ages. But now-a-days there is nothing of that size. They are gone extinct, like the mammoths.

Via. There was always such a fishing at 'em. Where there was one Angler in former times, there is now a hundred.

Pis. A murrain on 'em!—A New-River fish, now-a-days,

cannot take his common swimming exercise without hitching on a hook.

Via. It is the natural course of things, for man's populousness to terminate other breeds. As the proverb says "The more Scotchmen the fewer herrings." It is curious to consider the family of whales growing thinner according to the propagation of parish lamps.

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

Pis. Ay, and withal, how the race of man, who is a terrestrial animal, should have been in the greatest jeopardy of extinction by the element of water; whereas the whales, living in the ocean, are most liable to be burnt out.

Via. It is a pleasant speculation. But how is this?—I thought to have brought my gentles comfortably in an old snuff-box, but they are all stark dead!

Pis. The odour hath killed them. There is nothing more mortal than tobacco, to all kinds of vermin. Wherefore a new box will be indispensable, though for my own practice I prefer my waistcoat pockets for their carriage. Pray mark this;—and in the meantime I will lend you some worms.

Via. I am much beholden and when you come to Long Acre, I will faithfully repay you. But, look you, my tackle is still amiss. My float will not swim.

Pis. It is no miracle—for here is at least a good ounce of swan-shots upon your line. It is over-charged with lead.

Via. I confess, I am only used to killing sparrows, and such small fowls, out of the back-casement. But my ignorance shall make me the more thankful for your help and instruction.

Pis. There. The fault is amended. And now, observe,—you must watch your float very narrowly, without even an eye-wink another way;—for, otherwise, you may overlook the only nibble throughout the day.

Via. I have a bite already!—my float is going up and down like a ship at sea.

Pis. No. It is only that house-maid dipping in her bucket, which causes the agitation you perceive. 'Tis a shame so to interrupt the honest Angler's diversion. It would be but a judgment of God, now, if the jade should fall in!

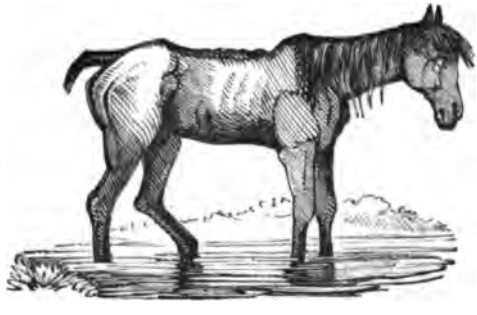
Via. But I would have her only drowned for some brief twenty minutes or so — and then restored again by the Surgeons. And yet I have doubts of the lawfulness of that dragging of souls back again, that have taken their formal leaves. In my conscience, it seems like flying against the laws of predestination.

"VOT A BURNIN' SHAME!"

Pis. It is a doubtful point; for, on the other hand, I have heard of some that were revived into life by the Doctors, and came afterwards to be hanged.

Via. Marry! 'tis pity such knaves' lungs were ever puff'd up again! It was good tobacco-smoke ill wasted! Oh, how pleasant, now, is this angling, which furnishes us with matter for such agreeable discourse! Surely, it is well called a contemplative recreation, for I never had half so many thoughts before!

Pis. I am glad you relish it so well.



BALL'S POND.

Via. I will take a summer lodging hereabouts, to be near the stream. How pleasant is this solitude! There are but fourteen a-fishing here,—and of those but few men.

Pis. And we shall be still more lonely on the other side of the City Road.—Come, let's across. Nay, we will put in our lines lower down. There was a butcher's wife dragged for, at this bridge, in the last week.

Via. Have you, indeed, any qualms of that kind?

Pis. No—but, hereabouts, 'tis likely the gudgeons will be gorged. Now, we are far enough. Yonder is the row of Colebrooke. What a balmy wholesome gust is blowing over to us from the cow-lair.

Via. For my part I smell nothing but dead kittens—for here lies a whole brood in soak. Would you believe it — to my

phantasy, the nine days' blindness of these creatures smacks somewhat of a type of the human pre-existence. Methinks, I have had myself such a mysterious being, before I beheld the light. My dreams hint at it. A sort of world before eyesight.

Pis. I have some dim sympathy with your meaning. At the Creation, there was such a kind of blindman's-buff work. The atoms jostled together, before there was a revealing sun. But are we not fishing too deep?

Via. I am afeard on't! Would we had a plummet! We shall catch weeds.

PISCATOR.

Pis. It would be well to fish thus at the bottom, if we were fishing for flounders in the sea. But there, you must have forty fathom, or so, of stout line; and then, with your fish at the end, it will be the boy's old pastime carried into another element. I assure you, 'tis like swimming a kite!

Via. It should be pretty sport—but hush! My cork has just made a bob. It is diving under the water!—Holla!—I have catch'd a fish!

Pis. Is it a great one?

Via. Purely, a huge one! Shall I put it into the bottle?

Pis. It will be well,—and let there be a good measure of water, too, lest he scorch against the glass.

Via. How slippery and shining it is!—Ah, he is gone!

Pis. You are not used to the handling of a New-River fish! —and, indeed, very few be. But hath he altogether escaped?

"NOW THEN, WHAT ARE YOU HAT?"

Via. No; I have his chin here, which I was obliged to tear off, to get away my hook.

Pis. Well, let him go:—it would be labour wasted to seek for him amongst this rank herbage. 'Tis the commonest of Anglers' crosses.

Via. I am comforted to consider he did not fall into the water again, as he was without a mouth,—and might have pined for years. Do you think there is any cruelty in our Art?

Pis. As for other methods of taking fish, I cannot say: but I think none in the hooking of them.—For, to look at the gills of a fish, with those manifold red leaves, like a housewife's needle-book, they are admirably adapted to our purpose, and manifestly intended by Nature to stick our steel in.

Via. I am glad to have the question so comfortably resoived —for, in truth, I have had some misgivings.—Now, look how dark the water grows! There is another shower towards.

Pis. Let it come down and welcome. I have only my working-day clothes on. Sunday coats spoil holidays. Let everything hang loose, and time too will sit easy.

"EASY DOES IT!"

Via. I like your philosophy. In this world, we are the fools of restraint. We starch our ruffs till they cut us under the ear.

Pis. How pleasant it would be to discuss these sentiments over a tankard of ale!—I have a simple bashfulness against going into a public tavern, but I think we could dodge into the Castle, without being much seen.

Via. And I have a sort of shuddering about me, that is willing to go more frankly in. Let us put up, then.—By my halidom! here is a little dead fish hanging at my hook:—and yet I never felt him bite.

Pis. 'Tis only a little week-old gudgeon, and he had not

strength enough to stir the cork. However, we may say boldly, that we have caught a fish.

Via. Nay, I have another here, in my bottle. He was sleeping on his back at the top of the water, and I got him out nimbly with the hollow of my hand.

Pis. We have caught a brace then;—besides the great one that was lost amongst the grass. I am glad on't, for we can bestow them upon some poor hungry person in our way home. It is passable good sport for the place.

Via. I am satisfied it must be called so. But the next time I come hither, I shall bring a reel with me, and a ready-made minnow, for I am certain there must be some marvellous huge pikes here; they always make a scarcity of other fish. However, I have been bravely entertained, and, at the first holiday, I will come to it again.

THE SEA-SPELL.

"*Cauld, cauld,* he lies beneath the deep."—*Old Scotch Ballad.*

It was a jolly mariner!
The tallest man of three,—
He loosed his sail against the wind,
And turned his boat to sea:
The ink-black sky told every eye,
A storm was soon to be!

But still that jolly mariner
Took in no reef at all,
For, in his pouch, confidingly,
He wore a baby's caul;
A thing, as gossip-nurses know,
That always brings a squall!

His hat was new,—or newly glazed
Shone brightly in the sun;
His jacket, like a mariner's,
True blue as e'er was spun;
His ample trowsers, like Saint Paul,
Bore forty stripes save one.

"DE GUSTIBUS NON EST DISPUTANDUM."

And now the fretting foaming tide
He steer'd away to cross;
The bounding pinnace play'd a game
Of dreary pitch and toss;
A game that, on the good dry land,
Is apt to bring a loss!

Good Heaven befriend that little boat,
And guide her on her way!

A boat, they say, has canvas wings,
But cannot fly away!
Though, like a merry singing-bird,
She sits upon the spray!

FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES.

Still east by south the little boat,
With tawny sail, kept beating:
Now out of sight, between two waves,
Now o'er th' horizon fleeting:
Like greedy swine that feed on mast,—
The waves her mast seem'd eating!

The sullen sky grew black above,
The waves as black beneath;
Each roaring billow show'd full soon
A white and foamy wreath;

Like angry dogs that snarl at first,
And then display their teeth.

The boatman looked against the wind,
The mast began to creak,
The wave, per saltum, came and dried,
In salt, upon his cheek!
The pointed wave against him rear'd,
As if it own'd a pique!

BLACK MONDAY.

Nor rushing wind, nor gushing wave,
That boatman could alarm,
But still he stood away to sea,
And trusted in his charm;
He thought by purchase he was safe,
And arm'd against all harm!

Now thick and fast and far aslant,
The stormy rain came pouring,

He heard, upon the sandy bank,
The distant breakers roaring,—
A groaning intermitting sound,
Like Gog and Magog snoring!

"A PART IS GREATER THAN THE HOLE."

The sea-fowl shriek'd around the mast,
Ahead the grampus tumbled,
And far off, from a copper cloud,
The hollow thunder rumbled;
It would have quail'd another heart,
But his was never humbled.

For why? he had that infant's caul;
And wherefore should he dread?
Alas! alas! he little thought,
Before the ebb-tide sped,—
That like that infant, he should die,
And with a watery head!

A WATERING-PLACE.

The rushing brine flowed in apace;
His boat had ne'er a deck;
Fate seem'd to call him on, and he
Attended to her beck;
And so he went, still trusting on,
Though reckless—to his wreck!

For as he left his helm, to heave
The ballast-bags a-weather,
Three monstrous seas come roaring on,
Like lions leagued together.
The two first waves the little boat
Swam over like a feather.

The two first waves were past and gone,
And sinking in her wake;
The hugest still came leaping on,
And hissing like a snake;
Now helm a-lee! for through the midst,
The monster he must take!

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

Ah, me! it was a dreary mount!
Its base as black as night,
Its top of pale and livid green,
Its crest of awful white,
Like Neptune with a leprosy,—
And so it rear'd upright!

With quaking sails, the little boat
Climbed up the foaming heap;
With quaking sails it paused awhile,
At balance on the steep;
Then rushing down the nether slope,
Plunged with a dizzy sweep!

Look, how a horse, made mad with fear,
Disdains his careful guide;
So now the headlong headstrong boat,
Unmanaged turns aside,
And straight presents her reeling flank
Against the swelling tide!

ON THE DARK.

The gusty wind assaults the sail;
Her ballast lies a-lee!
The sheet's to windward taut and stiff!
Oh! the Lively—where is she?
Her capsiz'd keel is in the foam,
Her pennon's in the sea!

The wild gull, sailing overhead,
Three times beheld emerge
The head of that bold mariner,
And then she screamed his dirge,
For he had sunk within his grave,
Lapp'd in a shroud of surge!

The ensuing wave with horrid foam,
Rush'd o'er and cover'd all,—
The jolly boatman's drowning scream
Was smother'd by the squall,—
Heaven never heard his cry, nor did
The ocean heed his *caul*.

A NEW LIFE PRESERVER.

"Of hair-breadth 'scapes."—OTHELLO.

I HAVE read somewhere of a Traveller, who carried with him a brace of pistols, a carbine, a cutlass, a dagger, and an umbrella, but was indebted for his preservation to the umbrella; it grappled with a bush, when he was rolling over a precipice. In like manner, my friend W——, though armed with a sword, rifle, and hunting knife, owed his existence to his wig!"

He was specimen-hunting (for W—— is a first-rate naturalist), somewhere in the backwoods of America, when happening to light upon a dense covert, there sprang out upon him,—not a panther or catamountain,—but, with a terrible whoop and yell, a wild Indian,—one of a tribe then hostile to our settlers. W——'s gun was mastered in a twinkling, himself stretched on the earth, the barbarous knife, destined to make him balder than Granby's celebrated Marquis, leaped eagerly from its sheath.

Conceive the horrible weapon making its preliminary flourishes and circumgyrations; the savage features, made savager by paint and ruddle, working themselves up to a demoniacal crisis of triumphant malignity; his red right hand clutching the shearing knife; his left the frizzled top-knot; and then, the artificial scalp coming off in the Mohawk grasp!

"HOW LUCKY, BILL, WE'RE UP HERE!"

W—— says the Indian catchpole was, for some moments, motionless, with surprise: recovering, at last, he dragged his captive along, through brake and jungle, to the encampment. A peculiar whoop soon brought the whole horde to the spot. The Indian addressed them with vehement gestures, in the course of which W—— was again thrown down, the knife again performed its circuits, and the whole transaction was pantomimically described. All Indian sedateness and restraint were overcome. The assembly made every demonstration of wonder; and the wig was fitted on, rightly, askew, and hind part before by a

hundred pair of red hands. Captain Gulliver's glove was not a greater puzzle to the Hounhyhnms. From the men it passed to the squaws; and from them down to the least of the urchins; W——'s head, in the meantime, frying in a midsummer sun. At length the phenomenon returned into the hands of the chief —a venerable grey-beard: he examined it afresh, very attentively, and, after a long deliberation, maintained with true Indian silence and gravity, made a speech in his own tongue, that procured for the anxious trembling captive very unexpected honours. In fact the whole tribe of women and warriors danced round him, with such unequivocal marks of homage, that even W—— comprehended that he was not intended for sacrifice. He was then carried in triumph to their wigwams; his body daubed with their body-colours of the most honourable patterns; and he was given to understand, that he might choose any of their marriageable maidens for a squaw. Availing himself of this privi-

FANCY PORTRAIT.—CAPTAIN HEAD.

lege, and so becoming, by degrees, more proficient in their language, he learned the cause of this extraordinary respect.—It was considered, that he had been a great warrior; that he had, by mischance of war, been overcome and tufted; but, that,

whether by valour or stratagem, each equally estimable amongst the savages, he had recovered his liberty and his scalp.

As long as W—— kept his own counsel, he was safe; but trusting his Indian Dalilah with the secret of his locks, it soon got wind amongst the squaws, and, from them, became known to the warriors and chiefs. A solemn sitting was held at midnight, by the chiefs, to consider the propriety of knocking the poor wig-owner on the head; but he had received a timely hint of their intention, and, when the tomahawks sought for him, he was on his way, with his Life-preserver, towards a British settlement.

SERJEANT MERRYWEATHER.

FANCY PORTRAITS.

MANY authors preface their works with a portrait, and it saves the reader a deal of speculation. The world loves to know

something of the features of its favourites; it likes the Geniuses to appear bodily, as well as the Genii. We may estimate the liveliness of this curiosity, by the abundance of portraits, masks, busts, china and plaster casts, that are extant, of great or would-be great people. As soon as a gentleman has proved, in print, that he really has a head,—a score of artists begin to brush at it. The literary lions have no peace to their manes. Sir Walter

MR. BOWLES.

ANACREON JUNIOR.

is eternally sitting like Theseus to some painter or other;—and the late Lord Byron threw out more heads before he died than Hydra. The first novel of Mr. Galt had barely been announced in the second edition, when he was requested to allow himself to be taken "in one minute;"—Mr. Geoffrey Crayon was no sooner known to be Mr. Washington Irving, than he was waited upon with a sheet of paper and a pair of scissors. The whole world, in fact, is one Lavater:—it likes to find its prejudices confirmed by the Hook nose of the Author of Sayings and Doings—or the lines and angles in the honest face of Izaak Walton. It is grati-

fied in dwelling on the repulsive features of a Newgate ordinary; and would be disappointed to miss the seraphic expression on the Author of the Angel of the World. The Old Bailey jurymen are physiognomists to a fault; and if a rope can transform a malefactor into an Adonis, a hard gallows face as often brings the malefactor to the rope. A low forehead is enough to bring down its head to the dust. A well-favoured man meets with good countenance; but when people are plain and hard-featured (like the poor, for instance), we grind their faces: an expression, I am convinced, that refers to the physiognomical theory.

THE BARD OF HOPE.

MR. CRABBE.

For my part, I confess a sympathy with the common failing. I take likings and dislikings, as some play music,—at sight. The polar attractions and repulsions insisted on by the phrenolo-

gist, affect me not; but I am not proof against a pleasant or villainous set of features. Sometimes, I own, I am led by the nose (not my own, but that of the other party)—in my prepossessions.

My curiosity does not object to the disproportionate number of portraits in the annual exhibition—nor grudge the expense of engraving a gentleman's head and shoulders. Like Judith, and the daughter of Herodias, I have a taste for a head in a plate, and accede cheerfully to the charge of the charger. A book without a portrait of the author is worse than anonymous. As in a churchyard, you

THE AUTHOR OF BROAD GRINS.

GALILEO.

may look on any number of ribs and shin-bones, as so many sticks merely, without interest; but if there should chance to be a skull near hand, it claims the relics at once—so it is with the

author's head-piece in front of his pages. The portrait claims the work. The Arcadia, for instance, I know is none of mine—it belongs to that young fair gentleman, in armour, with a ruff.

So necessary it is for me to have an outward visible sign of the inward spiritual poet or philosopher, that in default of an authentic resemblance, I cannot help forging for him an effigy in my mind's eye, a Fancy portrait. A few examples of contemporaries I have sketched down, but my collection is far from complete.

How have I longed to glimpse, in fancy, the Great Unknown!—the Roc of Literature!—but he keeps his head, like Ben Lomond, enveloped in a cloud. How have I sighed for a beau ideal of the author of Christabel, and the Ancient Marinere!—but I have been mocked with a dozen images, confusing each other, and indistinct as water is in water. My only clear revelation was a pair of Hessian boots, highly polished, or what the ingenious Mr. Warren would denominate his "Aids to Reflection!"

I was more certain of the figure at least of Dr. Kitchener (p.) though I had a misgiving about his features, which made me have recourse to a substitute for his head. Moore's profile struck me over a bottle after dinner, and the countenance of Mr. Bowles occurred to me as in a mirror,—by a tea-table suggestion; Colman's at the same service;—and Mr. Crabbe entered my mind's eye with the supper. But the Bard of Hope—the Laureate of promise and expectation,—occurred to me at no meal-time. We all know how Hope feeds her own.

THE OULD GENTLEMAN.

I had a lively image of the celebrated Denon, in a midnight dream (p. 144) and made out the full length of the juvenile Graham, from a hint of Mr. Hilton's.

At a future season I hope to complete my gallery of Fancy Portraits.

RAMMOHUN ROY.

A BALLAD SINGER

Is a town crier for the advertising of lost tunes. Hunger hath made him a wind instrument; his want is vocal, and not he. His voice had gone a-begging before he took it up and applied it to the same trade; it was too strong to hawk mackarel, but was just soft enough for Robin Adair. His business is to make popular songs unpopular,—he gives the air, like a weather-cock,

with many variations. As for a key, he has but one—a latch-key—for all manner of tunes; and as they are to pass current amongst the lower sorts of people, he makes his notes like a country banker's as thick as he can. His tones have a copper sound, for he sounds for copper; and for the musical divisions,

PANDEANS.

he hath no regard, but sings on, like a kettle, without taking any heed of the bars. Before beginning he clears his pipe with gin; and he is always hoarse from the thorough draught in his throat. He hath but one shake, and that is in winter. His voice sounds flat from flatulence; and he fetches breath, like a drowning kitten, whenever he can. Notwithstanding all this his music gains ground, for it walks with him from end to end of the street.

He is your only performer that requires not many entreaties for a song; for he will chaunt, without asking, to a street cur or

a parish post. His only backwardness is to a stave after dinner, seeing that he never dines; for he sings for bread, and though corn has ears, sings very commonly in vain. As for his country, he is an Englishman, that by his birthright may sing whether he can or not. To conclude, he is reckoned passable in the city, but is not so good off the stones.

"GIN A BODY MEET A BODY."

MARY'S GHOST.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

'Twas in the middle of the night,
To sleep young William tried,
When Mary's ghost came stealing in,
And stood at his bed-side.

O William dear! O William dear!
  My rest eternal ceases;
Alas! my everlasting peace
  Is broken into pieces.

I thought the last of all my cares
  Would end with my last minute;
But tho' I went to my long home,
  I didn't stay long in it.

The body-snatchers they have come,
  And made a snatch at me;
It's very hard them kind of men
  Won't let a body be!

You thought that I was buried deep,
  Quite decent like and chary,
But from her grave in Mary-bone
  They've come and boned your Mary.

The arm that used to take your arm
  Is took to Dr. Vyse;
And both my legs are gone to walk
  The hospital at Guy's.

I vow'd that you should have my hand,
  But fate gives us denial;
You'll find it there, at Doctor Bell's,
  In spirits and a phial.

As for my feet, the little feet
  You used to call so pretty,
There's one, I know, in Bedford Row,
  The t'other's in the city.

I can't tell where my head is gone,
  But Doctor Carpue can:
As for my trunk, it's all pack'd up
  To go by Pickford's van.

I wish'd you'd go to Mr. P.
  And save me such a ride:
I don't half like the outside place,
  They've took for my inside.

The cock it crows—I must be gone!
  My William, we must part!
But I'll be yours in death, altho'
  Sir Astley has my heart.

Don't go to weep upon my grave,
  And think that there I be;
They haven't left an atom there
  Of my anatomie.

"WHY DON'T YOU GET UP BEHIND?"

STUDY OF A HEAD—CARLO DOLCE.

THE PROGRESS OF ART.

O HAPPY time! Art's early days!
When o'er each deed, with sweet self-praise,
Narcissus-like I hung!
When great Rembrandt but little seem'd,
And such Old Masters all were deem'd
As nothing to the young!

Some scratchy strokes—abrupt and few,
So easily and swift I drew,
Sufficed for my design;
My sketchy, superficial hand,
Drew solids at a dash—and spann'd
A surface with a line.

Not long my eye was thus content,
But grew more critical—my bent
Essay'd a higher walk;
I copied leaden eyes in lead—
Rheumatic hands in white and red,
And gouty feet—in chalk.

INFANT GENIUS.

Anon my studious art for days
Kept making faces—happy phrase,
For faces such as mine!
Accomplish'd in the details then,
I left the minor parts of men,
And drew the form divine.

Old Gods and Heroes—Trojan—Greek
Figures—long after the antique,
Great Ajax justly feared!
Hectors, of whom at night I dreamt,
And Nestor, fring'd enough to tempt
Bird-nesters to his beard.

"TOGETHER LET US RANGE THE FIELDS."

A Bacchus, leering on a bowl,
A Pallas, that out-star'd her owl,
A Vulcan—very lame;
A Dian stuck about with stars;
With my right hand I murder'd Mars—
(One Williams did the same).

But tir'd of this dry work at last,
Crayon and chalk aside I cast,

And gave my brush a drink!
Dipping—"as when a painter dips
In gloom of earthquake and eclipse,"
That is—in Indian ink.

POPLAR AND WAPPING.

Oh then, what black Mont Blancs arose,
Crested with soot, and not with snows:
What clouds of dingy hue!
In spite of what the Bard has penn'd,
I fear the distance did not "lend
Enchantment to the view."

Not Radclyffe's brush did e'er design
Black Forests, half so black as mine,
Or lakes so like a pall;
The Chinese cake dispersed a ray
Of darkness, like the light of Day
And Martin over all.

FITTED TO A T.

Yet urchin pride sustain'd me still,
I gazed on all with right good will,
And spread the dingy tint;
"No holy Luke helped me to paint,
The devil surely, not a Saint,
Had any finger in't!"

But colours came!—like morning light,
With gorgeous hues displacing night,
Or Spring's enliven'd scene;
At once the sable shades withdrew;
My skies got very, very blue;
My trees extremely green.

And wash'd by my cosmetic brush,
How Beauty's cheek began to blush;
With lock of auburn stain—
(Not Goldsmith's Auburn)—nut-brown hair,
That made her loveliest of the fair;
Not "loveliest of the plain!"

Her lips were of vermilion hue;
Love in her eyes, and Prussian blue,
Set all my heart in flame!
A young Pygmalion, I ador'd
The maids I made—but time was stor'd
With evil—and it came!

Perspective dawn'd—and soon I saw
My houses stand against its law;
And "keeping" all unkept!
My beauties were no longer things
For love and fond imaginings;
But horrors to be wept!

Ah! why did knowledge ope my eyes?
Why did I get more artist-wise?
It only serves to hint,
What grave defects and wants are mine;
That I'm no Hilton in design—
In nature no Dewint?

Thrice happy time!—Art's early days!
When o'er each deed, with sweet self-praise,
Narcissus-like I hung!
When great Rembrandt but little seem'd,
And such Old Masters all were deem'd
As nothing to the young!

SHRIMP SAUCE TO A LOBSTER.

A SCHOOL FOR ADULTS.

SERVANT. How well you saw
Your father to school to-day, knowing how apt
He is to play the truant.
SON. But is he not
Yet gone to school?
SERVANT. Stand by and you shall see.

Enter three Old Men with satchels, singing.

ALL THREE. Domine, Domine, duster,
Three knaves in a cluster.
SON. O this is gallant pastime. Nay, come on;
Is this your school? was that your lesson, ha?
1ST OLD MAN. Pray, now, good son, indeed, indeed—
SON. Indeed
You shall to school. Away with him! and take
Their wagships with him, the whole cluster of them.
2D OLD MAN. You shan't send us, now, so you shan't—
3D OLD MAN. We be none of your father, so we ben't.—
SON. Away with 'em, I say; and tell their school-mistress
What truants they are, and bid her pay 'em soundly.
ALL THREE. Oh! oh! oh!
LADY. Alas! will nobody beg pardon for
The poor old boys?
TRAVELLER. Do men of such fair years here go to school?
NATIVE. They would die dunces else.
These were great scholars in their youth; but when
Age grows upon men here, their learning wastes,
And so decays, that, if they live until
Threescore, their sons send 'em to school again:
They'd die as speechless else as new-born children.
TRAVELLER. 'Tis a wise nation, and the piety
Of the young men most rare and commendable:
Yet give me, as a stranger, leave to beg
Their liberty this day.
SON. 'Tis granted.
Hold up your heads; and thank the gentleman,
Like scholars, with your heels now.
ALL THREE. Gratias! Gratias! Gratias! [*Exeunt Singing.*]

"THE ANTIPODES."—*By R. Brome.*

AMONGST the foundations for the promotion of National Education, I had heard of Schools for Adults! but I doubted of their existence. They were, I thought, merely the fancies of old dramatists, such as that scene just quoted; or the suggestions of philanthropists—the theoretical buildings of modern philosophers — benevolent prospectuses drawn up by warm-hearted enthusiasts, but of schemes never to be realised. They were probably only the bubble projections of a junto of interested pedagogues, not content with the entrance monies of the rising generation, but aiming to exact a premium from the unlettered greybeard. The age, I argued, was not ripe for such institutions, in spite of the spread of intelligence, and the vast power of knowledge insisted on by the public journalist. I could

not conceive a set of men, or gentlemen, of mature years, if not aged, entering themselves as members of preparatory schools, and petty seminaries, in defiance of shame, humiliation, and the contumely of a literary age. It seemed too whimsical to contemplate fathers, and venerable grandfathers, emulating the infant generation, and seeking for instruction in the rudiments. My imagination refused to picture the hoary abecedarian,

> "With satchel on his back, and shining morning face,
> Creeping, like snail, unwillingly to school."

Fancy grew restive at a patriarchal ignoramus with a fool's-cap, and a rod thrust down his bosom; at a palsied truant dodging

"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."

the palmy inflictions of the cane; or a silver-headed dunce horsed on a pair of rheumatic shoulders for a paralytic flagellation. The picture notwithstanding is realised! Elderly people seem to have considered that they will be as awkwardly situated in the other world, as here, without their alphabet, — and Schools for Grown Persons to learn to read, are no more Utopian than New Harmony. The following letter from an old gentleman, whose education had been neglected, confirms me in the

fact. It is copied, verbatim and literatim, from the original, which fell into my hands by accident.

Black Heath, November, 1827.

Deer Brother,

My honnerd Parents being Both desist I feal my deuty to give you Sum Acount of the Proggress I have maid in

THE QUINARY SYSTEM.

my studdys since last Vocation. You will be gratefied to hear I am at the Hed of my Class and Tom Hodges is at its Bottom tho He was Seventy last Burth Day and I am onely going on for Three Skore. I have begun Gografy and do exsizes on the Globs. In figgers I am all most out of the fore Simples and going into Compounds next weak. In the mean time hop you will aprove my Hand riting as well as my Speling witch I have took grate panes with as you desird. As for the French Tung Mr. Legender says I shall soon get the pronounciation as well as a Parisihiner but the Master thinks its not advisible to begin Lattin at my advanced ears.

With respecks to my Pearsonal comfits I am verry happy and midling Well xcept the old Cumplant in my To—but the

Master is so kind as to let me have a Cushin for my feat. If their is any thing to cumplane of its the Vittles. Our Cook dont understand Maid dishes. Her Currys is xcrabble. Tom Hodges Foot Man brings him Evry Day soop from Birches. I

EGGS ARE VERY NOURISHING.

wish you providid me the same. On the hole I wish on menny Acounts I was a Day border partickly as Barlow sleeps in our Room and coffs all nite long. His brother's Ashmy is wus then his. He has took lately to snuff and I have wishes to do the like. Its very dull after Supper since Mr. Grierson took away the fellers Pips, and forbid smocking, and allmost raized a Riot on that hed, and some of the Boys was to have Been horst for it. I am happy (to) say I have never been floged as yet and onely Caind once and that was for damming at the Cooks chops becous they were so overdun, but there was to have been fore Wiped yeaster day for Playing Wist in skool hours, but was Begd off on acount of their Lumbargo.

I am sorry to say Ponder has had another Stroak of the perrylaticks and has no Use of his Lims. He is Parrs fag—and Parr has got the Roomytix bysides very bad but luckly its onely stiffind one Arm so he has still Hops to get the Star for Helio-

cution. Poor Dick Combs eye site has quite gone or he would have a good chance for the Silvur Pen.

Mundy was one of the Fellers Burths Days and we was to have a hole Hollday but he dyed sudnly over nite of the appoplxy and disappinted us verry much. Two moor was fetcht home last Weak so that we are getting very thin partickly when we go out Wauking, witch is seldom more than

THE DAY AFTER THE FAIR.

three at a time, their is always so menny in the nusry. I forgot to say Garrat run off a month ago he got verry Home-sick ever since his Grandchilderen cum to sea him at skool,—Mr. Grierson has expeld him for running away.

On Tuesday a new Schollard cum. He is a very old crusty Chap and not much lick'd for that resin by the rest of the Boys,

whom all Teas him, and call him Phig because he is a retired Grosser. Mr. Grierson declind another New Boy because he hadn't had the Mizzles. I have red Gays Febbles and the other books You were so kind to send me—and would be glad of moor, partickly the Gentlemans with a Welsh Wig and a Worming Pan when you foreward my Closebox with my clean Lining

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE.

like wise sum moor Fleasy Hoshery for my legs and the Cardmums I rit for with the French Grammer &c. Also weather I am to Dance next quarter. The Gimnystacks are being interdeuced into our Skool but is so Voilent no one follows them but Old Parr and He cant get up his Pole.

I have no more to rite but hop this letter will find you as Well as me; Mr. Grierson is in Morning for Mr. Linly Murry of whose loss you have herd of—xcept which he is in Quite good

Helth and desires his Respective Complements with witch I remane

Your deutiful and
loving Brother
**** *****

S.P. Barlow and Phigg have just had a fite in the Yard about calling names and Phigg has pegged Barlows tooth out But it was loose before. Mr. G. dont allow Puglism, if he nose it, among the Boys, as at their Times of lifes it might be fatle partickly from pulling their Coats of in the open Are.

Our new Husher is cum and is verry well Red in his Mother's tung, witch is the mane thing with Beginers but We wish the Frentch Master was changed on Acount of his Pollyticks and Religun. Brassbrige and him is always Squabling about Bonnyparty and the Pop of Room. Has for Barlow we cant tell weather He is Wig or Tory for he cant express his Sentymints for coffing.

THE DECLINE OF MRS. SHAKERLY.

TOWARDS the close of her life, my Aunt Shakerly increased rapidly in bulk: she kept adding growth unto her growth,

"Giving a sum of more to that which had too much,"

till the result was worthy of a Smithfield premium. It was not the triumph, however, of any systematic diet for the promotion of fat,—(except oyster-eating there is no human system of *stall*-feeding,)—on the contrary, she lived abstemiously, diluting her food with pickle-acids, and keeping frequent fasts, in order to reduce her compass; but they failed of this desirable effect. Nature had planned an original tendency in her organisation

that was not to be overcome:—she would have fattened on saur krout.

My uncle, on the other hand, decreased daily; originally a little man he became lean, shrunken, wizened. There was a predisposition in his constitution that made him spare, and kept him so:—he would have fallen off even on brewers' grains.

It was the common joke of the neighbourhood to designate my aunt, my uncle, and the infant Shakerly, as "WHOLESALE,

"WHOLESALE—RETAIL—AND FOR EXPORTATION."

RETAIL, and FOR EXPORTATION;" and, in truth, they were not inapt impersonations of that popular inscription,—my aunt a giantess, my uncle a pigmy, and the child "being carried abroad."

Alas! of the three departments, nothing now remains but the Retail portion—my uncle, a pennyworth, a mere sample.

It is upon record, that Dr. Watts, though a puny man in person, took a fancy, towards his latter days, that he was too large to

pass through a door: an error which Death shortly corrected by taking him through his own portal. My unhappy aunt, with more show of reason, indulged in a similar delusion; she conceived herself to have grown inconveniently cumbersome for the small village of ****, and my uncle, to quiet her, removed to the metropolis. There she lived for some months in comparative ease, till at last an unlucky event recalled all her former inquietude. The Elephant of Mr. Cross, a good feeder, and with a natural tendency to corpulence, throve so well on his rations, that, becoming too huge for his den, he was obliged to be dis-

"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG."

patched. My aunt read the account in the newspapers, and the catastrophe with its cause took possession of her mind. She seemed to herself as that Elephant. An intolerable sense of confinement and oppression haunted her by day and in her dreams. First she had a tightness at her chest, then in her limbs, then all over; she felt too big for her chair—then for her bed—then for her room—then for the house! To divert her thought my uncle proposed to go to Paris; but she was too

huge for a boat—for a barge—for a packet—for a frigate—for a country—for a continent! "She was too big," she said, "for this world—but she was going to one that is boundless."

Nothing could wean her from this belief: her whole talk was of "cumber-grounds:" of the "burthen of the flesh:" and of "infinity." Sometimes her head wandered, and she would then speak of disposing of the "bulk of her personals."

In the meantime her health decayed slowly, but perceptibly: she was dying, the doctor said, by inches.

Now my uncle was a kind husband and meant tenderly, though it sounded untender: but when the doctor said that she was dying by inches—

"God forbid!" cried my uncle: "consider what a great big creature she is!"

TIM TURPIN.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

TIM TURPIN he was gravel blind,
And ne'er had seen the skies:
For Nature when his head was made,
Forgot to dot his eyes.

So, like a Christmas pedagogue,
Poor Tim was forc'd to do—
Look out for pupils, for he had
A vacancy for two.

There's some have specs to help their sight
Of objects dim and small:
But Tim had *specks* within his eyes,
And could not see at all.

Now Tim he woo'd a servant maid,
And took her to his arms;
For he, like Pyramus, had cast
A wall-eye on her charms.

By day she led him up and down
Where'er he wished to jog,
A happy wife, altho' she led
The life of any dog.

THE JUDGES OF A-SIZE.

But just when Tim had liv'd a month
In honey with his wife,
A surgeon ope'd his Milton eyes,
Like oysters with a knife.

But when his eyes were open'd thus,
He wish'd them dark again:
For when he look'd upon his wife,
He saw her very plain.

Her face was bad, her figure worse,
He couldn't bear to eat:
For she was anything but like
A Grace before his meat.

"SHALL I TAKE OFF THE BEARDS?"

Now Tim he was a feeling man:
For when his sight was thick
It made him feel for every thing—
But that was with a stick.

So with a cudgel in his hand—
It was not light or slim—
He knock'd at his wife's head until
It open'd unto him.

And when the corpse was stiff and cold
  He took his slaughter'd spouse,
And laid her in a heap with all
  The ashes of her house.

But like a wicked murderer,
  He liv'd in constant fear
From day to day, and so he cut
  His throat from ear to ear.

LOSING GROUND.

The neighbours fetch'd a doctor in:
  Said he, "This wound I dread
Can hardly be sow'd up—his life
  Is hanging on a thread."

But when another week was gone,
  He gave him stronger hope,
Instead of hanging on a thread,
  Of hanging on a rope.

Ah! when he hid his bloody work,
In ashes round about,
How little he supposed the truth,
Would soon be sifted out.

But when the parish dustman came,
His rubbish to withdraw,
He found more dust within the heap,
Than he contracted for!

JURORS—NOT CON-JURORS.

A dozen men to try the fact,
Were sworn that very day;
But tho' they all were jurors, yet
No conjurors were they.

Said Tim unto those jurymen,
"You need not waste your breath,
For I confess myself at once,
The author of her death.

"And, oh! when I reflect upon
The blood that I have spilt,
Just like a button is my soul,
Inscrib'd with double *guilt!*

Then turning round his head again,
  He saw before his eyes,
A great judge, and a little judge,
  The judges of a-size!

The great judge took his judgment cap,
  And put it on his head,
And sentenc'd Tim by law to hang,
  Till he was three times dead.

So he was tried, and he was hung
  (Fit punishment for such)
On Horsham-drop, and none can say
  It was a drop too much.

BANDITTI.

BANDITTI.

Of all the saints in the Calendar, none has suffered less from the Reformation than St. Cecilia, the great patroness of Music. Lofty and lowly are her votaries—many and magnificent

are her holiday festivals—and her common service is performing at all hours of the day. She has not only her regular high-priests and priestesses; but, like the Wesleyans, her itinerants and street missionaries, to make known her worship in the highways and in the byeways. Nor is the homage confined to the people of one creed;—the Protestant exalts her on his barrel-organ—the Catholic with her tambourine—the above wandering Jew with his Pan's-pipe and double-drum. The group was sketched from a company of these "Strolling Players."

It must be confessed that their service is sometimes of a kind rather to drive angels higher into heaven, than to entice them earthward; and there are certain retired streets—near the Adelphi, for instance—where such half-hourly deductions from the natural quiet of the situation should justly be considered in the rent. Some of the choruses, in truth, are beyond any but a saintly endurance. Conceive a brace of opposition organs, a fife, two hurdy-gurdies, a clarionet, and a quartette of decayed mariners, all clubbing their music in common, on the very principle of Mr. Owen's *New Harmony!*

In the Journal of a recent Traveller through the Papal States, there is an account of an adventure with Neapolitan robbers, that would serve, with very slight alterations, for the description of an encounter with our own banditti.

"To-day, Mrs. Graham and I mounted our horses and rode towards Islington. We had not proceeded far, when we heard sounds as of screaming and groaning, and presently a group of men appeared at a turn of the road. It was too certain that we had fallen in with one of those roving bands. Escape was impossible, as they extended across the road. Their leader was the celebrated Flanigan, notorious for his murder of Fair Ellen, and the Bewildered Maid. One of the fellows advanced close up to Mrs. G., and putting his instrument to her ear, threatened to blow out her brains. We gave them what coppers we had,

and were allowed to proceed. We were informed by the country-people, that a gentlewoman and her daughter had been detained by them, near the same spot, and robbed of their hearings, with circumstances of great barbarity; Flanigan in the meantime, standing by with his pipe in his mouth!

"Innumerable other travellers have been stopped and tortured by these wretches, till they gave up their money: and yet these excesses are winked at by the police. In the meantime, the government does not interfere, in the hope, perhaps, that some day those gangs may be broken up, and separated, by discord amongst themselves."

PERSECUTED ACCORDING TO LAW.

Sometimes to the eye of fancy these wandering minstrels assume another character, and illustrate Collin's Ode on the Passions, in a way that might edify Miss Macauley. First, Fear, a blind harper, lays his bewildered hand amongst the chords, but recoils back at the sound of an approaching carriage. Anger, with starting eye-balls, blows a rude clash on the bugle-

horn; and Despair, a snipe-faced wight, beguiles his grief with low sullen sounds on the bassoon. Hope, a consumptive Scot, with golden hair and a clarionet, indulges, like the flatterer herself, in a thousand fantastic flourishes beside the tune—with a lingering quaver at the close; and would quaver longer, but Revenge shakes his matted locks, blows a fresh alarum on his pandeans, and thumps with double heat his double-drum. Dejected Pity at his side, a hunger-bitten urchin, applies to his silver-toned triangle; whilst Jealousy, sad proof of his distracted state, grinds on, in all sorts of time, at his barrel-organ. With eyes upraised, pale Melancholy sings retired and unheeded at the corner of the street; and Mirth,—yonder he is, a brisk little Savoyard, jerking away at the hurdy-gurdy, and dancing himself at the same time, to render his jig-tune more jigging.

CRANIOLOGY.

'Tis strange how like a very dunce,
Man—with his bumps upon his sconce,
Has lived so long, and yet no knowledge he
Has had, till lately, of Phrenology—
A sience that by simple dint of
Head-combing he should find a hint of,
When scratching o'er those little pole-hills
The faculties throw up like mole-hills,—
A science that, in very spite
Of all his teeth, ne'er came to light,
For tho' he knew his skull had *grinders*,
Still there turned up no *organ* finders,

Still sages wrote, and ages fled,
And no man's head came in his head—
Not even the pate of Erra Pater
Knew aught about its pia mater.
At last great Dr. Gall bestirs him—
I don't know but it might be Spurzheim—
Tho' native of a dull and slow land,
And makes partition of our Poll-land;

CRANE-IOLOGY.

At our Acquisitiveness guesses,
And all those necessary *nesses*
Indicative of human habits,
All burrowing in the head like rabbits.

Thus Veneration, he made known,
Had got a lodging at the Crown:
And Music (see Deville's example)
A set of chambers in the Temple:
That Language taught the tongues close by,
And took in pupils thro' the eye,
Close by his neighbour Computation,
Who taught the eyebrows numeration.

A VIOLINIST.

The science thus—to speak in fit
Terms—having struggled from its nit,
Was seiz'd on by a swarm of Scotchmen,
Those scientifical hotch-potch men,
Who have at least a penny dip
And wallop in all doctorship,
Just as in making broth they smatter
By bobbing twenty things in water:
These men, I say, made quick appliance
And close, to phrenologic science;
For of all learned themes whatever,
That schools and colleges deliver,

There's none they love so near the bodles,
As analysing their own noddles;
Thus in a trice each northern blockhead
Had got his fingers in his shock head,
And of his bumps was babbling yet worse
Than poor Miss Capulet's dry wet-nurse;

A PLASTER CAST.

Till having been sufficient rangers
Of their own heads, they took to strangers'
And found in Presbyterians' polls
The things they hated in their souls;
For Presbyterians hear with passion
Of organs joined with veneration.
No kind there was of human pumpkin
But at its bumps it had a bumpkin;

Down to the very lowest gullion,
And oiliest scull of oily scullion.
No great man died but this they *did* do,
They begged his cranium of his widow:
No murderer died by law disaster,
But they took off his sconce in plaster;
For thereon they could show depending
"The head and front of his offending,"
How that his philanthropic bump
Was master'd by a baser lump;
For every bump (these wags insist)
Has its direct antagonist,
Each striving stoutly to prevail,
Like horses knotted tail to tail;
And many a stiff and sturdy battle
Occurs between these adverse cattle,
The secret cause, beyond all question,
Of aches ascrib'd to indigestion,—
Whereas 'tis but two knobby rivals
Tugging together like sheer devils,
Till one gets mastery good or sinister,
And comes in like a new prime-minister.

Each bias in some master node is:—
What takes M'Adam where a road is,
To hammer little pebbles less?
His organ of Destructiveness.
What makes great Joseph so encumber
Debate? a lumping lump of Number:
Or Malthus rail at babies so?
The smallness of his Philopro—.
What severs man and wife? a simple
Defect of the Adhesive pimple:

Or makes weak women go astray?
Their bumps are more in fault than they.

These facts being found and set in order
By grave M.D.s beyond the Border,
To make them for some months eternal,
Were enter'd monthly in a journal,
That many a northern sage still writes in,
And throws his little Northern Lights in,
And proves and proves about the phrenos,
A great deal more than I or he knows.

FANCY PORTRAIT.—SIR ANDREW AGNEW WITH HIS BILL.

How Music suffers *par exemple*,
By wearing tight hats round the temple:
What ills great boxers have to fear
From blisters put behind the ear:

And how a porter's Veneration
Is hurt by porter's occupation:
Whether shillelaghs in reality
May deaden Individuality:

"MY DANCING DAYS ARE OVER."

Or tongs and poker be creative
Of alterations in th' Amative:
If falls from scaffolds make us less
Inclin'd to all Constructiveness:
With more such matters, all applying
To heads—and therefore *head*ifying.

QUATRE BRAS.

"SHE IS ALL HEART."

"NOTHING BUT HEARTS!"

It must have been the lot of every whist-player to observe a phenomenon at the card-table, as mysterious as any in nature—I mean the constant recurrence of a certain trump throughout the night—a run upon a particular suit, that sets all the calculations of Hoyle and Cocker at defiance. The chance of turning-up is equal to the Four Denominations. They should alternate with each other, on the average—whereas a Heart, perhaps, shall be the last card of every deal. King or Queen, Ace or Deuce,—still it is of the same clan. You cut—and it comes again. "Nothing but hearts!"

The figure herewith might be fancied to embody this kind of occurrence; and, in truth, it was designed to commemorate an evening dedicated to the same red suit. I had looked in by

chance at the Royal Institution: a Mr. Professor Pattison, of New York, I believe, was lecturing, and the subject was—"Nothing but Hearts!"

Some hundreds of grave, curious, or scientific personages were ranged on the benches of the Theatre;—every one in his solemn black. On a table in front of the Professor, stood the specimens: hearts of all shapes and sizes—man's, woman's, sheep's, bullock's—on platters or in cloths,—were lying about as familiar as household wares. Drawings of hearts, in black or blood-red (dismal valentines!) hung around the fearful walls. Preparations of the organ in wax, or bottled, passed currently from hand to hand, from eye to eye, and returned to the gloomy table. It was like some solemn Egyptian Inquisition—a looking into dead men's hearts for their morals.

The Professor began. Each after each he displayed the samples; the words "auricle" and "ventricle" falling frequently on the ear, as he explained how those solemn organs pump in the human breast. He showed, by experiments with water, the operation of the valves with the blood, and the impossibility of its revulsion. As he spoke, an indescribable thrilling or tremor crept over my left breast—thence down my side—and all over. I felt an awful consciousness of the bodily presence of my heart, till then nothing more than it is in song—a mere metaphor—so imperceptible are all tne grand vital workings of the human frame! Now I felt the organ distinctly. There it was!—a fleshy core—aye, like *that* on the Professor's plate—throbbing away, auricle, and ventricle, the valve allowing the gushing blood at so many gallons per minute, and ever prohibiting its return!

The Professor proceeded to enlarge on the important office of the great functionary, and the vital engine seemed to dilate within me, in proportion to the sense of its stupendous responsibility. I seemed nothing but auricle, and ventricle, and valve.

I had no breath, but only pulsations. Those who have been present at anatomical discussions can alone corroborate this feeling—how the part discoursed of, by a surpassing sympathy and sensibility, causes its counterpart to become prominent and all-engrossing to the sense; how a lecture on hearts makes a man seem to himself as all heart; or one on heads causes a Phrenologist to conceive he is "all brain."

A SAURIAN.

Thus was I absorbed:—my "bosom's lord," lording over every thing beside. By and bye, in lieu of one solitary machine I saw before me a congregation of hundreds of human forcing pumps, all awfully working together—the palpitations of hundreds of auricles and ventricles, the flapping of hundreds of valves! And anon they collapsed—mine—the Professor's—

those on the benches—all! all!—into one great auricle—one great ventricle—one vast universal heart!

The lecture ended—I took up my hat and walked out, but the discourse haunted me. I was full of the subject. A kind of fluttering, which was not to be cured even by the fresh air, gave me plainly to understand that my heart was not "in the Highlands,"—nor in any lady's keeping—but where it ought to be, in my own bosom, and as hard at work as a parish pump. I plainly felt the blood—like the carriages on a birth-night—coming in by the auricle, and going out by the ventricle; and shuddered to fancy what must ensue either way, from any "breaking the line." Then occurred to me the danger of little particles absorbed in the blood, and accumulating to a stoppage at the valve, — the "pumps getting choked," — a suggestion that made me feel rather qualmish, and for relief I made a call on Mrs. W—. The visit was ill-chosen and mistimed, for the lady in question, by dint of good-nature, and a romantic turn—principally estimated by her young and female acquaintance—had acquired the reputation or being "all heart." The phrase had often provoked my mirth,—but, alas! the description was now over true. Whether nature had formed her in that mould, or my own distempered fancy, I know not—but there she sate, and looked the Professor's lecture over again. She was like one of those games alluded to in my beginning—"Nothing but Hearts!" Her nose turned up. It was a

A SHOOTING TOOTH.

heart—and her mouth led a trump. Her face gave a heart—and her cap followed suit. Her sleeves puckered and plumped themselves into a heart-shape—and so did her body. Her pincushion was a heart—the very back of her chair was a heart—her bosom was a heart. She was "all heart" indeed!

CROSS-PATCH.

JACK HALL.

'Tis very hard when men forsake
This melancholy world and make
A bed of turf, they cannot take
A quiet doze,
But certain rogues will come and break
Their "bone repose."

'Tis hard we can't give up our breath,
And to the earth our earth bequeath,
Without Death Fetches after death,
Who thus exhume us;
And snatch us from our homes beneath,
And hearths posthumous.

The tender lover comes to rear
The mournful urn, and shed his tear—
Her glorious dust, he cries, is here!
Alack! Alack!
The while his Sacharissa dear
Is in a sack!

DEATH'S DOOR.

'Tis hard one cannot lie amid
The mould, beneath a coffin-lid,
But thus the Faculty will bid
Their rogues break through it
If they don't want us there, why did
They send us to it?

One of these sacrilegious knaves,
Who crave as hungry vulture craves,
Behaving as the ghoul behaves,
'Neath church-yard wall—
Mayhap because he fed on graves,
Was nam'd Jack Hall.

By day it was his trade to go
Tending the black coach to and fro;
And sometimes at the door of woe,
With emblems suitable,
He stood with brother Mute to show
That life is mutable.

HIGH AND DRY.

But long before they passed the ferry,
The dead that he had helped to bury,
He sack'd—(he had a sack to carry
The bodies off in.)
In fact, he let them have a very
Short fit of coffin.

Night after night, with crow and spade,
He drove this dead but thriving trade,
Meanwhile his conscience never weigh'd
A single horsehair;
On corses of all kinds he prey'd,
A perfect corsair!

"OTIUM CUM DIG!"

At last—it may be, Death took spite,
Or, jesting only, meant to fright—
He sought for Jack night after night
The churchyards round;
And soon they met, the man and sprite,
In Pancras' ground.

Jack, by the glimpses of the moon
Perceiv'd the bony knacker soon,

An awful shape to meet at noon
Of night and lonely;
But Jack's tough courage did but swoon
A minute only.

THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.

Anon he gave his spade a swing
Aloft, and kept it brandishing,
Ready for what mishaps might spring
From this conjunction;
Funking indeed was quite a thing
Beside his function.

"Hollo!" cried Death, "d'ye wish your sands
Run out? the stoutest never stands

A chance with me,—to my commands
The strongest truckles;
But I'm your friend—so let's shake hands,
I should say—knuckles."

Jack, glad to see th' old sprite so sprightly,
And meaning nothing but uprightly,
Shook hands at once, and, bowing slightly,
His mull did proffer:
But Death, who had no nose, politely
Declin'd the offer.

Then sitting down upon a bank,
Leg over leg, shank over shank,
Like friends for conversation frank,
That had no check on:
Quoth Jack unto the Lean and Lank,
"You're Death, I reckon."

The Jaw-bone grinn'd:—"I am that same,
You've hit exactly on my name;
In truth it has some little fame
Where burial sod is."
Quoth Jack (and wink'd,) "Of course ye came
Here after bodies."

Death grinn'd again and shook his head:—
"I've little business with the dead;
When they are fairly sent to bed
I've done my turn:
Whether or not the worms are fed
Is your concern.

"My errand here, in meeting you,
Is nothing but a 'how-d'ye do?'

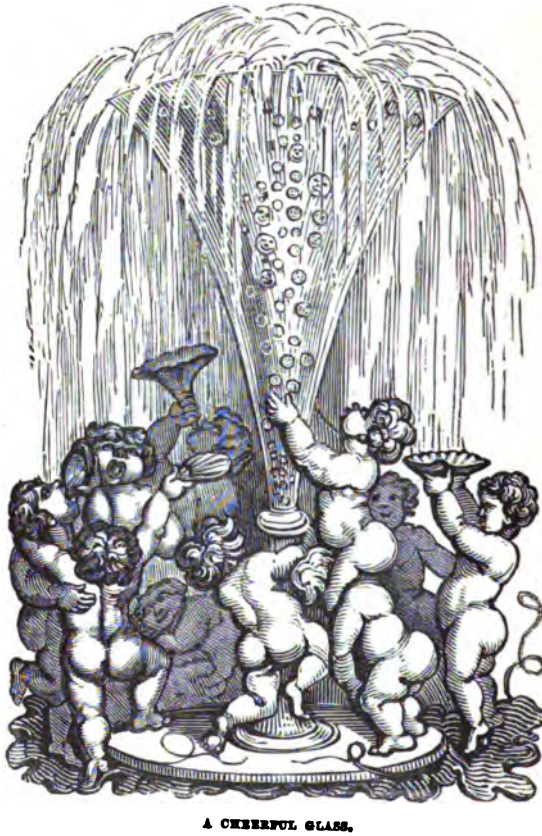
I've done what jobs I had—a few
Along this way;
If I can serve a crony too,
I beg you'll say."

SACRED TO THE ASHES OF BRENNHOLE.

Quoth Jack, "Your Honour's very kind;
And now I call the thing to mind,
This parish very strict I find;
But in the next 'un
There lives a very well-inclined
Old sort of sexton."

Death took the hint, and gave a wink
As well as eyelet holes can blink;

Then stretching out his arm to link
The other's arm,—
"Suppose," says he, "we have a drink
Of something warm.'



A CHEERFUL GLASS.

Jack nothing loth, with friendly ease
Spoke up at once:—"Why, what ye please;

Hard by there is the Cheshire Cheese,
A famous tap."
But this suggestion seem'd to tease
The bony chap.

A BARRISTER ON CIRCUIT.

"No, no—your mortal drinks are heady,
And only make my hand unsteady;
I do not even care for Deady,
And loathe your rum;
But I've some glorious brewage ready.
My drink is—mum!"

And off they set, each right content—
Who knows the dreary way they went?

But Jack felt rather faint and spent,
And out of breath;
At last he saw, quite evident,
The Door of Death.

All other men had been unmann'd
To see a coffin on each hand,
That served a skeleton to stand
By way of sentry;
In fact, Death has a very grand
And awful entry.

DUE AT MICHAELMAS.

Throughout his dismal sign prevails,
His name is writ in coffin nails;
The mortal darts make area rails;
A skull that mocketh,
Grins on the gloomy gate, and quails
Whoever knocketh.

And lo! on either side, arise
Two monstrous pillars—bones of thighs;

A monumental slap supplies
The step of stone,
Where waiting for his master lies
A dog of bone.

The dog leapt up, but gave no yell,
The wire was pull'd, but woke no bell,
The ghastly knocker rose and fell,
But caused no riot;
The ways of Death, we all know well,
Are very quiet.

A DOUBLE MEANING.

Old Bones stept in; Jack stepp'd behind:
Quoth Death, "I really hope you'll find
The entertainment to your mind,
As I shall treat ye—
A friend or two of goblin kind,
I've asked to meet ye."

And lo! a crowd of spectres tall,
Like jack-a-lanterns on a wall,

Were standing—every ghastly ball
An eager watcher.
"My friends," says Death—"friends, Mr. Hall,
The body-snatcher."

"HAS YOUR MOTHER ANY MORE OF YE?"

Lord, what a tumult it produced,
When Mr. Hall was introduced!
Jack even, who had long been used
To frightful things,
Felt just as if his back was sluic'd
With freezing springs!

Each goblin face began to make
Some horrid mouth—ape—gorgon—snake;

And then a spectre-hag would shake
An airy thigh-bone;
And cried (or seem'd to cry,) I'll break
Your bone, with *my* bone!

Some ground their teeth—some seem'd to spit—
(Nothing, but nothing came of it;)
A hundred awful brows were knit
In dreadful spite.
Thought Jack—I'm sure I'd better quit,
Without good-night.

"I WISH YOU MAY GET IT!"

One skip and hop and he was clear,
And running like a hunted deer,
As fleet as people run by fear
Well spurr'd and whipp'd,
Death, ghosts, and all in that career
Were quite outstripp'd.

But those who live by death must die;
Jack's soul at last prepar'd to fly;
And when his latter end drew nigh,
Oh! what a swarm
Of doctors came,—but not to try
To keep him warm.

JOINING IN A CATCH.

No ravens ever scented prey
So early where a dead horse lay,
Nor vultures sniff'd so far away
A last convulse:
A dozen "guests" day after day
Were "at his pulse."

'Twas strange, altho' they got no fees,
How still they watch'd by twos and threes;

But Jack a very little ease
Obtain'd from them:
In fact he did not find M. D.'s
Worth one D—M.
The passing bell with hollow toll
Was in his thought—the dreary hole!
Jack gave his eyes a horrid roll,
And then a cough:—
"There's something weighing on my soul
I wish was off;

"THE POMPS AND VANITIES OF THIS WICKED WORLD."

"All night it roves about my brains,
All day it adds to all my pains,
It is concerning my remains
When I am dead:"
Twelve wigs and twelve gold-headed canes
Drew near his bed.

"Alas!" he sigh'd, "I'm sore afraid
A dozen pangs my heart invade;
But when I drove a certain trade
In flesh and bone,
There was a little bargain made
About my own."

Twelve suits of black began to close,
Twelve pair of sleek and sable hose,
Twelve flowing cambric frills in rows,
At once drew round;
Twelve noses turn'd against his nose,
Twelve snubs profound.

"REMEMBER, I'M OFF THE BARGAIN."

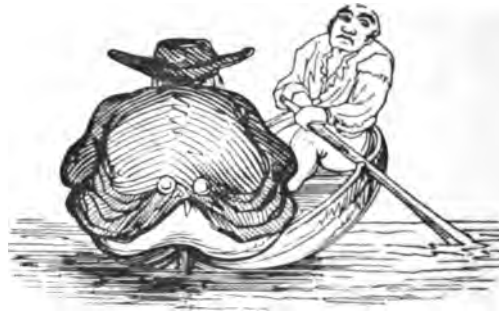
"Ten guineas did not quite suffice,
And so I sold my body twice;
Twice did not do— I sold it thrice,
Forgive my crimes!
In short I have received its price
A dozen times!"

Twelve brows got very grim and black,
Twelve wishes stretched him on the rack,
Twelve pair of hands for fierce attack
Took up position,
Ready to share the dying Jack
By long division.

Twelve angry doctors wrangled so,
That twelve had struck an hour ago,
Before they had an eye to throw
On the departed;
Twelve heads turn'd round at once, and lo!
Twelve doctors started.

Whether some comrade of the dead,
Or Satan took it in his head
To steal the corpse—the corpse had fled!
'Tis only written,
That "*there was nothing in the bed,*
But twelve were bitten!"

"IF NOT ENGAGED FOR THE NEXT SEE."



A HARD ROE.

THE WEE MAN.

A ROMANCE.

It was a merry company,
And they were just afloat,
When lo! a man, of dwarfish span,
Came up and hail'd the boat.

"Good morrow to ye, gentle folks,
And will you let me in?—
A slender space will serve my case,
For I am small and thin."

They saw he was a dwarfish man,
And very small and thin;
Not seven such would matter much,
And so they took him in.

They laugh'd to see his little hat,
With such a narrow brim;
They laugh'd to note his dapper coat,
With skirts so scant and trim.

But barely had they gone a mile,
  When, gravely, one and all,
At once began to think the man
  Was not so very small.

His coat had got a broader skirt,
  His hat a broader brim,
His leg grew stout, and soon plump'd out,
  A very proper limb.

CLOSE CORPORATIONS.

Still on they went, and as they went,
  More rough the billows grew,—
And rose and fell, a greater swell,
  And he was swelling too!

And lo! where room had been for seven,
  For six there scarce was space!
For five!—for four!—for three!—Not more
  Than two could find a place!

There was not even room for one!
  They crowded by degrees—
Aye—closer yet, till elbows met,
  And knees were jogging knees.

"Good sir, you must not sit a-stern,
  The wave will else come in!"
Without a word he gravely stirr'd,
  Another seat to win.

"Good sir, the boat has lost her trim,
  You must not sit a-lee!"
With smiling face and courteous grace,
  The middle seat took he.

But still, by constant quiet growth,
  His back became so wide,
Each neighbour wight, to left and right,
  Was thrust against the side.

Lord! how they chided with themselves,
  That they had let him in;
To see him grow so monstrous now,
  That came so small and thin.

On every brow a dew-drop stood,
  They grew so scared and hot,—
"I' the name of all that's great and tall,
  Who are ye, sir, and what?"

Loud laugh'd the Gogmagog, a laugh
As loud as giant's roar—
"When first I came, my proper name
Was Little—now I'm *Moore!*"

"BANISH PLUMP JACK, AND BANISH ALL THE WORLD."

AN AFFAIR OF HONOUR.

"——AND those were the only duels," concluded the major, "that ever I fought in my life."

"Now the major reminded me strongly of an old boatman at Hastings, who, after a story of a swimmer that was snapped asunder by a "sea attorney" in the West Indies, made an end

in the same fashion:—"And that was the only time," said he, "I ever saw a man bit in two by a shark."

"HONOUR CALLS HIM TO THE FIELD."

A single occurrence of the kind seemed sufficient for the experience of one life; and so I reasoned upon the major's nine duels. He must, in the first place, have been not only jealous and swift to quarrel; but, in the second, have met with nine intemperate spirits equally forward with himself. It is but in one affront out of ten that the duellist meets with a duellist; a computation assigning ninety mortal disagreements to his single share; whereas I, with equal irritability and as much courage perhaps, had never exchanged a card in my life. The subject occupied me all the walk homeward through the meadows:—"To get involved in nine duels," said I; "'tis quite improbable!"

A CRACK SHOT.

As I thought thus, I had thrust my body half-way under a rough bar that was doing duty for a stile at one end of a field. It was just too high to climb comfortably, and just low enough to be inconvenient to duck under; but I chose the latter mode, and began to creep through with the deliberateness consistent with doubtful and intricate speculation. "To get involved in nine duels"—here my back hitched a little at the bar—"'tis quite impossible."

NOBODY'S ENEMY BUT HIS OWN.

I am persuaded that there is a spirit of mischief afoot in the world—some malignant fiend to seize upon and direct these accidents: for just at this nick, whilst I was boggling below the bar, there came up another passenger by the same path; so seeing how matters stood, he made an attempt at once to throw his

leg over the impediment: but mistaking the altitude by a few inches, he kicked me—where I had never been kicked before.

"By Heaven! this is too bad," said I, staggering through head foremost from the concussion: my back was up, in every sense, in a second.

THE LATTER END OF MARCH.

The stranger apologised in the politest terms—but with such an intolerable chuckle, with such a provoking grin lurking about his face, that I felt fury enough, like Beatrice, "to eat his heart in the market-place." In short, in two little minutes, from venting my conviction upon duelling, I found myself engaged to a meeting for the vindication of my honour.

There is a vivid description in the History of Robinson Crusoe, of the horror of the solitary Mariner at finding the mark of a foot in the sandy beach of his Desert Island. That abominable token, in a place that he fancied was sacred to himself—in a part, he made sure, never trodden by the sole of man—haunted him wherever he went. So did mine. I bore about with me the same ideal imprint—to be washed out, not by the ocean-brine, but with blood!

As I walked homeward after this adventure, and reflected on

my former opinions, I felt that I had done the gallant major an injustice. It seemed likely that a man of his profession might be called out even to the ninth time—nay, that men of the peaceful cloth might, on a chance, be obliged to have recourse to mortal combat.

As for Gentlemen *at the Bar*, I have shown how they may get into an Affair of Honour in a twinkling.

FANCY PORTRAIT.—MR. HUME.

EPIGRAM.

CHARM'D with a drink which Highlanders compose,
A German traveller exclaim'd with glee,—
"Potztausend! sare, if dis is Athol Brose,
How goot dere Athol Boetry must be!"

"YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, HE CAN'T WAG HIS TAIL."

PYTHAGOREAN FANCIES.

Of all creeds—after the Christian—I incline most to the Pythagorean. I like the notion of inhabiting the body of a bird. It is the next thing to being a cherub—at least, according to the popular image of a boy's head and wings; a fancy that savours strangely of the Pythagorean.

I think nobly of the soul with Malvolio, but not so meanly, as he does by implication, of a bird-body. What disparagement would it seem to shuffle off a crippled, palsied, languid, bed-ridden carcass, and find yourself floating above the world—in a flood of sunshine—under the feathers of a Royal Eagle of the Andes?

For a beast-body I have less relish—and yet how many men are there who seem predestined to such an occupancy, being in this life even more than semibrutal! How many human faces that at least countenance, if they do not confirm, this part of the Brahminical Doctrine. What apes, foxes, pigs, curs, and cats, walk our metropolis—to say nothing of him shambling along Carnaby or Whitechapel—

A BUTCHER!

Whoe'er has gone thro' London Street,
Has seen a Butcher gazing at his meat,
And how he keeps
Gloating upon a sheep's
Or bullock's personals, as if his own;
How he admires his halves,
And quarters—and his calves,
As if in truth upon his own legs grown;—
His fat! *his* suet!
His kidneys peeping elegantly thro' it!
His thick flank!
And *his* thin!
His shank!
His shin!
Skin of his skin, and bone too of his bone!

With what an air
He stands aloof, across the thoroughfare
Gazing—and will not let a body by,
Tho' buy! buy! buy! be constantly his cry;
Meanwhile with arms a-kimbo, and a pair
Of Rhodian legs, he revels in a stare
At his Joint Stock—for one may call it so,
Howbeit without a *Co*.

The dotage of self-love was never fonder
Than he of his brute bodies all a-row.

Narcissus in the wave did never ponder,
With love so strong,
On his "portrait charmant,"
As our vain butcher on his carcass yonder.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.

Look at his sleek round skull!
How bright his cheek, how rubicund his nose is!
His visage seems to be
Ripe for beef-tea;
Of brutal juices the whole man is full—
In fact, fulfilling the metempsychosis,
The Butcher is already half a Bull.

Surpassing the Butcher, in his approximation to the brute, behold yon vagrant Hassan—a wandering camel-driver and exhibitor, parading, for a few pence, the creature's outlandish hump, yet burthened himself with a bunch of flesh between the shoulders. For the sake of the implicit moral merely, or as an

COMPARATIVE PHYSIOLOGY.

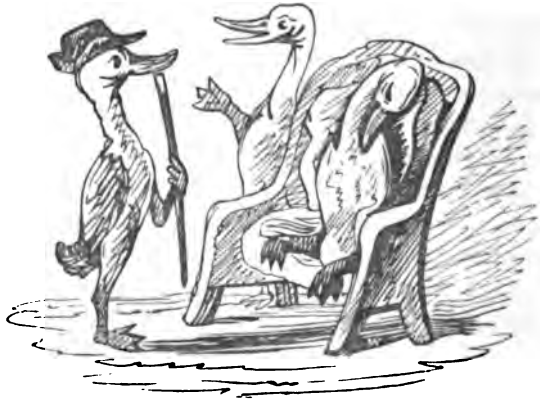
illustration of comparative physiology, the show is valuable; but as an example of the Pythagorean dispensation, it is above appraisement. The retributive metamorphosis has commenced —the Beast has set his seal upon the Human Form—a little further, and he will be ready for a halter and a show-man.

As there are instances of men thus transmuting into the brute; so there are brutes, that, by peculiar human manners and resemblance, seem to hint at a former and a better condition. The ourang-outang, and the monkey, notoriously claim this relationship; and there are other tribes, and in particular some which use the erect posture, that are apt to provoke such Pythagorean associations. For example:—I could never read of the great William Penn's interview with the American savages, or look on the painting commemorative of that event,

without dreaming that I had seen it acted over again at the

PENN'S CONFERENCE WITH THE NATIVES.

meeting of a tribe of Kangaroos and a Penguin. The Kangaroos,



THE LAST VISIT.

up-sighted, vigilant, cunning, wild, swift, and active, as the

Indians themselves;—the Penguin, very sleek, guiltless of arms, very taciturn, very sedate, except when jumping; upright in its conduct—a perfect Quaker. It confirmed me, in this last fancy, to read of the conduct of these gentle birds when assaulted, formerly, with long poles, by the seamen of Captain Cook—buffetings which the Penguins took quietly on either cheek, or side of the head, and died as meekly and passively as the primitive Martyrs of the Sect!

A LION.

It is difficult to say to what excesses the desire of fresh victual, after long salt junketing, may drive a mariner; for my own part, I could not have handled a pole in that persecution without strong Pythagorean misgivings.

There is a Juvenile Poem,—"The Notorious Glutton," by

Miss Taylor of Ongar, in which a duck falls sick and dies in a very human-like way. I could never eat duck for some time after the perusal of those verses;—it seemed as if in reality the soul of my grandam might inhabit such a bird. In mere tenderness to past womanhood, I could never lay the death-scene elsewhere than in a lady's chamber—with the body of the invalid propped up by comfortable pillows on a nursery chair. The sick-attendant seemed one that had relished drams aforetime — had been pompously officious at human dissolutions, and would announce that "all was over!" with the same flapping of paws and duck-like inflections of tone. As for the Physician, he was an Ex-Quack of our own kind, just called in from the pond—a sort of Man-Drake, and formerly a brother by nature, as now by name, of the author of "Winter Nights."

"DON'T YOU SMELL FIRE?"

RUN!—run for St. Clements's engine!
For the Pawnbroker's all in a blaze,
And the pledges are frying and singing—
Oh! how the poor pawners will craze!

Now where can the turncock be drinking?
  Was there ever so thirsty an elf?—
But he still may tope on, for I'm thinking
  That the plugs are as dry as himself.

The engines!—I hear them come rumbling;
  There's the Phœnix! the Globe! and the Sun!
What a row there will be, and a grumbling
  When the water don't start for a run!
See! there they come racing and tearing,
  All the street with loud voices is fill'd;
Oh! it's only the firemen a-swearing
  At a man they've run over and kill'd!

How sweetly the sparks fly away now,
  And twinkle like stars in the sky;
It's a wonder the engines don't play now,
  But I never saw water so shy!
Why there isn't enough for a snipe,
  And the fire it is fiercer, alas!
Oh! instead of the New River pipe,
  They have gone—that they have—to the gas!

"MASSA WILBERFORCE MAKE WE FREE!"

Only look at the poor little P——'s
  On the roof—is there anything sadder?
My dears, keep fast hold, if you please,
  And they won't be an hour with the ladder!

But if anyone's hot in their feet,
And in very great haste to be saved,
He's a nice easy bit in the street,
That M'Adam has lately unpaved!

ALL HAIL!

There is some one—I see a dark shape
At that window,—the hottest of all,—
My good woman, why don't you escape?
Never think of your bonnet and shawl.
If your dress isn't perfect, what is it
For once in a way to your hurt?
When your husband is paying a visit
There, at Number Fourteen, in his shirt!

Only see how she throws out her *chaney!*
  Her basons, and teapots, and all
The most brittle of *her* goods—or any,
  But they all break in breaking their fall:
Such things are not surely the best
  From a two-story window to throw—
She might save a good iron-bound chest,
  For there's plenty of people below!

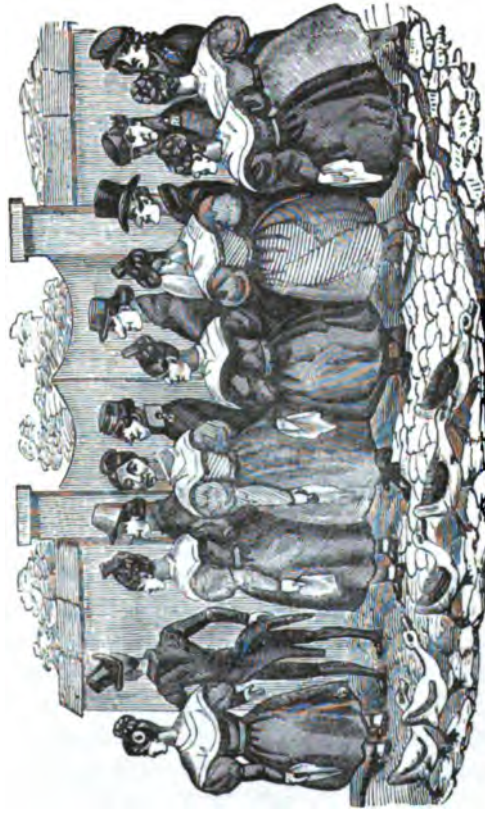
O dear! what a beautiful flash!
  How it shone thro' the window and door;
We shall soon hear a scream and a crash,
  When the woman falls thro' with the floor.
There! there! what a volley of flame,
  And then suddenly all is obscured!
Well—I'm glad in my heart that I came;
  But I hope the poor man is insured!

A MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

It has never been my lot to marry—whatever I may have written of one Honoria to the contrary. My affair with that lady never reached beyond a very embarrassing declaration, in return for which she breathed into my dull deaf ear an inaudible answer. It was beyond my slender assurance, in those days, to ask for a repetition, whether of acceptance or denial.

One chance for explanation still remained. I wrote to her mother to bespeak her sanction to our union, and received, by return of post, a scrawl, that for aught I knew, might be in Sanscrit. I question whether, even at this time, my intolerable bashfulness would suffer me to press such a matter any farther.

My thoughts of matrimony are now confined to occasional day-dreams, originating in some stray glimpse in the Prayer Book, or the receipt of bride-cake. It was on some such oc-



"AYE, LAD'S A', TO THE BRIDAL!"

currence that I fell once, Bunyan-like, into an allegory of a wedding.

"My fancies took the order of a procession. With flaunting banners it wound its Alexandrine way—in the manner of some

of Martin's painted pageants—to a taper spire in the distance. And first, like a band of livery, came the honourable company of Match-makers, all mature spinsters and matrons—and as like aunts and mothers as may be. The Glovers trod closely on their heels. Anon came, in blue and gold, the parish beadle,

"MY BANKS THEY ARE FURNISHED."

Scarabæus Parochialis, with the ringers of the hand-bells. Then came the Banns—it was during the reign of Lord Eldon's Act—three sturdy pioneers, with their three axes, and likely to hew down sterner impediments than lie commonly in the path of marriage. On coming nearer, the countenance of the first was right foolish and perplext; of the second, simpering; and the last, methought, looked sedate, as if dashed with a little fear. After the banns—like the judges following the halberts—came the joiners: no rough mechanics, but a portly, full-blown vicar, with his clerk—both rubicund—a peony paged by a pink. It made me smile to observe the droll clerical turn of the clerk's beaver scrubbed into that fashion by his coat, at the nape. The

marriage-knot—borne by a ticket-porter—came after the divine, and raised associations enough to sadden one, but for a pretty

BRIDE AND BRIDESMAID.

Cupid that came on laughing and trundling a hoop-ring.

JOINERS.

The next group was a numerous one, Firemen of the Hand-in-Hand, with the Union flag—the chief actors were near. With

a mixture of anxiety and curiosity, I looked out for the impending couple, when, how shall I tell it? I beheld, not a brace of young lovers—a Romeo and Juliet, not a "he-moon here, and a she-sun there"—not bride and bridegroom—but the happy *pear*, a solitary Bergamy, carried on a velvet cushion by a little footpage. I could have foresworn my fancy for ever for so wretched

THE MAN IN THE HONEYMOON.

a conceit, till I remembered that it was intended perhaps to typify, under that figure, the mysterious resolution of two into one, a pair nominally, but in substance single, which belongs to marriage. To make amends, the high contracting parties approached in proper person—a duplication sanctioned by the practice of the oldest masters in their historical pictures. It took a brace of Cupids, with a halter, to overcome the "sweet reluctant delay" of the Bride, and make her keep pace with the procession. She was absorbed like a nun, in her veil; tears, too, she dropped, large as sixpences, in her path; but her at-

tendant bridesmaid put on such a coquettish look, and tripped along so airily, that it cured all suspicion of heart-ache in such maiden showers. The Bridegroom, drest for the Honeymoon, was ushered by Hymen—a little link-boy; and the imp used the same importunity for his dues.

The next was a motley crew. For nuptial ode or *Carmen*, there walked two carters, or draymen, with their whips; a leash of footmen in livery indicated Domestic Habits, and Domestic Comfort was personated by an ambulating advertiser of "Hot Dinners every Day."

THE COOK'S ORACLE.

I forget whether the Bride's Character preceded or followed her—but it was a lottery placard, and blazoned her as One of Ten Thousand. The parents of both families had a quiet smile on their faces, hinting that their enjoyment was of a retrospective cast; and as for the six sisters of the bride, they would have wept with her, but that six young gallants came after them. The friends of the family were Quakers, and seemed to partake of the happiness of the occasion in a very quiet and quaker-like way.

I ought to mention that a band of harmonious sweet music preceded the Happy Pair. There was none came after—the veteran, Townsend, with his constables, to keep order, making up the rear of the Procession.

A CHRYSALIS.

THE WIDOW.

One widow at a grave will sob
A little while, and weep, and sigh!
If two should meet on such a job,
They'll have a gossip by and by.
If three should come together—why,
Three widows are good company!
If four should meet by any chance,
Four is a number very nice,
To have a rubber in a trice—
But five will up and have a dance!

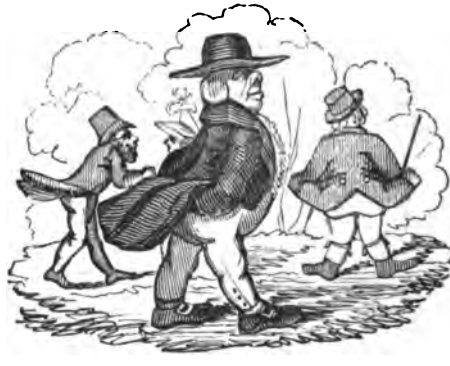
Poor Mrs. C———(why should I not
Declare her name?—her name was Cross)
Was one of those the "common lot"
Had left to weep "no common loss!"—

"ENCOMPASS'D IN AN ANGEL'S FRAME."

For she had lately buried then
A man, the "very best of men,"
A lingering truth, discover'd first
Whenever men "are at the worst."
To take the measure of her woe,
It was some dozen inches deep—
I mean in crape, and hung so low,
It hid the drops she did *not* weep.
In fact, what human life appears,
It was a perfect "veil of tears."

Though ever since she lost "her prop
And stay,"—alas! he wouldn't stay—
She never had a tear to mop,
Except one little angry drop,

From Passion's eye, as Moore would say;
Because when Mister Cross took flight,
It look'd so very like a spite—
He died upon a washing-day!



THE OUTSKIRTS.

Still Widow Cross went twice a week,
As if "to wet a widow's cheek,"
And soothe his grave with sorrow's gravy,—
'Twas nothing but a make-believe,
She might as well have hoped to grieve
Enough of brine to float a navy;
And yet she often seem'd to raise
A cambric kerchief to her eye—
A *duster* ought to be the phrase,
Its work was all so very dry.

The springs were lock'd that ought to flow—
In England or in widow-woman—
As those that watch the weather know,
Such "backward Springs" are not uncommon.

But why did Widow Cross take pains,
To call upon the "dear remains,"—
Remains that could not tell a jot,
Whether she ever wept or not,
Or how his relict took her losses?
Oh! my black ink turns red for shame—
But still the naughty world must learn,
There was a little German came
To shed a tear in "Anna's Urn,"
At the next grave to Mr. Cross's!

AN OVER-DRIVEN CALF.

For there an Angel's virtue slept,
"Too soon did Heaven assert its claim!"
But still her painted face he kept,
"Encompass'd in an angel's frame."
He look'd quite sad and quite deprived,
His head was nothing but a hat-band;
He look'd so lone, and so unwived,

That soon the Widow Cross contrived
To fall in love with even *that* band;
And all at once the brackish juices
Came gushing out thro' sorrow's sluices—

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

Tear after tear too fast to wipe,
Tho' sopp'd, and sopp'd, and sopp'd again—
No leak in sorrow's private pipe,
But like a bursting on the main!
Whoe'er has watch'd the window-pane—
I mean to say in showery weather—
Has seen too little drops of rain,
Like lovers very fond and fain,
At one another creeping, creeping,
Till both, at last, embrace together:

So far'd it with that couple's weeping!
The principle was quite as active—
Tear unto tear,
Kept drawing near,
Their very blacks became attractive.
To cut a shortish story shorter,

"FAITHFUL BELOW HE DID HIS DUTY,
AND NOW HE'S GONE ALOFT."

Conceive them sitting tête-à-tête—
Two cups,—hot muffins on a plate,—
With "Anna's Urn" to hold hot water!
The brazen vessel for a while
Had lectured in an easy song,
Like Abernethy—on the bile—
The scalded herb was getting strong;

All seem'd as smooth as smooth could be,
To have a cozy cup of tea;
Alas! how often human sippers
With unexpected bitters meet,
And buds the sweetest of the sweet,
Like sugar, only meet the nippers!

"THIS INDENTURE WITNESSETH."

The Widow Cross, I should have told,
Had seen three husbands to the mould;
She never sought an Indian pyre,
Like Hindoo wives that lose their loves,
But with a proper sense of fire,
Put up, instead, with "three removes:"

Thus, when with any tender words
Or tears she spoke about her loss,
The dear departed, Mr. Cross,
Came in for nothing but his thirds;
For, as all widows love too well,
She liked upon the list to dwell,
And oft ripp'd up the old disasters—
She might, indeed, have been supposed
A great *ship* owner, for she prosed
Eternally of her Three Masters!

MASTER GRAHAM.

Thus, foolish woman! while she nursed
Her mild souchong, she talk'd and reckon'd
What had been left her by her first,
And by her last, and by her second.

Alas! not all her annual rents
Could then entice the little German,—
Not Mr. Cross's Three Per Cents,
Or Consols, ever make him *her* man;
He liked her cash, he liked her houses,
But not that dismal bit of land
She always settled on her spouses.
So taking up his hat and band,
Said he, "You'll think my conduct odd—
But here my hopes no more may linger.
I thought you had a wedding finger,
But oh!—it is a curtain rod!"

EPIGRAM

ON THE DEPRECIATED MONEY.

They may talk of the plugging and sweating,
Of our coinage that's minted of gold,
But to me it produces no fretting
Of its shortness of weight to be told:
All the sov'reigns I'm able to levy
As to lightness can never be wrong,
But must surely be some of the heavy,
For I never can carry them long.

EPIGRAM

ON MRS. PARKES'S PAMPHLET.

Such strictures as these
Could a learned Chinese
Only read on some fine afternoon,
He would cry with pale lips,
"We shall have an Eclipse,
For a Dragon has seized on the Moon!"

MR. SEABRIGHT'S HOUNDS.

A MAD DOG

Is none of my bug-bears. Of the bite of dogs, large ones especially, I have a reasonable dread; but as to any participation in the canine frenzy, I am somewhat sceptical. The notion savours of the same fanciful superstition that invested the subjects of Dr. Jenner with a pair of horns. Such was affirmed to be the effect of the vaccine matter—and I shall believe what I have heard of the canine virus, when I see a rabid gentleman, or gentlewoman, with flap-ears, dew-claws, and a brush-tail!

I lend no credit to the imputed effects of a mad dog's saliva. We hear of none such amongst the West Indian Negroes—and yet their condition is always *slavery*.

I put no faith in the vulgar stories of human beings betaking themselves, through a dog-bite, to dog-habits: and consider the smotherings and drownings, that have originated in that fancy, as cruel as the murders for witchcraft. Are we, for a few yelpings, to stifle all the disciples of Loyola—Jesuit's Bark — or plunge unto death all the convalescents who may take to bark and wine?

HYDROPHOBIA.

As for the Hydrophobia, or loathing of water, I have it mildly myself. My head turns invariably at thin washy potations. With a dog, indeed, the case is different—he is a water-drinker; and when he takes to grape-juice, or the stronger cordials, may be dangerous. But I have never seen one with a bottle—except at his tail.

There are other dogs who are born to haunt the liquid element, to dive and swim—and for such to shun the lake or the pond would look suspicious. A Newfoundler, standing up from a shower at a door-way, or a Spaniel with a Parapluie, might be innocently destroyed. But when does such a cur occur?

There are persons, however, who lecture on Hydrophobia very dog-matically. It is one of their maggots, that if a puppy be not wormed, he is apt to go rabid. As if forsooth it made so much difference, his merely speaking or not with, what Lord Duberly calls, his "vermicular tongue?" Verily, as Izaac Walton would say, these gudgeons take the worm very kindly!

Next to a neglect of calling in Dr. Gardner, want of water is

prone to drive a dog mad. A reasonable saying—but the rest is not so plausible, viz. that if you keep a dog till he is very dry, he will refuse to drink. It is a gross libel on the human-like instinct of the animal, to suppose him to act so clean contrary to human-kind. A crew of sailors, thirsting at sea, will suck their pumps or the canvas—anything that will afford a drop of moisture; whereas a parching dog, instead of cooling his tongue at the next gutter, or licking his own kennel for imaginary relief, runs senselessly up and down to over-heat himself, and resents the offer of a bucket like a mortal affront. Away he scuds, straight forward like a marmot—except when he dodges a pump. A glimmering instinct guides him to his old haunts. He bites his Ex-master—grips his trainer—takes a snap with a friend or two where he used to visit—and then biting right and left at the public, at last dies—a pitchfork in his eye, fifty slugs in his ribs, and a spade through the small of his back.

"POOR-TRAY CHARMANT."

The career of the animal is but a type of his victim's—suppose some Bank Clerk. He was not bitten, but only splashed on the hand by the mad foam or dog-spray: a recent flea-bite gives entrance to the virus, and in less than three years it gets possession. Then the tragedy begins. The unhappy gentleman first evinces uneasiness at being called on for his New River rates. He answers the collector snappishly, and when summoned to

pay for his supply of water, tells the Commissioners doggedly, that they may cut it off. From that time he gets worse. He refuses slops—turns up a pug nose at pump-water—and at last, on a washing-day, after flying at the laundress, rushes out, ripe for hunting, to the street. A twilight remembrance leads him to the house of his intended. He fastens on her hand—next worries his mother—takes a bit apiece out of his brothers and sisters—runs a-muck, "giving tongue," all through the suburbs—and finally, is smothered by a pair of bed-beaters in Moorfields.

"DON'T POINT—IT'S RUDE."

According to popular theory the mischief ends not here. The dog's master—the trainer, the friends, human and canine—the Bank Clerks—the laundresses—sweetheart—mother and sisters—the two bed-beaters—all inherit the rabies, and run about to

bite others. It is a wonder, the madness increasing by this ratio, that examples are not running in packs at every turn:—my experience, notwithstanding, records but one instance.

It was my Aunt's brute. His temper, latterly, had altered for the worse, and in a sullen, or insane fit, he made a snap at the cook's radish-like fingers. The act demanded an inquest De Lunatico Inquirendo—he was lugged neck and crop to a full bucket; but you may bring a horse to the water, says the Proverb, yet not make him drink, and the cur asserted the same independence. To make sure, Betty cast the whole gallon over him, a favour that he received with a mood that would have

CALLING A MEETING.

been natural in any mortal. His growl was conclusive. The cook alarmed, first the family, and then the neighbourhood, which poured all its males capable of bearing arms into the passage. There were sticks, staves, swords, and a gun; a prong or two, moreover, glistened here and there. The kitchen-door was occupied by the first rank of the column, their weapons all bristling in advance; and right opposite—at the further side

of the kitchen, and holding all the army at bay — stood Hydrophobia—" in its most dreadful form!"

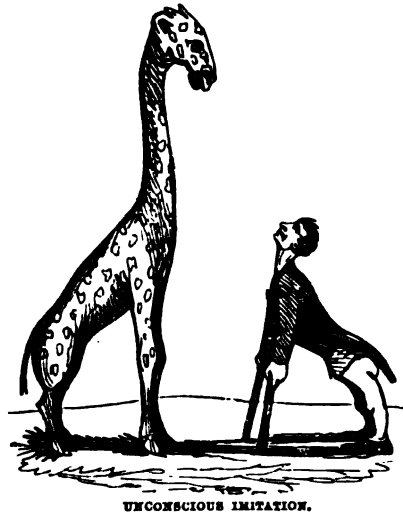
Conceive, Mulready! under this horrible figure of speech, a round, goggle-eyed pug-face, supported by two stumpy bandy-legs—the fore-limbs of a long, pampered, sausage-like body, that rested on a similar pair of crotchets at the other end! Not without short wheezy pantings, he began to waddle towards the guarded entry—but before he had accomplished a quarter of the distance, there resounded the report of a musket. The poor Turnspit gave a yell—the little brown bloated body tumbled over, pierced by a dozen slugs, but not mortally; for before the piece could be reloaded, he contrived to lap up a little pool—from Betty's bucket—that had settled beside the hearth.

THE MANE CHANCE.

ODE TO THE CAMELEOPARD.

WELCOME to Freedom's birth-place—and a den!
Great Anti-climax, hail!
So very lofty in thy front—but then,
So dwindling at the tail!—

In truth thou hast the most unequal legs!
Has one pair gallopp'd, whilst the other trotted,
Along with other brethren, leopard-spotted,
O'er Afric sand, where ostriches lay eggs?
Sure thou wert caught in some hard uphill chase,
Those hinder heels still keeping thee in check!
And yet thou seem'st prepared in any case,
Tho' they had lost the race,
To win it by a neck!



UNCONSCIOUS IMITATION.

That lengthy neck how like a crane's it looks!
Art thou the overseer of all the brutes?
Or dost thou browse on tip-top leaves or fruits—
Or go a bird-nesting amongst the rooks?
How kindly Nature caters for all wants;
Thus giving unto thee a neck that stretches,
And high food fetches—
To some a long nose, like the elephant's!

Oh! hadst thou any organ to thy bellows,
To turn thy breath to speech in human style,
What secrets thou mightst tell us,
Where now our scientific guesses fail;
For instance of the Nile,
Whether those Seven Mouths have any tail—

AFRICAN WRECKERS.

Mayhap thy luck too,
From that high head, as from a lofty hill,
Has let thee see the marvellous Timbuctoo—
Or drink of Niger at its infant rill;
What were the travels of our Major Denham,
Or Clapperton, to thine
In that same line,
If thou couldst only squat thee down and pen 'em!
Strange sights, indeed, thou must have overlook'd,
With eyes held ever in such vantage-stations!

Hast seen, perchance, unhappy white folks cook'd,
And then made free of negro corporations?
Poor wretches saved from cast away three-deckers—
By sooty wreckers—
From hungry waves to have a loss still drearier,
To far exceed the utmost aim of Park—
And find themselves, alas! beyond the mark,
In the *insides* of Africa's Interior!
Live on, Giraffe! genteelest of raff kind!
Admired by noble, and by royal tongues!

WHITE-BAIT.

May no pernicious wind,
Or English fog, blight thy exotic lungs!
Live on in happy peace, altho' a rarity,
Nor envy thy poor cousin's more outrageous
Parisian popularity;
Whose very leopard-rash is grown contagious,
And worn on gloves and ribbons all about,
Alas! they'll wear him out!

So thou shalt take thy sweet diurnal feeds—
When he is stuff'd with undigested straw,
Sad food that never visited his jaw!
And staring round him with a brace of beads!

IN-AND-OUT PENSIONERS.

A LEGEND OF NAVARRE.

'Twas in the reign of Lewis, call'd the Great,
As one may read on his triumphal arches,
The thing befel I'm going to relate,
In course of one of those "pomposo" marches
He lov'd to make, like any gorgeous Persian,
Partly for war, and partly for diversion.

Some wag had it put in the royal brain
To drop a visit at an old chateau,
Quite unexpected, with his courtly train;
The monarch lik'd it,—but it happened so,
That Death had got before them by a post,
And they were "reckoning without their *host*."

Who died exactly as a child should die,
  Without a groan or a convulsive breath,
Closing without one pang his quiet eye,
  Sliding composedly from sleep—to death;
A corpse so placid ne'er adorn'd a bed,
He seem'd not quite—but only rather dead.

AGED RIDDLE.—"WHY CAN I NEVER BE A KING?"

All night the widow'd Baroness contrived
  To shed a widow's tears; but on the morrow,
Some news of such unusual sort arrived,
  There came strange alteration in her sorrow;
From mouth to mouth it pass'd, one common humming
Throughout the house—the King! the King is coming.

The Baroness, with all her soul and heart,
  A loyal woman, (now called ultra royal,)

Soon thrust all funeral concerns apart,
And only thought about a banquet royal;
In short, by aid of earnest preparation,
The visit quite dismiss'd the visitation.

"I DO PERCEIVE HERE A DIVIDED DUTY."

And, spite of all her grief for the ex-mate,
There was a secret hope she could not smother,
That some one, early, might replace "the late"—
It was too soon to think about another;
Yet let her minutes of despair be reckon'd,
Against her hope, which was but for *a second.*

She almost thought that being thus bereft
Just then, was one of time's propitious touches,
A thread in such a nick so nick'd, it left
Free opportunity to be a duchess;

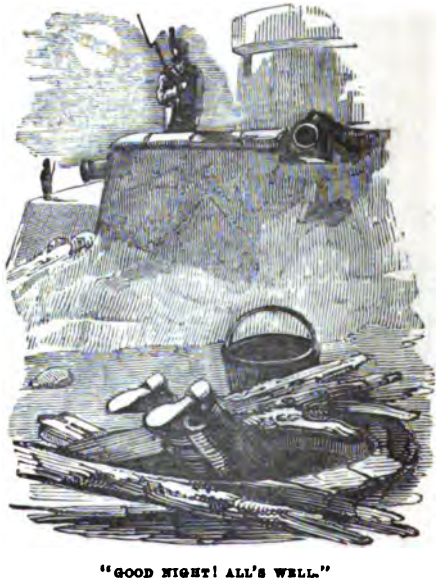
Thus all her care was only to look pleasant,
But as for tears—she dropp'd them—for the present.

Her household, as good servants ought to try,
  Look'd like their lady—anything but sad,
And giggled even that they might not cry,
  To damp fine company; in truth they had
No time to mourn, thro' choking turkeys' throttles,
Scouring old laces, and reviewing bottles.

FRIENDS DROPPING IN.

Oh what a hubbub for the house of woe!
  All, resolute to one irresolution,
Kept tearing, swearing, plunging to and fro,
  Just like another French mob-revolution.
There lay the corpse that could not stir a muscle,
But all the rest seemed Chaos in a bustle.

The Monarch came: oh! who could ever guess
  The Baroness had been so late a weeper!
The kingly grace and more than graciousness,
  Buried the poor defunct some fathoms deeper,—
Could he have had a glance—alas, poor Being!
Seeing would certainly have led to *D*—ing.



"GOOD NIGHT! ALL'S WELL."

For casting round about her eyes to find
  Some one to whom her chattels to endorse,
The comfortable dame at last inclin'd
  To choose the cheerful Master of the Horse;
He was so gay, so tender, the complete
Nice man,—the sweetest of the monarch's suite.

He saw at once and entered in the lists—
  Glance unto glance made amorous replies;
They talked together like two egotists,
  In conversation all made up of *eyes:*
No couple ever got so right consort-ish
Within two hours—a courtship rather shortish.

At last, some sleepy, some by wine opprest,
  The courtly company began "nid noddin;"
The King first sought his chamber, and the rest
  Instanter followed by the course he trod in.
I shall not please the scandalous by showing
The order or disorder of their going.

MERRY AND WISE.

The old Chateau, before that night, had never
  Held half so many underneath its roof!
It task'd the Baroness's best endeavour,
  And put her best contrivance to the proof,
To give them chambers up and down the stairs,
In twos and threes, by singles and by pairs.

She had just lodging for the whole—yet barely;
  And some, that were both broad of back and tall,
Lay on spare beds that served them very sparely;
  However, there were beds enough for all;
But living bodies occupied so many,
She could not let the dead one take up any!

A BIRD FOR THE TABLE.

The act was, certainly, not over decent:
  Some small respect, e'en after death, she ow'd him,
Considering his death had been so recent;
  However, by command, her servants stow'd him,
(I am asham'd to think how he was slubber'd,)
Stuck bolt upright within a corner cupboard!

And there he slept as soundly as a post,
  With no more pillow than an oaken shelf,
Just like a kind accommodating host,
  Taking all inconvenience on himself;
None else slept in that room, except a stranger,
A decent man, a sort of Forest Ranger.

Who, whether he had gone too soon to bed,
  Or dreamt himself into an appetite,
Howbeit he took a longing to be fed,
  About the hungry middle of the night;
So getting forth, he sought some scrap to eat,
Hopeful of some stray pasty, or cold meat.

MUTTON AND CAPERS.

The casual glances of the midnight moon,
  Brightening some antique ornaments of brass,
Guided his gropings to that corner soon,
  Just where it stood, the coffin-safe, alas!
He tried the door—then shook it—and in course
Of time it open'd to a little force.

He put one hand in, and began to grope;
  The place was very deep and quite as dark as
The middle night;—when lo! beyond his hope,
  He felt a something cold, in fact, the carcass;
Right overjoy'd, he laugh'd, and blest his luck
At finding, as he thought, this haunch of buck!

ASS-ASS-INATION.

Then striking back for his couteau de chasse,
  Determined on a little midnight lunching,
He came again and probed about the mass,
  As if to find the fattest bit for munching;
Not meaning wastefully to cut it all up,
But only to abstract a little collop.

But just as he had struck one greedy stroke,
His hand fell down quite powerless and weak;
For when he cut the haunch it plainly spoke
As haunch of ven'son never ought to speak;
No wonder that his hand could go no further—
Whose could?—to carve cold meat that bellowed,
"murther!"

"I'LL HAVE YOUR PERSON."

Down came the Body with a bounce, and down
The Ranger sprang, a staircase at a spring,
And bawl'd enough to waken up a town;
Some thought that *they* were murder'd, some the King,
And, like Macduff, did nothing for a season,
But stand upon the spot and bellow, "Treason!"

A hundred nightcaps gathered in a mob,
  Torches drew torches, swords brought swords together,
It seem'd so dark and perilous a job;
  The Baroness came trembling like a feather
Just in the rear, as pallid as a corse,
Leaning against the Master of the Horse.

VERY DEAF, INDEED.

A dozen of the bravest up the stair,
  Well lighted and well watch'd, began to clamber;
They sought the door—they found it—they were there,
  A dozen heads went poking in the chamber;
And lo! with one hand planted on his hurt,
There stood the body bleeding thro' his shirt,—

No passive corse—but like a duellist
  Just smarting from a scratch—in fierce position,
One hand advanc'd, and ready to resist;
  In fact, the Baron doff'd the apparition,
Swearing those oaths the French delight in most,
And for the second time "gave up the ghost!"

A living miracle!—for why?—the knife
  That cuts so many off from grave gray hairs,
Had only carv'd him kindly into life:
  How soon it chang'd the posture of affairs!
The difference one person more or less
Will make in families, is past all guess.

There stood the Baroness—no widow yet:
  Here stood the Baron—"in the body" still;
There stood the Horses' Master in a pet,
  Choking with disappointment's bitter pill,
To see the hope of his reversion fail,
Like that of riding on a donkey's tail.

The Baron liv'd—'twas nothing but a trance:
  The lady died—'twas nothing but a death;
The cupboard-cut serv'd only to enhance
  This postscript to the old Baronial breath:
He soon forgave for the revival's sake,
A little *chop* intended for a *steak!*

OG, THE KING OF BASON.

IDOLATRY.

AN ABSENTEE.

If ever a man wanted a flapper—no Butcher's mimosa, or catch-fly, but one of those officers in use at the court of Laputa—my friend W—— should have such a remembrancer at his elbow. I question whether even the appliance of a bladder full of peas, or pebbles, would arouse him from some of his abstractions—fits of mental insensibility, parallel with those bodily trances in which persons have sometimes been coffined. Not that he is entangled in abstruse problems, like the nobility of the Flying Island! He does not dive, like Sir Isaac Newton—into a reverie, and turn up again with a Theory of Gravitation. His

thoughts are not deeply engaged elsewhere—they are nowhere. His head revolves itself, top-like, into a profound slumber:—a blank doze without a dream. He is not carried away by incoherent rambling fancies, out of himself,—he is not drunk, merely, with the Waters of Oblivion, but drowned in them, body and soul!

There is a story, somewhere, of one of these absent persons, who stooped down, when tickled about the calf by a blue-bottle, and scratched his neighbour's leg: an act of tolerable forgetfulness, but denoting a state far short of W——'s absorptions. He would never have felt the fly.

To make W——'s condition more whimsical, he lives in a small bachelor's house, with no other attendant than an old housekeeper—one Mistress Bundy, of faculty as infirm and intermitting as his own. It will be readily believed that her absent fits do not originate, any more than her master's, in abstruse mathematical speculations—a proof, with me, that such moods result, not from abstraction of mind, but stagnation. How so ill-sorted a couple contrive to get through the commonplace affairs of life, I am not prepared to say: but it is comical indeed to see him ring up Mistress Bundy to receive orders, which he generally forgets to deliver—or if delivered, this old Bewildered Maid lets slip out of her remembrance with the same facility. Numberless occurrences of this kind—in many instances more extravagant—are recorded by his friends; but an evening that I spent with him recently, will furnish an abundance of examples.

In spite of going by his own invitation, I found W—— within. He was too apt, on such occasions, to be denied to his visitors; but what in others would be an unpardonable affront, was overlooked in a man who was not always at home to himself. The door was opened by the housekeeper, whose absence as usual, would not allow her to decide upon that of her master:

Her shrill quavering voice went echoing up stairs with its old query,—"Mr. W——! are you within?" then a pause, literally for him to collect himself. Anon came his answer, and I was ushered up-stairs, Mrs. Bundy contriving, as usual, to forget my name at the first landing-place. I had therefore to introduce

HOUND DRAWING COVER.

myself formally to W——, whose old friends came to him always as if with new faces. As for what followed, it was one of the old fitful colloquies—a game at conversation, sometimes with a partner, sometimes with a dummy; the old woman's memory in the meantime growing torpid on a kitchen-chair. Hour after hour passed away: no tea spoon jingled, or tea cup rattled; no murmuring kettle or hissing urn found its way upward from one Haunt of

Forgetfulness to the other. In short, as might have been expected with an Absentee, the Tea was absent.

It happens that the meal in question is not one of my essentials; I therefore never hinted at the In Tea Speravi of my visit; but at the turn of eleven o'clock, my host rang for the apparatus. The Chinese ware was brought up, but the herb was deficient. Mrs. Bundy went forth, by command, for a supply; but it was past grocer-time, and we arranged to make amends by an early supper, which came, however, as proportionably late as the tea. By dint of those freedoms which you must use with an enter-

"LAWK! I'VE FORGOT THE BRANDY!"

tainer who is absent at his own table, I contrived to sup sparely; and W——'s memory, blossoming like certain flowers, in the night, reminded him that I was accustomed to go to bed on a tumbler of Geneva and water. He kept but one bottle of each of the three kinds, Rum, Brandy, and Hollands, in the house; and when exhausted they were replenished at the tavern a few doors off. Luckily, for it was far beyond the midnight hour when, according to our vapid magistracy, all spirits are evil, the

three vessels were full, and merely wanted bringing up-stairs. The kettle was singing on the hob: the tumblers, with spoons in them, stood miraculously ready on the board; and Mrs. Bundy was really on her way from below with the one thing needful. Never were fair hopes so unfairly blighted; I could hear her step labouring on the stairs to the very last step, when her memory serving her just as treacherously as her forgetfulness, or rather both betraying her together, there befel the accident which I have endeavoured to record by the accompanying sketch.

I never ate or drank with the Barmecide again!

TURKEY HUNTING.

THE DEMON-SHIP.

STORIES of storm-ships and haunted vessels, of spectre-shallops, and supernatural Dutch doggers, are common to many countries, and are well attested both in poetry and prose. The adventures of Solway sailors, with Mahound, in his bottomless barges, and the careerings of the Phantom-ship up and down the

Hudson, have hundreds of asserters besides Messrs. Cunningham and Crayon; and to doubt their authenticity may seem like an imitation of the desperate sailing of the haunted vessels them-

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

selves against wind and tide. I cannot help fancying, however, that Richard Faulder was but one of those tavern-dreamers recorded by old Heywood, who conceived

"The room wherein they quaff'd to be a pinnace."

And as for the Flying Dutchman, my notion is very different from the popular conception of that apparition, as I have ventured to show by the above design. The spectre-ship, bound to Dead-Man's Isle, is almost as awful a craft as the skeleton-bark of the Ancient Mariner; but they are both fictions, and have not the advantage of being realities, like the dreary vessel with its dreary crew in the following story, which records an adventure that befel even unto myself.

'Twas off the Wash—the sun went down—the sea look'd black and grim,
For stormy clouds, with murky fleece, were mustering at the brim;
Titanic shades! enormous gloom!—as if the solid night
Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the light!
It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,
With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and sky!

CHEER UP.

Down went my helm—close reef'd—the tack held freely in my hand—
With ballast snug—I put about, and scudded for the land.
Loud hiss'd the sea beneath her lee—my little boat flew fast,
But faster still the rushing storm came borne upon the blast.

Lord! what a roaring hurricane beset the straining sail!
What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce assaults of hail!
What darksome caverns yawn'd before! what jagged steeps behind!
Like battle-steeds, with foamy manes, wild tossing in the wind.

"HOW HARD IT RAINS!"

Each after each sank down astern, exhausted in the chase,
But where it sank another rose and gallop'd in its place;
As black as night—they turned to white, and cast against the cloud
A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturn'd a sailor's shroud:—
Still flew my boat; alas! alas! her course was nearly run!
Behold yon fatal billow rise—ten billows heap'd in one!

With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling, rolling, fast,
As if the scooping sea contain'd one only wave at last!
Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift pursuing grave;
It seem'd as though some cloud had turn'd its hugeness to a wave!
Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my face—
I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swelling base!
I saw its alpine hoary head impending over mine!
Another pulse—and down it rush'd—an avalanche of brine!
Brief pause had I, on God to cry, or think of wife and home;
The waters clos'd—and when I shriek'd, I shriek'd below the foam!
Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after deed—
For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless as a weed.

* * * * *

"Where am I? in the breathing world, or in the world of death?"
With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth of breath;
My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a doubtful sound—
And was that ship a *real* ship whose tackle seem'd around?
A moon, as if the earthly moon, was shining up aloft;
But were those beams the very beams that I have seen so oft?
A face that mock'd the human face, before me watch'd alone!
But were those eyes the eyes of man that look'd against my own?

Oh! never may the moon again disclose me such a sight
As met my gaze, when first I look'd, on that accursed night!
I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce extremes
Of fever; and most frightful things have haunted in my dreams—

Hyenas — cats — blood-loving bats — and apes with hateful stare—
Pernicious snakes, and shaggy bulls—the lion, and she-bear—
Strong enemies, with Judas looks, of treachery and spite—
Detested features, hardly dimm'd and banish'd by the light!
Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstarting from their tombs—
All phantasies and images that flit in midnight glooms—
Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have made me all aghast,—
But nothing like that GRIMLY ONE who stood beside the mast!

POLYPHEMUS.—"THERE HE GOES WITH HIS EYE OUT!"

His cheek was black—his brow was black—his eyes and hair as dark;
His hand was black, and where it touch'd, it left a sable mark;

His throat was black, his vest the same, and when I look'd beneath,
His breast was black—all, all was black, except his grinning teeth.
His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as Afric slaves!
Oh, horror! e'en the ship was black that plough'd the inky waves!
"Alas!" I cried, "for love of truth and blessed mercy's sake,
Where am I? in what dreadful ship? upon what dreadful lake?

"VICK IS MY VAY TO NEWGIT?"

What shape is that, so very grim, and black as any coal?
It is Mahound, the Evil One, and he has gain'd my soul!
Oh, mother dear! my tender nurse! dear meadows that beguil'd

My happy days, wnen I was yet a little sinless child,—
My mother dear—my native fields, I never more shall see:
I'm sailing in the Devil's Ship, upon the Devil's Sea!"

Loud laugh'd that SABLE MARINER, and loudly in return
His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from stem to stern—
A dozen pair of grimly cheeks were crumpled on the nonce—
As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out at once:
A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoy'd the merry fit,
With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like Demons of the Pit.
They crow'd their fill, and then the Chief made answer for the whole;—
"Our skins," said he, "are black ye see, because we carry coal;
You'll find your mother sure enough, and see your native fields—
For this here ship has pick'd you up—the Mary Ann of Shields!"

AN EXPLANATION

BY ONE OF THE LIVERY.

SAYS Blue-and-Buff, to Drab-and-Pink,
"I've heard the hardest word I think,
That ever posed me since my teens,
I wonder what As-best-os means!"

Says Drab-and-Pink, to Blue-and Buff,
"The word is clear, and plain enough.
It means a Nag wot goes the pace,
And so *as best os* wins the race."

"SAW YE JONNIE COMING?"

SALLY HOLT, AND THE DEATH OF JOHN HAYLOFT.

FOUR times in the year—twice at the season of the half-yearly dividends, and twice at the intermediate quarters, to make her slender investments—there calls at my Aunt Shakerley's a very plain, very demure maiden, about forty, and makes her way downward to the kitchen, or upward to my cousin's chamber, as may happen. Her coming is not to do chair-work, or needle-work—to tell fortunes—to beg, steal, or borrow. She does not come for old clothes, or for new. Her simple errand is love—.

pure, strong, disinterested, enduring love, passing the love of woman—at least for women.

It is not often servitude begets much kindliness between the two relations; hers, however, grew from that ungenial soil. For the whole family of the Shakerlies she has a strong feudal attachment, but her particular regard dwells with Charlotte, the latest born of the clan. *Her* she doats upon—*her* she fondles—and takes upon her longing, loving lap.

MOUNT PLEASANT.

O let not the oblivious attentions of the worthy Dominie Sampson, to the tall boy Bertram, be called an unnatural working! I have seen my cousin, a good feeder, and well grown into womanhood, sitting—two good heads taller than her dry-nurse—on the knees of the simple-hearted Sally Holt! I have seen the huge presentation orange unlapp'd from the homely

speckled kerchief, and thrust with importunate tenderness into the bashful *marriageable* hand.

My cousin's heart is not so artificially composed as to let her scorn this humble affection, though she is puzzled sometimes with what kind of look to receive these honest but awkward endearments. I have seen her face quivering with half a laugh.

It is one of Sally's staple hopes that, some day or other, when Miss Charlotte keeps house, she will live with her as a servant; and this expectation makes her particular and earnest to a fault in her enquiries about sweethearts and offers, and the matrimonial chances: questions which I have seen my cousin listen to with half a cry.

—"THE UNWIELDY ELEPHANT TO MAKE THEM MIRTH USED ALL HIS MIGHT."

Perhaps Sally looks upon this confidence as her right, in return for those secrets which, by joint force of ignorance and affection, she could not help reposing in the bosom of her foster-mistress. Nature, unkind to her, as to Dogberry, denied to her that knowledge of reading and writing which comes to some by instinct. A strong principle of religion made it a darling point with her to learn to read, that she might study in her Bible; but in spite of all the help of my cousin, and as ardent a desire

for learning as ever dwelt in scholar, poor Sally never mastered beyond A-B ab. Her mind, simple as her heart, was unequal to any more difficult combinations. Writing was worse to her than conjuring. My cousin was her amanuensis; and from the vague, unaccountable mistrust of ignorance, the inditer took the pains always to compare the verbal message with the transcript, by counting the number of the words.

I would give up all the tender epistles of Mrs. Arthur Brooke, to have read one of Sally's epistles; but they were amatory, and therefore kept sacred: for plain as she was, Sally Holt had a lover.

NATURE AND ART.

There is an unpretending plainness in some faces that has its charm—an unaffected ugliness, a thousand times more bewitching than those would-be pretty looks that neither satisfy the critical sense, nor leave the matter of beauty at once to the imagination. We like better to make a new face than to mend

an old one. Sally had not one good feature, except those which John Hayloft made for her in his dreams; and to judge from one token, her partial fancy was equally answerable for his charms. One precious lock — no, not a lock, but rather a remnant of very short, very coarse, very yellow hair, the clippings of a military crop, for John was a corporal — stood the foremost item amongst her treasures. To her they were curls, golden, Hyperion, and cherished long after the parent-head was laid low, with many more, on the bloody plain of Salamanca.

"JOY, JOY, FOR EVER—MY TASK IS DONE, THE GATE IS PAST —"

I remember vividly at this moment the ecstasy of her grief at the receipt of the fatal news. She was standing near the dresser with a dish, just cleaned, in her dexter hand. Ninety-nine women in a hundred would have dropped the dish. Many would have flung themselves after it on the floor; but Sally put it up, orderly, on the shelf. The fall of John Hayloft could not induce the fall of the crockery. She felt the blow notwithstanding; and as soon as she had emptied her hands, began to give way to her emotions in her own manner. Affliction vents itself in various modes, with different temperaments; some rage, others compose themselves like monuments. Some weep, some

sleep, some prose about death, and others poetise on it. Many take to a bottle, or to a rope. Some go to Margate, or Bath.

Sally did nothing of these kinds. She neither snivelled, travelled, sickened, maddened, nor ranted, nor canted, nor hung, nor fuddled herself—*she only rocked herself upon the kitchen chair!!*

The action was not adequate to her relief. She got up—took a fresh chair—then another—and another—and another,—till she had rocked on all the chairs in the kitchen.

A DISSENTER'S MARRIAGE.

The thing was tickling to both sympathies. It was pathetical to behold her grief, but ludicrous that she knew no better how to grieve.

An American might have thought that she was in the act of enjoyment, but for an intermitting "O dear! O dear!" Passion

could not wring more from her in the way of exclamation than the toothache. Her lamentations were always the same, even in tone. By-and-by she pulled out the hair, the cropped, yellow, stunted, scrubby hair; then she fell to rocking—then "O dear! O dear!"—and then Da Capo.

It was an odd sort of elegy, and yet, simple as it was, I thought it worth a thousand of Lord Littleton's!

"STICK TO THY BUSINESS, AND THY BUSINESS WILL STICK TO THEE."

"Heyday, Sally! what is the matter?" was a very natural inquiry from my Aunt, when she came down into the kitchen; and if she did not make it with her tongue, at least it was asked very intelligibly by her eyes. Now Sally had but one way of addressing her mistress, and she used it here. It was the same with which she would have asked for a holiday, except that the water stood in her eyes.

"If you please, Ma'am," said she, rising up from her chair and dropping her old curtsey, "if you, please, Ma'am, it's John

Hayloft is dead:" and then she began rocking again, as if grief was a baby that wanted jogging to sleep.

My Aunt was posed. She would fain have comforted the mourner, but her mode of grieving was so out of the common way, that she did not know how to begin. To the violent she might have brought soothing; to the desponding, texts of patience and resignation; to the hysterical, sal volatile; she might have asked the sentimental for the story of her woes. A good scolding is useful with some sluggish griefs — in some cases a cordial. In others—a job.

If Sally had only screamed, or bellowed, or fainted, or gone stupefied, or raved, or said a collect, or moped about, it would have been easy to deal with her. But with a woman that only rocked on her chair——

What the Devil could my Aunt do?—

Why, nothing:—and she did it as well as she could.

JOHN TROT.

A BALLAD.

JOHN TROT he was as tall a lad,
  As York did ever rear—
As his dear Granny used to say,
  He'd make a grenadier.

A serjeant soon came down to York,
  With ribbons and a frill:
"My lads," said he, "let broadcast be,
  And come away to drill."

But when he wanted John to 'list,
  In war he saw no fun,
Where what is called a raw recruit,
  Gets often over-done.

"Let others carry guns," said he,
"And go to war's alarms,
But I have got a shoulder-knot,
Impos'd upon my arms."

HIGH AND LOW BORN.

For John he had a footman's place,
To wait on Lady Wye—
She was a dumpy woman, tho'
Her family was high.

Now when two years had past away,
Her Lord took very ill,
And left her to her widowhood,
Of course more dumpy still.

Said John, "I am a proper man,
And very tall to see;
Who knows, but now her Lord is low,
She may look up to me?

"A cunning woman told me once,
Such fortune would turn up;
She was a kind of sorceress,
But studied in a cup!"

DRILL AND BROADCAST.

So he walk'd up to Lady Wye,
And took her quite amazed,—
She thought, tho' John was tall enough,
He wanted to be raised.

But John—for why? she was a dame
Of such a dwarfish sort—
Had only come to bid her make
Her mourning very short.

Said he, "Your Lord is dead and cold,
You only cry in vain;
Not all the Cries of London now
Could call him back again!

"You'll soon have many a noble bean
To dry your noble tears—
But just consider this, that I
Have follow'd you for years.

"And tho' you are above me far,
What matters high degree,
When you are only four foot nine,
And I am six foot three?

PICKING HIS WAY.

"For tho' you are of lofty race,
And I'm a low-born elf;
Yet none among your friends could say,
You matched beneath yourself."

Said she, "Such insolence as this,
Can be no common case;
Tho' you are in my service, Sir,
Your love is out of place."

"O Lady Wye! O Lady Wye!
Consider what you do;
How can you be so short with me,
I am not so with you!"

Then ringing for her serving men,
They show'd him to the door;
Said they, "You turn out better now,
Why didn't you before?"

"THIS WAY, MA'AM."

They stripp'd his coat, and gave him kicks
For all his wages due;
And off, instead of green and gold,
He went in black and blue.

No family would take him in,
Because of this discharge;
So he made up his mind to serve
The country all at large.

Hazza! the Serjeant cried, and put
The money in his hand,
And with a shilling cut him off
From his paternal land.

For when his regiment went to fight
At Saragossa town,
A Frenchman thought he look'd too tall,
And so he cut him down!

A MAY-DUKE.

THE MONKEY-MARTYR.

"God help thee, said I, but I'll let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get to the door."—STERNE.

'Tis strange, what awkward figures and odd capers
Folks cut, who seek their doctrine from the papers;

But there are many shallow politicians,
Who take their bias from bewilder'd Journals—
Turn state physicians,
And make themselves fools'-caps of the diurnals.
One of this kind, not human, but a monkey,
Had read himself at last to this sour creed—
That he was nothing but Oppression's flunkey,
And man a tyrant over all his breed.

THE COURT OF CHANCE—.

He could not read
Of niggers whipt, or over-trampled weavers,
But he applied their wrongs to his own seed,
And nourish'd thoughts that threw him into fevers.
His very dreams were full of martial beavers,
And drilling Pugs, for liberty pugnacious,
To sever chains vexatious:

In fact, he thought that all his injur'd line,
Should take up pikes in hand, and never drop 'em
Till they had clear'd a road to Freedom's shrine,—
Unless perchance the turn-pike men should stop 'em.
Full of this rancour,
Pacing one day beside St. Clement Danes,
It came into his brains
To give a look in at the Crown and Anchor;

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Where certain solemn sages of the nation
Were at that moment in deliberation
How to relieve the wide world of its chains,
Pluck despots down,
And thereby crown
Whitee as well as blackee-man-cipation.
Pug heard the speeches with great approbation,
And gaz'd with pride upon the Liberators;
To see mere coal-heavers
Such perfect Bolivars—

Waiters of inns sublim'd to innovators,
And slaters dignified as legislators—
Small publicans demanding (such their high sense
Of liberty) an universal license—
And patten-makers easing Freedom's clogs—
The whole thing seem'd
So fine, he deem'd
The smallest demagogues as great as Gogs!
Pug, with some curious notions in his noddle,
Walk'd out at last, and turn'd into the Strand,
To the left hand,
Conning some portions of the previous twaddle,

A SPECIAL PLEADER.

And striding with a step that seem'd design'd
To represent the mighty March of Mind,
Instead of that slow waddle
Of thought, to which our ancestors inclin'd—

No wonder, then, that he should quickly find
He stood in front of that intrusive pile,

Where Cross keeps many a kind
Of bird confin'd,
And free-born animal, in durance vile—
A thought that stirr'd up all the monkey-bile!

"GO IT, NED!"

The window stood ajar—
It was not far,
Nor, like Parnassus, very hard to climb—
The hour was verging on the supper-time,
And many a growl was sent through many a bar.
Meanwhile Pug scrambled upward like a tar,
And soon crept in,
Unnotic'd in the din
Of tuneless throats, that made the attics ring
With all the harshest notes that they could bring;

For like the Jews,
Wild beasts refuse,
In midst of their captivity—to sing.

Lord! how it made him chafe,
Full of his new emancipating zeal,
To look around upon this brute bastille,
And see the king of creatures in—a safe!

WHAT IS WORTH DOING AT ALL, IS WORTH DOING WELL.

The desert's denizen in one small den,
Swallowing slavery's most bitter pills—
A bear in bars unbearable. And then
The fretful porcupine, with all its quills,
Imprison'd in a pen!
A tiger limited to four feet ten;

And, still worse lot,
A leopard to one spot!
An elephant enlarg'd,
But not discharg'd;
(It was before the elephant was shot;)
A doleful wanderoo, that wandered not;
An ounce much disproportion'd to his pound,
Pug's wrath wax'd hot
To gaze upon these captive creatures round;
Whose claws—all scratching—gave him full assurance
They found their durance vile of vile endurance.

SHROVETIDE. SHYING AT A COCK.

He went above—a solitary mounter
Up gloomy stairs—and saw a pensive group
Of hapless fowls—
Cranes, vultures, owls,

In fact, it was a sort of Poultry-Compter,
Where feather'd prisoners were doom'd to droop:
Here sat an eagle, forc'd to make a stoop,
Not from the skies, but his impending roof;
And there aloof,
A pining ostrich, moping in a coop;
With other samples of the bird creation,
All caged against their powers and their wills,
And cramp'd in such a space, the longest bills
Were plainly bills of least accommodation.
In truth, it was a very ugly scene
To fall to any liberator's share,
To see those winged fowls, that once had been
Free as the wind, no freer than fix'd air.
His temper little mended,
Pug from this Bird-cage Walk at last descended
Unto the lion and the elephant,
His bosom in a pant
To see all nature's Free List thus suspended,
And beasts depriv'd of what she had intended,
They could not even prey
In their own way;
A hardship always reckon'd quite prodigious.
Thus he revolv'd—
And soon resolv'd
To give them freedom, civil and religious.

That night there were no country cousins, raw
From Wales, to view the lion and his kin:
The keeper's eyes were fix'd upon a saw;
The saw was fix'd upon a bullock's shin:
Meanwhile with stealthy paw,
Pug hastened to withdraw

The bolt that kept the king of brutes within.
Now, monarch of the forest! thou shalt win
Precious enfranchisement—thy bolts are undone;
Thou art no longer a degraded creature,
But loose to roam with liberty and nature;
And free of all the jungles about London—

"THEY'VE THROWN OUT THE BILL."

All Hampstead's heathy desert lies before thee!
Methinks I see thee bound from Cross's ark,
Full of the native instinct that comes o'er thee,
And turn a ranger
Of Hounslow Forest, and the Regent's Park—
Thin Rhodes's cows—the mail-coach steeds endanger,
And gobble parish watchmen after dark:
Methinks I see thee, with the early lark,

Stealing to Merlin's cave—(*thy* cave).—Alas!
That such bright visions should not come to pass!
Alas! for freedom, and for freedom's hero!
Alas! for liberty of life and limb!
For Pug had only half unbolted Nero,
When Nero *bolted him!*

"THE ARMY, WITH THREE TIMES THREE!"

THE VOLUNTEER.

"The clashing of my armour in my ears
Sounds like a passing bell; my buckler puts me
In mind of a bier; this, my broadsword, a pickaxe
To dig my grave."—THE LOVER'S PROGRESS.

'TWAS in that memorable year
France threaten'd to put off in
Flat-bottom'd boats, intending each
To be a British coffin,

To make sad widows of our wives,
And every babe an orphan—

When coats were made of scarlet cloaks,
And heads were dredg'd with flour,
I 'listed in the Lawyers' Corps,
Against the battle hour;
A perfect Volunteer—for why?
I brought my "will and pow'r."

WHAT WILL THE WHIGS DO NEXT?

One dreary day—a day of dread,
Like Cato's, over-cast—
About the hour of six (the morn
And I were breaking fast.)
There came a loud and sudden sound,
That struck me all aghast!

A dismal sort of morning roll,
That was not to be eaten:
Although it was no skin of mine,
But parchment, that was beaten,
I felt tatoo'd through all my flesh,
Like any Otaheitan.

My jaws with utter dread enclosed
The morsel I was munching,
And terror lock'd them up so tight,
My very teeth went crunching
All through my bread and tongue at once,
Like sandwich made at lunching.

THE ELECTRICAL EEL.

My hand that held the tea-pot fast,
Stiffen'd, but yet unsteady,
Kept pouring, pouring, pouring o'er
The cup in one long eddy,
Till both my hose were mark'd with *tea*,
As they were mark'd already.

I felt my visage turn from red
To white—from cold to hot;
But it was nothing wonderful
My colour changed, I wot,
For, like some variable silks,
I felt that I was shot.

COURT DAY.

And looking forth with anxious eye,
From my snug upper story,
I saw our melancholy corps,
Going to beds all gory;
The pioneers seem'd very loth
To axe their way to glory.

The captain march'd as mourners march,
The ensign too seem'd lagging,
And many more, although they were
No ensigns, took to flagging—
Like corpses in the Serpentine,
Methought they wanted dragging.

HALF PAY.

But while I watch'd, the thought of death
Came like a chilly gust,
And lo! I shut the window down,
With very little lust
To join so many marching men,
That soon might be March dust.

Quoth I, "Since Fate ordains it so,
Our foe the coast must land on;"—
I felt so warm beside the fire
I cared not to abandon;
Our hearths and homes are always things
That patriots make a stand on.

I'LL SHOW YOU THE MANUAL EXERCISE.

"The fools that fight abroad for home,"
Thought I, "may get a wrong one;
Let those that have no homes at all,
Go battle for a long one."
The mirror here confirmed me this
Reflection, by a strong one.

For there, where I was wont to shave,
And deck me like Adonis,
There stood the leader of our foes,
With vultures for his cronies—
No Corsican, but Death himself,
The Bony of all Bonies.

A SPLIT VOTE AND A PLUMPER.

A horrid sight it was, and sad
To see the grisly chap
Put on my crimson livery,
And then begin to clap
My helmet on—ah me! it felt
Like any felon's cap.

My plume seem'd borrow'd from a hearse,
An undertaker's crest;
My epaulettes like coffin-plates;
My belt so heavy press'd,

Four pipelay cross-roads seemed to lie
At once upon my breast.

My brazen breast-plate only lack'd
A little heap of salt,
To make me like a corpse full dress'd
Preparing for the vault—
To set up what the Poet calls
My everlasting halt.

This funeral show inclined me quite
To peace!—and here I am!
Whilst better lions go to war,
Enjoying with the lamb
A lengthen'd life, that might have been
A Martial Epigram.

THE LAST CUT.

EPIGRAM

ON THE NEW HALF-FARTHINGS.

"Too small for any marketable shift,
What purpose can there be for coins lie these?"
Hush, hush, good Sir!—Thus charitable Thrift
May give a *Mite* to him who wants a cheese!

HOOD'S

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

1821.

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

[My father's first connection with literature was an appointment as assistant Sub-Editor to the old "London." The friendship which existed between my grandfather and Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, was the means of obtaining him this employment, after he had been compelled to give up engraving; for up to this time, I am told, he had displayed no strong literary tendencies. His duties were the perusal and the correction for press of papers sent for insertion, but he extended his labour by writing humorous answers to correspondents in the "Lion's Head," which he took under his special care. After a time, however, his productions found their way into the body of the Magazine. I have extracted the following from the Magazine for this year.]

THE LION'S HEAD.

Napoleon Bonaparte's death will surely be the cause of ours. Will the reader believe that we are up to our middles in mourning verses?

Lines by "A Student in the Inner Temple" are received. *Curia advisare vult.*

J. G. G., whose poem was too short for the bookseller, to whom he offered it for publication, and who fears it is too long for the London, is unfortunately in the right.

We are compelled to announce to E. R. that "The Storm" is blown over.

COLIN has sent us a Summer Pastoral, and says he can supply us with one every month. Has he always got sheep in his *pen?*

BETA's proposal of Scripture Sonnets "two a month or so" is kind, but we have no desire to see the Scriptures cut up into Sonnets. His poem on *Fame* will bring neither him nor us any.

PHILOGENES' "Verses on the *Matchless Orinda*," are defective in the title, as our legal adviser informs us; Mrs. Katherine Phillips was once married.

[In the "Lion's Head" for this year appeared, under a feigned signature, the

ODE TO DR. KITCHENER.

YE Muses nine inspire
And stir up my poetic fire;
Teach my burning soul to speak
With a bubble and a squeak!
Of Dr. Kitchener I fain would sing,
Till pots, and pans, and mighty kettles ring.

O culinary sage!
(I do not mean the herb in use,
That always goes along with goose)
How have I feasted on thy page:
"When like a lobster boil'd the morn
From black to red began to turn,"
Till midnight, when I went to bed,
And clapt my tewah-diddle* on my head.

* The Doctor's composition for a nightcap.

Who is there cannot tell,
Thou leadest a life of living well?
"What baron, or squire, or knight of the shire
Lives half so well as a holy Fry—er?"
In doing well thou must be reckon'd
The first,—and Mrs. Fry the second;
And twice a Job,—for, in thy fev'rish toils,
Thou wast all over roasts—as well as boils.

Thou wast indeed no dunce,
To treat thy subjects and thyself at once:
Many a hungry poet eats
His brains like thee,
But few there be
Could live so long on their receipts.
What living soul or sinner
Would slight thy invitation to a dinner,
Ought with the Danaïdes to dwell,
Draw gravy in a cullender, and hear
For ever in his ear
The pleasant tinkling of thy dinner bell.

Immortal Kitchener! thy fame
Shall keep itself when Time makes game
Of other men's—yea, it shall keep, all weathers,
And thou shalt be upheld by thy pen feathers.
Yea, by the sauce of Michael Kelly!
Thy name shall perish never,
But be magnified for ever—
—By all whose eyes are bigger than their belly.

Yea, till the world is done—
—To a turn—and Time puts out the sun,

Shall live the endless echo of thy name.
But, as for thy more fleshy frame,
Ah! Death's carnivorous teeth will tittle
Thee out of breath, and eat it for cold victual;
But still thy fame shall be among the nations
Preserved to the last course of generations.

Ah me, my soul is touch'd with sorrow!
To think how flesh must pass away—
So mutton, that is warm to-day,
Is cold, and turn'd to hashes, on the morrow!
Farewell! I would say more, but I
Have other fish to fry.

[The first poem of his, however, that appeared in the "London" is "To Hope," which came out in the July number—the "Ode to Dr. Kitchener" being in the "Lion's Head" for November. Between July and the end of the year he also contributed to this magazine a Review of "The Cook's Oracle," a poem entitled "The Departure of Summer," and a burlesque after Sterne, called "A Sentimental Journey from Islington to Waterloo Bridge."]

TO HOPE.

Oh! take, young seraph, take thy harp,
And play to me so cheerily;
For grief is dark, and care is sharp,
And life wears on so wearily.
Oh! take thy harp!
Oh! sing as thou were wont to do,
When, all youth's sunny season long,
I sat and listen'd to thy song,
And yet 'twas ever, ever new,

With magic in its heaven-tuned string—
  The future bliss thy constant theme,
Oh! then each little woe took wing
  Away, like phantoms of a dream;
    As if each sound
    That flutter'd round
  Had floated over Lethe's stream!

By all those bright and happy hours
We spent in life's sweet eastern bow'rs,
Where thou wouldst sit and smile, and show,
Ere buds were come, where flowers would grow,
And oft anticipate the rise
Of life's warm sun that scaled the skies;
By many a story of love and glory,
And friendships promised oft to me;
By all the faith I lent to thee,—
Oh! take, young seraph, take thy harp,
  And play to me so cheerily;
For grief is dark, and care is sharp,
  And life wears on so wearily.
    Oh! take thy harp!

Perchance the strings will sound less clear,
  That long have lain neglected by
In sorrow's misty atmosphere;
It ne'er may speak as it has spoken
  Such joyous notes so brisk and high;
But are its golden chords all broken?
Are there not some, though weak and low,
To play a lullaby to woe?
But thou canst sing of love no more,
  For Celia show'd that dream was vain;

And many a fancied bliss is o'er,
  That comes not e'en in dreams again.
    Alas! alas!
    How pleasures pass,
And leave thee now no subject, save,
The peace and bliss beyond the grave!

Then be thy flight among the skies:
  Take, then, oh! take the skylark's wing,
And leave dull earth, and heavenward rise
  O'er all its tearful clouds, and sing
      On skylark's wing!
Another life-spring there adorns
  Another youth, without the dread
Of cruel care, whose crown of thorns
  Is here for manhood's aching head.
Oh! there are realms of welcome day,
A world where tears are wiped away!
Then be thy flight among the skies:
  Take, then, oh! take the skylark's wing,
And leave dull earth, and heavenward rise
  O'er all its tearful clouds, and sing
      On skylark's wing!

THE COOK'S ORACLE.*

Dr. Kitchener has greatly recognised the genius of his name by taking boldly the path to which it points; disregarding all the usual seductions of life, he has kept his eye steadily on the larder, the *Mecca* of his appetite; and has unravelled all the mysteries and intricacies of *celery soup*, and *beef haricot*, to the eyes of a reading public. He has taken an extensive *kitchen range* over the whole world of stews, and broils, and roasts, and comes home to the fireside (from which, indeed, his body has never departed), boiling over with knowledge—stored with curiosities of bone and sinew—a made-up human dish of cloves, mace, curry, catsup, cayenne, and the like. He has sailed over all the soups, has touched at all quarters of the lamb, has been in short, round the stomach world and returns a second *Captain Cook!* Dr. Kitchener has written a book; and if he, good easy man, should think to surprise any friend or acquaintance by slily asking, "What book have I written?" he would be sure to be astounded with a successful reply, "A book on Cookery." His name is above all disguises. In the same way a worthy old gentleman of our acquaintance, who was wont to lead his visitors around his kitchen garden (the Doctor will prick up his ears at this) which he had carefully and cunningly obscured with a laurel hedge, and who always said, with an exulting tone, "now you would be puzzled to say where the kitchen garden was

* The Cook's Oracle; containing Receipts for Plain Cookery, &c.: the whole being the Result of Experiments instituted in the Kitchen of a Physician.

situated," once met with a strong-hearted man who remorselessly answered, "Not I! over that hedge, to be sure." The Doctor might expect you, in answer to his query, to say; "A book, sir! Why, perhaps you have plunged your whole soul into the ocean of an epic; or rolled your mind, with the success of a Sisyphus, up the hills of metaphysics: or played the sedate game of the mathematics, that Chinese puzzle to English minds! or gone a tour with Dugald Stuart, in search of the picturesque, or leaped double sentences and waded through metaphors, in a grammatical steeple chase with Colonel Thornton; or turned literary cuckoo, and gone sucking the eggs of other people's books, and making the woods of the world echo with one solitary, complaining, *reviewing* note." Such might be the Doctor's notion of a reply to which we fancy we see him *simmering* with delight, and saying, "No sir! I have not meddled either with the curry of poetry or the cold meat of prose. I have not wasted over the slow fire of the metaphysics, or cut up the mathematics into thin slices—I have not lost myself amongst the *kick-shaws* of fine scenery, or pampered myself on the mock turtle of metaphors. Neither have I dined at the table and the expense of other men's minds! No, sir, I have written on cookery, on the kitchen, on the solids—'the substantials, Sir Giles, the substantials'!"

If it were not that critics are proverbial for having no bowels, we should hesitate at entering the paradise of pies and puddings which Dr. Kitchener has opened to us; for the steam of his rich sentences rises about our senses like the odours of flowers around the imagination of a poet; and larded beef goes nigh to lord it over our bewildered appetites. But being steady men, of sober and temperate habits, and used to privations in the way of food, we shall not scruple at looking a leg of mutton in the face or shaking hands with a

shoulder of veal. "Minced collops" nothing daunt us; we brace our nerves, and are not overwhelmed with "cockle catsup!" When Bags asks his friend, "How do you do when you write?" it would seem that he had the Cook's Oracle in his eye—for to men of any mastication, never was there a book that required more training for a quiet and useful perusal. Cod's head rises before you in all its glory! While the oysters revolve around it, in their firmament of melted butter, like its well ordered satellites! Moorgame, mackarel, muscles, fowls, eggs, and force-meat balls, start up in all directions and dance the hays in the imagination. We should recommend those readers with whom dinner is a habit, not to venture on the Doctor's pages, without seeing that their hunger, like a ferocious house-dog, is carefully tied up. To read four pages with an unchained appetite, would bring on dreadful dreams of being destroyed with spits, or drowned in mulligatawny soup, or of having your tongue neatly smothered in your own brains, and, as Matthew says, a lemon stuck in your mouth. We cannot but conceive that such reading, in such unprepared minds, would have strange influences; and that the dreams of persons should be dished up to suit the various palates. The school girl would, like the French goose, "be persuaded to roast itself." The indolent man would "sleep a fortnight" and even then not be fit for use. The lover would dream that his heart was overdone. The author would be roasted alive in his own quills and basted with cold ink. It were an endless task to follow this speculation; and indeed we are keeping our readers too long without the meal to which we have taken the liberty of inviting them. The dinner "bell invites" us—we go, and it is *done.*

The book, the Cook's Oracle, opens with a preface, as other books occasionally do; but "the likeness ends;" for it

continues with a whole bunch of introductions, treating of cooks, and invitations to dinner, and refusals, and "friendly advice," and weights and measures, and then we get fairly launched on the sea of boiling, broiling, roasting, stewing, and again return and cast anchor among the vegetables. It is impossible to say where the book begins; it is a heap of initiatory chapters—a parcel of graces before meat,—a bunch of heads,—the asparagus of literature. You are not troubled with "more last words of Mr. Baxter," but are delighted, and *re*delighted, with more first words of Dr. Kitchener. He makes several starts like a restless race-horse before he fairly gets upon the second course; or rather, like Lady Macbeth's dinner party, he stands much upon the order of his going. But now, to avoid sinking into the same trick, we will proceed without further preface to conduct our readers through the maze of pots, grid-irons and frying pans, which Dr. Kitchener has rendered a very poetical, or we should say, a very palatable amusement.

The *first* preface tells us, *inter alia*, that he has worked all the culinary problems which his book contains, in his own kitchen; and that, after this warm experience, he did not venture to print a sauce, or a stew, until he had read "two hundred cookery books," which, as he says, "he patiently pioneered through, before he set about recording the results of his own experiments!" We scarcely thought there had been so many volumes written on the Dutch-oven.

"The following receipts are not a mere marrowless collection of shreds, and patches, and cuttings, and pastings, but a *bonâ fide* register of practical facts,—accumulated by a perseverance not to be subdued, or evaporated, by the igniferous terrors of a roasting fire in the dog days,—in defiance of the odoriferous and calefacient repellants of

roasting,—boiling,—frying,—and broiling; moreover the author has submitted to a labour no preceding Cookery Book maker, perhaps, ever attempted to encounter,—having *eaten* each receipt before he set it down in his book."

We should like to see the Doctor, we confess, after this extraordinary statement. To have superintended the agitations of the pot,—to have hung affectionately over a revolving calf's heart—to have patiently witnessed the noisy marriage of bubble and squeak,—to have coolly investigated the mystery of a haricot,—appears within the compass of any old lady or gentleman, whose frame could stand the fire and whose soul could rule the roast. But to have eaten the substantials of four hundred and forty closely printed pages is "a thing to read of, not to tell." It calls for a man of iron interior, a man *alieni appetens, sui profusus.* It demands the rival of time; an *edax rerum!* The Doctor does not tell us how he travelled from gridiron to frying-pan—from frying-pan to Dutch-oven—from Dutch-oven to spit—from spit to pot—from pot to fork—he leaves us to guess at his progress. We presume he ate his way, page by page, through fish, flesh, fowl and vegetable; he would have left us dead among the soups and gravies. Had a whole army of martyrs accompanied him on this Russian retreat of the appetite, we should have found *them* strewing the way; and *him* alone, the Napoleon of the task, living and fattening at the end of the journey. The introduction goes on very learnedly, descanting upon Shakspeare, Descartes, Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Glasse, Professor Bradley, Pythagoras, Miss Seward, and other persons equally illustrious. The Doctor's chief aim is to prove, we believe, that cookery is the most laudable pursuit, and the most pleasurable amusement of life. Much depends on the age of your domestics; for we are told that "it is a good

maxim to select servants not younger than THIRTY." Is it so? Youth "thou art shamed!" This first introduction concludes with a long eulogy upon the Doctor's "laborious stove work;" and upon the spirit, temper and ability with which he had *dressed* his book. The Doctor appends to this introduction a chapter called "Culinary Curiosities," in which he gives the following recipe for "persuading a goose to roast itself." We must say it outhorrors all the horrors we ever read of.

"HOW TO ROAST A GOOSE ALIVE."

"Take a goose, or a duck, or some such lively creature (but a goose is best of all for such purpose), pull off all her feathers, only the head and neck must be spared, then make a fire round about her, not too close to her, that the smoke do not choke her, and that the fire may not burn her too soon; nor too far off, that she may not escape fire: within the circle of the fire let there be set small cups and pots full of water wherein salt and honey are mingled, and let there be set also chargers full of sodden apples, cut into small pieces in the dish. The goose must be all larded and basted over with butter, to make her the more fit to be eaten, and may roast the better: put then fire about her, but do not make too much haste, when you see her beginning to roast; for by walking about, and flying here and there, being cooped in by the fire that stops her way out, the unwearied goose is kept in;* she will fall to drink the water to quench her thirst, and cool her heart, and all

* This cook of a goose, or goose of a cook, whichever it may be, strangely reminds us of the Doctor's own intense and enthusiastic bustle among the butter-boats. We fancy we see him, and not the goose, "walking about, and flying here and there, being cooped in by the fire." By this time, we should suppose, he must be about "roasted enough."

her body, and the apple-sauce will make her dung, and cleanse and empty her. And when she roasteth, and consumes inwardly, always wet her head and heart with a wet sponge; and when you see her giddy with running, and begin to stumble, her heart wants moisture, and she is roasted enough. Take her up, set her before your guests, and she will cry as you cut off any part from her, and will be almost eaten up before she be dead. It is mighty pleasant to behold!!! See *Wecker's Secrets of Nature*, in folio, London, 1660, pp. 148, 309."

The next chapter, or introduction (for we are not within forty spits length of the cookery directions yet), is entitled "Invitations to Dinner;" and commences thus:

"In the affairs of the mouth the strictest punctuality is indispensable;—the gastronomer ought to be as accurate an observer of time as the astronomer—the least delay produces fatal and irreparable misfortunes."

It appearing, therefore, that delay is dangerous, as mammas say to their daughters on certain occasions, the Doctor directs that "the dining-room should be furnished with a good-going clock." He then speaks of food "well done when it is done," which leads to certain learned sentences on indigestion. The sad disregard of dinner-hours generally observed meets with his most serious displeasure and rebuke; but to refuse an invitation to dinner is the capital crime, for which there is apparently no capital punishment. "Nothing can be more disobliging than a refusal which is not grounded on some very strong and unavoidable cause, except not coming at the appointed hour; according to the laws of conviviality, a certificate from a sheriff's officer, a doctor, or an undertaker, are the only pleas which are admissible. The duties which invitation imposes do not

fall only on the persons invited, but, like all other social duties, are reciprocal."

If you should, therefore, fortunately happen to be arrested, or have had the good luck to fracture a limb, or, if better than all, you should have taken a box in that awful theatre at which all must be present once and for ever; you may be pardoned refusing the invitation of some tiresome friend to take a chop; but there is no other excuse, no other available excuse, for absenting yourself; no mental inaptitude will save you. Late comers are thus rebuked:

"There are some who seldom keep an appointment; we can assure them they as seldom 'scape without whipping,' and exciting those murmurs which inevitably proceed from the best regulated stomachs—when they are empty and impatient to be filled."

Carving is the next subject of the Doctor's care; but he resolutely and somewhat vehemently protests against your wielding the king of knives at any other table than your own: thus for ever excluding an author from the luxuries of table-anatomy. After giving an erudite passage from the "Almanach des Gourmands," the Doctor wanders into anecdote, and becomes facetious after the following recipe:

"I once heard a gentle hint on this subject given to a blue mould fancier, who, by looking too long at a Stilton cheese, was at last completely overcome by his eye exciting his appetite, till it became quite ungovernable, and unconscious of everything but the *mity* object of his contemplation, he began to pick out, in no small portions, the primest parts his eye could select from the centre of the cheese."

The good natured founder of the feast, highly amused at the ecstacies each morsel created in its passage over the palate of the enraptured *gourmand*, thus encouraged the perseverance of his guest—"Cut away, my dear sir, use no

ceremony, I pray;—I hope you will pick out all the best of my cheese—the rind and the rotten will do very well for my wife and family!"

There is something so serene and simple in the above little story, that we recommend it to persons after dinner in preference to those highly seasoned and spicy jests which Mr. Joseph Miller has potted for the use of posterity. The next introduction contains "Friendly Advice to Cooks and other servants;" but we cannot help thinking that Dr. Swift has in some degree forestalled our own good Doctor in this department of literature, although perhaps Dr. Kitchener is the most sober of counsellors. The following, to be sure, is a little suspicious. "Enter into all their plans of economy, and endeavour to make the most of everything as well for your own honour as your master's profit." This, without the note, would be unexceptionable; but the Doctor quotes from Dr. Trusler (all the Doctor's are *redolent* of servants) as follows:—"I am persuaded that no servant ever *saved* her master sixpence but she found it in the end of her own *pocket*."—"Have the dust removed," says Dr. Kitchener, "regularly every fortnight!"—What dust?—Not that, we trust, which people are often entreated to come down with. The accumulation of soot has its dire evils: for "many good dinners have been spoiled, and many houses burned down, by the soot falling." Thus the Doctor, very properly, puts the greater evil first. "Give notice to your employers when the contents of your coal cellar are *diminished* to a chaldron." *Diminished!* we should be glad to hear when our cellars had increased to this stock. There is no hope, then, for those chamber-gentlemen who fritter away their lives by sack or bushel! Dr. Kitchener is rather abstruse and particular in another of his directions:—"*The best rule* for *marketing* is to pay *ready money for everything*." This is

a good rule with the elect;—but, is there no luxury in a baker's bill? Are butchers' reckonings nothing? Is there no virtue in a milk-tally? We cannot help thinking that *tick* was a great invention, and gives many a man a dinner that would otherwise go unfed.

The chapter on weights and measures is short, but deeply interesting and intense. There is an episode upon *trough nutmeg-graters* that would do the water-gruel generation good to hear.

And now the book begins *to boil.* The reader is told that meat takes twenty minutes to the pound; and that block-tin saucepans are the best. We can fish out little else, except a long and rather skilful calculation of the manner in which meat jockeys itself and reduces its weight in the cooking. Buckle and Sam Chiffney are nothing to "a leg of mutton with the shank bone taken out;" and it perhaps might not be amiss if the Newmarket profession were to consider how far it would be practicable to substitute the *cauldron* for the *blanket*, and thus reduce by *steam*. We should suppose a young gentleman, with half-an-hour's boiling, would ride somewhere about feather-weight.

Baking is dismissed in a page and a half. We are sorry to find that some joints, when fallen into poverty and decay, are quite unworthy of credit. "When baking a joint of *poor* meat I have seen *it* (what?) start from the bone, and shrivel up *scarcely to be believed.*"

Roasting is the next object of Dr. Kitchener's anxious care; and if this chapter be generally read, we shall not be surprised to see people in future roasting their meat before their doors and in their areas: for the Doctor says—

"*Roasting should be done in the open air*, to ventilate the meat from its own fumes, and by the radiant heat of a clear glowing fire,—otherwise it is in fact baked—the machines

the economical grate-makers call roasters, are, in plain English, ovens."

The Doctor then proceeds, not being content with telling you how to cook your victuals, to advise carefully as to the best method of cooking the *fire*. "The fire that is but just sufficient to receive the noble sirloin will parch up a lighter joint;" which is plainly a translation into the cook's own particular language of "temper the wind to the shorn lamb." The chapter does not conclude without observing that "everybody knows the advantage of *slow boiling—slow roasting* is equally important." This is an axiom.

Frying is a very graceful and lively species of cooking, though yielding perhaps in its vivacity and music to *boiling* —but of this more anon. We are sorry to find the Doctor endeavouring to take away from the originality of *frying*, classing it unkindly with the inferior sorts of boiling—calling it, in fact, the mere corpulence of boiling.

"A frying-pan should be about four inches deep, with a perfectly flat and thick bottom, twelve inches long, and nine broad, with perpendicular sides, and must be half filled with fat: good frying is, in fact, boiling in fat. To make sure that the pan is quite clean, rub a little fat over it, and then make it warm, and rub it with a clean cloth."

Broiling follows. We really begin to be enacting this sort of cookery ourselves, from the vigour and spirit with which we have rushed along in the company of Dr. Kitchener. *Broiling* is the poetry of cooking. The lyre-like shape of the instrument on which it was performed, and the brisk and pleasant sounds that arise momentarily, are rather musical than culinary. We are transported, at the thought, to that golden gridiron in the Beef Steak Club, which seems to confine the white cook in his burning cage, which generates wit, whim, and song, for hours together, and pleasantly

blends the fanciful and the substantial in one laughing and robust harmony.

The Doctor is profound on the subject of vegetables, and when we consider the importance of it, we are not surprised to hear him earnestly exclaim, "I should as soon think of *roasting an animal alive*, as of boiling *a vegetable after it is dead*." No one will question that the one is quite as pardonable as the other. Our readers cannot be too particular in looking to their brocoli and potatoes. "This branch of cookery requires the most vigilant attention. If vegetables are a minute or two too long over the fire, they lose all their beauty and flavour. If not thoroughly boiled tender, they are tremendously indigestible, and much more troublesome during their residence in the stomach than underdone meats."

We pass over the rudiments of dressing fish, and of compounding broths and soups, except with remarking, that a turbot is said to be better for *not* being fresh, and that "lean juicy beef, mutton, or veal form the *basis of broth*."

Gravies and sauces are not neglected. The Doctor writes —"However 'les pompeuses Bagatelles de la cuisine masquée,' may tickle the fancy of *demi connoisseurs*, who, leaving the substance to pursue the shadow, prefer wonderful and whimsical metamorphoses, and things extravagantly expensive, to those which are intrinsically excellent —in whose mouth, mutton can hardly hope for a welcome unless accompanied by venison sauce—or a rabbit any chance for a race down the red lane, without assuming the form of a frog or spider—or pork without being either 'goosified' or 'lambified,' and game and poultry in the shape of crawfish or hedgehogs.

"These travesties rather show the patience than the science of the cook,—and the bad taste of those who prefer

such baby tricks to old English nourishing and substantial plain cookery. *We* could have made this the biggest book with half the trouble it has taken *me* to make it the best; —concentration and perspicuity have been my aim."

We do not know what the Doctor understands as "a big book;" but to our notions (and we are experienced in the weights and measures of printed works) the Cook's Oracle is a tolerably huge and Gog-like production. We should have been glad to have had a calculation of what the manuscript lost in the printing. In truth a comparative scale of the wasting of meat and prose during the cooking would be no uninteresting performance. For our parts, we can only remark from experience, that these our articles in the London Magazine boil up like spinage. We fancy, when written, that we have a heap of leaves fit to feed thirty columns; and they absolutely and alarmingly shrink up to a page or two when dressed by the compositor.

The romantic fancy of cooks is thus restrained:

"The imagination of most cooks is so incessantly on the hunt for a relish, that they seem to think they cannot make sauce sufficiently savoury, without putting into it everything that ever was eaten; and supposing every addition must be an improvement, they frequently overpower the natural flavour of their plain sauces, by overloading them with salt and spices, &c.:—but, remember, these will be deteriorated by any addition, save only just salt enough to awaken the palate—the lover of 'piquance' and compound flavours may have recourse to the 'Magazine of Taste.'"

Again——

"Why have clove and allspice,—or mace and nutmeg, in the same sauce?—or marjoram,—thyme,—and savory?—or onions,—leeks—eschallots—and garlick? one will very

well supply the place of the other,—and the frugal cook may save something considerable by attending to this to the advantage of her employers, and her own time and trouble.—You might as well, to make soup, order one quart of water from the Thames, another from the New River, a third from Hampstead, and a fourth from Chelsea, with a certain portion of spring and rain water."

The Doctor himself, however, in spite of his correction of the cooks, is not entirely free from the fanciful. When you have opened a bottle of catsup, he says, "use only the best superfine *velvet taper* corks." This is *drawing* a cork with the hand of a poet.

And now, will the reader believe it? The work commences afresh! After all our labour,—after all our travelling through boiling, broiling, roasting, &c., we find that we have the whole to go over again. To our utter dismay, p. 142 begins anew with—*boiling!* It is little comfort to us that joints and cuttings come in for their distinct treatment: we seem to have made no way, and sit down with as much despair as a young school-girl, who, after three quarters of a year's dancing, is put back to the Scotch step. Beef has been spoken of before; but we have not at all made up our minds on the following subject:—

"Obs.—In Mrs. Mason's Ladies' Assistant this joint is called haunch-bone; in Henderson's Cookery, edge-bone; in Domestic Management, aitch-bone; in Reynolds' Cookery, ische-bone; in Mrs. Lydia Fisher's Prudent Housewife, ach-bone; in Mrs. M'Iver's Cookery, hook-bone. We have also seen it spelt each-bone, and ridge-bone, and we have also heard it called natch-bone."

Of "half a calf's head" Dr. Kitchener says, slily enough, if you like it *full-dressed* score it *superficially;* beat up the yolk of an egg, and rub it over the head with a *feather;*

powder it, &c. Such a calf's head as this, so full-dressed, might be company for the best nobleman's ditto in the land.

It is quite impossible for us to accompany Dr. Kitchener regularly through "roasting, frying, vegetables," &c., as we are by no means sure that our readers would sanction the *encore*. We shall pick a bit here and a bit there, from the Doctor's dainty larder; and take care to choose, as the English do with a French bill of fare, from those niceties which are novelties.

"A pig," observes the Doctor, as though he were speaking of any other dull, obstinate personage, "is a very troublesome subject to *roast*. Most persons have them *baked:* send a quarter of a pound of butter, and beg the baker to *baste* it well." The following occurs to us to be as difficult a direction to fulfil as any of Sir Thomas Parkin's wrestling instructions: "Lay your *pig back* to *back* in the dish, with one half of the head on each side, and the ears one at each end, which you must take care to make nice and *crisp*, or you will get scolded, as the good man was who brought his wife a pig with one ear." The point at the end is like the point of a spit. Again: "A sucking pig, like a young child, must not be left for an instant!" Never was such affection manifested before for this little interesting and persecuted tribe.

If Izaak Walton be the greatest of writers on the catching of fish, Dr. Kitchener is, beyond doubt, triumphant over all who have written upon the *dressing* of them. The Doctor dwells upon "the fine pale red rose colour" of pickled salmon, till you doubt whether he is not admiring a carnation. "Cod's skull" becomes flowery and attractive; and fine "silver eels," when "stewed Wiggig's way," swim in beauty as well as butter. The Doctor points out the best method of killing this perversely living fish, observing, very

justly, "that the human executioner does certain criminals the favour to *hang* them before he breaks them on the wheel."

Of salmon the Doctor rather quaintly and *posingly* observes, "the *thinnest* part of the fish is the *fattest*. *If you have any left*, put it into a pie-dish, and cover it," etc. The direction is conditional, we perceive.

"Remember to choose your lobsters '*heavy and lively*.'" —"Motion," says the Doctor, "is the index of their freshness."

Upon Oysters, Dr. Kitchener is eloquent indeed. He is, as it were, "native here, and to the manner born."

"The true lover of an oyster will have some regard for the feelings of his little favourite, and will never abandon it to the mercy of a bungling operator,—but will open it himself, and contrive to detach the fish from the shell so dexterously, that the oyster is hardly conscious he has been ejected from his lodging, till he feels the teeth of the piscivorous gourmand tickling him to death."

Who would not be an oyster to be thus surprised, to be thus pleasingly ejected from its tenement of mother of pearl, to be thus tickled to death? When we are placed in our shell, we should have no objection to be astonished with a similar delicate and titillating opening!

Giblet soup requires to be eaten with the fingers. We were not aware that these handy instruments could be used successfully in the devouring of gravies and soups.

"N.B. This is rather a family dish than a company one; the bones cannot be well picked without the help of a live pincers. Since Tom Coryat introduced forks, A.D. 1642, it has not been the fashion to put 'pickers and stealers' into soup."

After giving a most elaborate recipe for mock-turtle soup, he proceeds—

"This soup was eaten by the committee of taste with unanimous applause, and they pronounced it a very satisfactory substitute for 'the far fetcht and dear bought' turtle; which itself is indebted for its title of 'sovereign of savouriness' to the rich soup with which it is surrounded; without its paraphernalia of double relishes, a 'starved-turtle' has not more intrinsic sapidity than a FATTED CALF."

And a little further on he observes—

"Obs.—This is a delicious soup, within the reach of those 'who eat to live;' but if it had been composed expressly for those 'who only live to eat,' I do not know how it could have been made more agreeable; as it is, the lover of good eating will 'wish his throat a mile long, and every inch of it palate.'"

Our readers will pant to have "Mr. Michael Kelly's sauce for boiled tripe, calf's-head, or cow-heel." It is this:—

"Garlick vinegar, a tablespoonful; of mustard, brown sugar, and black pepper, a teaspoonful each; stirred into half a pint of oiled melted butter."

Gad-a-mercy, what a gullet must be in the possession of Mr. Michael Kelly!

We think the following almost a superfluous direction to cooks:—"Take your chops out of the frying-pan," p. 324; but then he tells you in another place, "to put your tongue into plenty of cold water;" p. 156, which makes all even again.

After giving ample directions for the making of essence of anchovy, the Doctor rather damps our ardour for entering upon it, by the following observations: "Mem.—*You cannot make essence of anchovy half so cheap as you can buy it.*"

The following passage is rather too close an imitation of one of the puff directions in the "Critic:"

"To a pint of the cleanest and strongest rectified spirit,

(sold by Rickards, Piccadilly,) add two drachms and a half of the sweet oil of orange peel, (sold by Stewart, No. 11, Old Broad-street, near the Bank,) shake it up, etc."

"Obs.—We do not offer this receipt as a rival to Mr. Johnson's curaçoa; it is only proposed as an humble substitute for that incomparable liqueur."

The Doctor proceeds to luxuriate upon made dishes, etc.; in the course of which he says, "The sirloin of beef I divide into three parts: I first have it nicely *boned!*" This is rather a suspicious way of having it at all. Mrs. Philip's Irish stew has all the fascination of her country-women. In treating of shin of beef, the Doctor gives us a proverb which we never remember to have heard before.

"Of all the fowls of the air, commend me to the shin of beef: for there's marrow for the master, meat for the mistress, gristles for the servants, and bones for the dogs."

On pounded cheese the Doctor writes, "the *piquance* of this *buttery-caseous* relish," etc. Is not this a little *overdone?* The passage, however, on the frying of eggs makes up for all.

"Be sure the frying-pan is quite clean; when the fat is hot, break two or three eggs into it; do not turn them, but, while they are frying, keep pouring some of the fat over them with a spoon: when the yolk just begins to look white, which it will be in about a couple of minutes, they are done enough; if they are done nicely, they will look as white and delicate as if they had been poached; take them up with a tin slice, drain the fat from them, trim them neatly, and send them up with the bacon round them."

"The beauty of a poached egg is for the yolk to be seen *blushing* through the white, which should only be just sufficiently hardened to form a transparent veil for the egg."

So much for the Cook's Oracle. The style is a piquant sauce to the solid food of the instructions; and we never

recollect reading sentences that relished so savourily. The Doctor appears to have written his work upon the back of a dripping-pan, with the point of his spit, so very cooklike does he dish up his remarks. If we were to be cast away upon a desert island, and could only carry one book ashore, we should take care to secure the Cook's Oracle; for let victuals be ever so scarce, there are pages in that erudite book that are, as Congreve's Jeremy says, "a feast for an emperor." Who could starve with such a larder of reading?

THE DEPARTURE OF SUMMER.

SUMMER is gone on swallows' wings,
And Earth has buried all her flowers:
No more the lark,—the linnet—sings,
But Silence sits in faded bowers.
There is a shadow on the plain
Of Winter ere he comes again,—
There is in woods a solemn sound
Of hollow warnings whisper'd round,
As Echo in her deep recess
For once had turn'd a prophetess.
Shuddering Autumn stops to list,
And breathes his fear in sudden sighs,
With clouded face, and hazel eyes
That quench themselves, and hide in mist.

Yes, Summer's gone like pageant bright;
Its glorious days of golden light
Are gone—the mimic suns that quiver,
Then melt in Time's dark-flowing river.

Gone the sweetly-scented breeze
That spoke in music to the trees;
Gone—for damp and chilly breath,
As if fresh blown o'er marble seas,
Or newly from the lungs of Death.
Gone its virgin roses' blushes,
Warm as when Aurora rushes
Freshly from the god's embrace,
With all her shame upon her face.
Old Time hath laid them in the mould;
Sure he is blind as well as old,
Whose hand relentless never spares
Young cheeks so beauty-bright as theirs!
Gone are the flame-eyed lovers now
From where so blushing-blest they tarried
Under the hawthorn's blossom-bough,
Gone; for Day and Night are married.
All the light of love is fled:—
Alas! that negro breasts should hide
The lips that were so rosy red,
At morning and at even-tide!

Delightful Summer! then adieu
Till thou shalt visit us anew:
But who without regretful sigh
Can say, adieu, and see thee fly?
Not he that e'er hath felt thy pow'r,
His joy expanding like a flow'r,
That cometh after rain and snow,
Looks up at heaven, and learns to glow:—
Not he that fled from Babel-strife
To the green sabbath-land of life,
To dodge dull Care 'mid cluster'd trees,

And cool his forehead in the breeze,—
Whose spirit, weary-worn perchance,
Shook from its wings a weight of grief,
And perch'd upon an aspen leaf,
For every breath to make it dance.

Farewell!—on wings of sombre stain,
That blacken in the last blue skies,
Thou fly'st; but thou wilt come again
On the gay wings of butterflies.
Spring at thy approach will sprout
Her new Corinthian beauties out,
Leaf-woven homes, where twitter-words
Will grow to songs, and eggs to birds;
Ambitious buds shall swell to flowers,
And April smiles to sunny hours.
Bright days shall be, and gentle nights
Full of soft breath and echo-lights,
As if the god of sun-time kept
His eyes half-open while he slept.
Roses shall be where roses were,
Not shadows, but reality;
As if they never perish'd there,
But slept in immortality:
Nature shall thrill with new delight,
And Time's relumined river run
Warm as young blood, and dazzling bright,
As if its source were in the sun!

But say, hath Winter then no charms?
Is there no joy, no gladness warms
His aged heart? no happy wiles
To cheat the hoary one to smiles?

Onward he comes—the cruel North
Pours his furious whirlwind forth
Before him—and we breathe the breath
Of famish'd bears that howl to death.
Onward he comes from rocks that blanch
O'er solid streams that never flow:
His tears all ice, his locks all snow,
Just crept from some huge avalanche—
A thing half-breathing and half-warm,
As if one spark began to glow
Within some statue's marble form,
Or pilgrim stiffen'd in the storm.
Oh! will not Mirth's light arrows fail
To pierce that frozen coat of mail?
Oh! will not joy but strive in vain
To light up those glazed eyes again?

No! take him in, and blaze the oak,
And pour the wine, and warm the ale;
His sides shall shake to many a joke,
His tongue shall thaw in many a tale,
His eyes grow bright, his heart be gay,
And even his palsy charm'd away.
What heeds he then the boisterous shout
Of angry winds that scold without,
Like shrewish wives at tavern door?
What heeds he then the wild uproar
Of billows bursting on the shore?
In dashing waves, in howling breeze,
There is a music that can charm him;
When safe, and shelter'd, and at ease,
He hears the storm that cannot harm him.

But hark! those shouts! that sudden din
Of little hearts that laugh within.
Oh! take him where the youngsters play,
And he will grow as young as they!
They come! they come! each blue-eyed Sport,
The Twelfth-Night King and all his court—
'Tis Mirth fresh crown'd with misletoe!
Music with her merry fiddles,
Joy "on light fantastic toe,"
Wit with all his jests and riddles,
Singing and dancing as they go.
And Love, young Love, among the rest,
A welcome—nor unbidden guest.

But still for Summer dost thou grieve?
Then read our Poets—they shall weave
A garden of green fancies still,
Where thy wish may rove at will.
They have kept for after-treats
The essences of summer sweets,
And echoes of its songs that wind
In endless music through the mind:
They have stamp'd in visible traces
The "thoughts that breathe," in words that shine—
The flights of soul in sunny places—
To greet and company with thine.
These shall wing thee on to flow'rs—
The past or future, that shall seem
All the brighter in thy dream
For blowing in such desert hours.
The summer never shines so bright
As thought-of in a winter's night;
And the sweetest loveliest rose

Is in the bud before it blows;
The dear one of the lover's heart
Is painted to his longing eyes,
In charms she ne'er can realise—
But when she turns again to part.
Dream thou then, and bind thy brow
With wreath of fancy roses now,
And drink of Summer in the cup
Where the Muse hath mix'd it up;
The "dance, and song, and sun-burnt mirth,"
With the warm nectar of the earth:
Drink! 'twill glow in every vein,
And thou shalt dream the winter through:
Then waken to the sun again,
And find thy Summer Vision true!

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY FROM ISLINGTON TO WATERLOO BRIDGE, IN MARCH, 1821.

"The son of Cornelius shall make his own legs his compasses; with those he shall measure continents, islands, capes, bays, straits, and isthmuses."—*Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus.*

"I SHOULD very much like to travel," said a young cockney, with his feet on the fender. "London is a vast place; but the world is ten times bigger, and no doubt a many strange things are to be seen in it."

"And pray, young man," said an old gentleman, whom he called the philosopher, "pray, are you so familiar with the features of your own country; are you so well acquainted with its men and manners, that you must go out of it for matter of investigation and speculation?"

"As for men," replied the cockney, "we may see them any where. I've seen Cribb and Spring, and the *best good ones* that ever peel'd; and as for manners, I learned them at the dancing-school. I have not been all over England, to be sure, like my father's riders; but I've been to Margate, Brighton, and Moulsey Hurst; so that what I have not seen by sack I have seen by sample. Besides, London is the very focus of England; and sure I am, that I know it from Wapping to Hyde Park Corner, and have seen all that is instructive in it. I've been up the Monument, and down St. Paul's, over the Bridges, and under the Tunnel. I've seen the King and Court, Mrs. Salmon's royal waxwork too, and the wild beasts at Exeter 'Change;—I've seen Drury Lane and Covent Garden play-houses, besides the Houses of Lords and Commons—the Soho Bazaar, and both Bartlemy Fair and the Brighton Pavilion. I never missed a Lord Mayor's show, nor anything that is worth seeing; and I know by sight Lord Castlereagh, Jack Ketch, Sir William Curtis, Billy Waters, and many other public and distinguished characters."

"If you have seen no more than you say," said the philosopher, "you have seen a great deal more than is English; and if you only wish to study mankind, it is at least a reason against your leaving the country. England has, to be sure, its national character; but it gives birth to many mongrels, who belong rather to the Spanish, Dutch, or other breeds: there are foreigners born here, as well as others who visit us; and why should we go abroad to study them, when we have them all in epitome at home? Different nations, like different men, are only compounds of the same ingredients, but in different proportions. We shall find knaves and honest men in every state, and a large proportion of fools and dunces in them all. We shall find every where the

same passions, the same virtues and vices, but altered in their proportions by the influences of education, laws, and religion; which in some parts tend to improve, and, in others, to pervert the common nature of mankind.

"It is in their civil and religious institutions that we are to look for the grand causes effecting those distinctions which constitute national character; but before we go to investigate them, we should at least understand a little of our own."

"Pshaw!" said the cockney, who began to grow tired of this harangue; "there are sights to be seen abroad which can't be brought over here, and as for men being the same all the world over, it's all my eye,—a'nt there the Hottentots that have noses like your pug's, and heads as black and woolly as my poodle's? A'nt the Frenchmen all skinny, and haven't the Spaniards large whiskers? There are the Patagonians, too, that are as big as the Irish giant, and Laplanders no bigger than Miss What's-her-name, the dwarf?

"Pshaw," said the philosopher, in his turn; "all these are minor distinctions, and shrink, as it were, to nothing when compared with the immeasurable distances between the minds of men: whether I be Englishman or Hottentot, a Laplander or a Patagonian,—

> If I could stretch from pole to pole,
> And grasp the ocean in a span,
> I must be measured by my soul:
> The mind's the standard of the man.

"There is, no doubt, a considerable difference between a Hottentot's nose and my own, which, as you observe, is a fine Roman one, and very like Cæsar's; but there is, I flatter myself, a much greater difference between our understandings. The first is only a difference in the conformation of matter, but the last is a gradation in mind, which, to speak in common language, is the most material matter of the two."

Here the Cockney was quite out of patience; "he did not care," he said, "about mind and matter; and as to the difference of men's minds, why men would differ, but he meant to be of his own mind, and the philosopher might be of his," and so they parted.

As I was present at this conversation, it occurred to me that if men were so much alike everywhere, or rather, if every soil produced the same varieties, I could see as much of them in a walk through the populous streets of London as in a hasty journey all over the Continent. Oh! I will not travel, said I, for, in the first place, it's unnecessary; and secondly, I do not feel equal to its fatigues and dangers; and lastly, said I (for we always get to the true reason at last), I can't afford it. Besides, I had not seen Waterloo Bridge; and we ought to see our own bridges, before we go to see the bridges of others. A traveller, said I, should have all his wits about him, and so will I. He should let nothing escape him, no more will I. He should extract reflections out of a cabbage stump, like sun-beams squeezed out of cucumbers; so will I, if I can; and he should converse with every and any one, even a fish-woman. Perhaps I will, and perhaps I will not, said I. Who knows but I may make a sentimental journey, as good as Sterne's; but at any rate I can write it, and send it to the London Magazine.

I had hardly left the threshold of my door, ere I met, as I thought, with an adventure. I had just reached that ancient and grotesque house which is said to have been a summer seat of Queen Elizabeth, though now in the centre of the village, or rather town of Islington, when I observed that the steps which led down to the door, had become the seat, or rather the couch of an unfortunate female. She had, like Sterne's Maria, her *dog*, and her *pipe*, and like her, too, she was evidently beside herself. "Poor unfortunate and interesting

Maria," said I, as she came into my mind, exactly as Sterne had drawn her. I had touched a string—at the name of Maria, the female for the first time raised her head, and I caught a glance at her uncommon countenance. The rose had not fled from it, nor the bloom, for this was damson, and that was damask; there was a fixedness in her gaze, and although she quickly turned her head away, she could not hide from me that she had a drop in her eye. "It won't do," said I, shaking my head, "Maria found Sterne's handkerchief, and washed it with tears, and dried it in her bosom; but if I lose mine here, it's ten to one if I see it again; and if this Maria should wet it with her eyes, methinks it would dry best again at her nose. There is nothing to sympathise with in her bewilderment—she's rather bewitched than bewitching—she's a dry subject," and so I left her. My eyes, however, were full charged with the tears, and my bosom with the sighs, which I had expected to mingle with those of the supposed unfortunate. Some sentimentalists would have vented them upon the first dead dog or lame chicken they might meet with, but I held them too valuable to be wasted upon such objects. I hate the weeping-willow set, who will cry over their pug dogs and canaries, till they have no tears to spare for the real children of misfortune and misery; but sensibility is too scarce, and too valuable, not to be often imitated; and these, therefore, are the ways in which they advertise their counterfeit drops. They should be punished like any other impostors, and they might be made of some use to society at the same time; for as other convicts are set to beat hemp, and pick oakum, so I would set these to perform funerals, and to chop onions. These reflections, and the incidents which gave rise to them, I resolved to treasure up, for they would perhaps have their use in some part of my journey.

They will warn me against being too sentimental, said I.

In the first place it is ridiculous; secondly, it's useless; and lastly, it's inconvenient: for I just recollect that there's a very large hole in my pocket handkerchief. These reflections brought me into Colebrook Row, or rather into a heap of mud that stood at the end of it, for street reveries are very subject to such sudden terminations. They say that Englishmen have a rusticity about them that only rubs off by a little travel; but that must certainly be erroneous, for I had hardly gone a quarter of a mile, ere I lost, in the mudding of my boots, the little all of polish that I wore about me. Barring the first agony of mortification, I bore it, however, with uncommon fortitude, for I knew that travellers must expect to meet, as I did, with sad and serious accidents. There passed however a young gentleman in very tight *trotter-cases*, but whilst his feet gave evident signs of suffering, I observed that his countenance was calm, vacant, and stoical. Pshaw! said I, if he can bear his pinches so well, I may surely put up with my splashes; this pain of mine exists only in imagination, whereas his poor feet, like Shakspeare's stricken deer, "distend their leathern coats almost to bursting." What a felicity there is in a happy application of words! I was so pleased with the resemblance which I had discovered between the foot of a dandy and a stricken deer, that I quite forgot my vexation, and its cause. I found, as I thought, that I had a genius for apt quotations, and resolved not to be sparing of them; they would give to my travels an air of great learning; and if learning be better than riches, there would be no more harm in showing it thus than in pulling out a large purse, as some do, to give a poor beggar a halfpenny.

"Give a poor beggar a halfpenny," said a man, as if he had heard and echoed the last part of my thought.

The City Road was excessively dirty, but he had swept

a cleaner passage over it, and as I trod across his little track of Terra Firma, I dropped the merited coin into his hat, for I saw he had only half-a-crown in it. "Thank your honour," said he, looking full in my face, and then looking down upon my boots, he thanked me again, and still more emphatically. "It is very true," said I, entering into his feeling—"it's very true—and if I too had looked upon my boots, you probably had not had it."

He thought, no doubt, with certain philosophers, that man's main-spring is selfishness, and perhaps he was not quite wrong; but at all events to decide it, I resolved to watch his customers and analyze his profits. "A plague take the fellow!" said an old gentleman, whom he had hunted fifty paces for a halfpenny, "you ought to be reported to the Mendicity Society." He gave it to him, to get rid of his importunity, thought I. He would have kept his halfpenny by walking a little faster, but he walks very lame, poor old gentleman, and that perhaps makes him pettish. The next halfpenny he got from a lady, who had walked a long way down the road to avail herself of his labour. It was rather for her upper leathers than for her soul's sake, said I; and as for that old lady that followed her, I can read in his face that she has given him a pocket-piece; but they all go in charity, as it is called, and I have learned, by the bye, what to do with a forged or flash note. As nobody else seemed inclined to give him anything, I summed up my calculations: one third had given from inconvenience, and one third for convenience, and the rest, or the pocket-piece, was the gift of pure charity. We may say of charity, as Hamlet Travestied, does of death—that it's truly a fine thing to talk of. We all preach it—we all praise and admire, but when we come to the practice of it, we "leave that to men of more learning;" and are as careful of our

pence as of our lives, when we find they've no chance of returning. I had hardly ended these uncharitable reflections, when I was obliged to retract and repent them. I had begun to read a very conspicuous hand-bill which was posted on some palings near Sadler's Wells, and invited the admirers of fisty-cuffs to a grand sparring benefit at the Five's Court. But I had hardly got farther than the noble science of self-defence, than it was for the most part eclipsed by a new hand-bill, fresh from the pole of the bill-sticker; and altogether, they then appeared as follows:—To the Fancy—on such a day—a Sermon will be preached by such a Bishop at such a Church, for the benefit of such a charity—and as a little piece of the other bill expressed at the bottom that *real good ones* were expected, I applied it of course to the exclusion of pocket-pieces. I had a fresh subject besides in this piece of waggery of the bill-sticker's, which had afforded me no little entertainment. Shakspeare was right, and so was the philosopher, in my estimation; for I saw that what they had represented was correct, that certain characters are confined to no class, condition, nor country. We may meet with dull pedagogues and authors, and with sensible clowns and with witty bill-stickers; and I doubt not that we as readily meet with blunt Frenchmen, with shuffling Englishmen, and honest and brave Italians. I met with no other incident worth relating or reflecting upon, till I came to a public-house near Lady Huntingdon's Chapel, and there I met with matter of interest and amusement, inasmuch as it involved a question upon national and domestic government.

It was no less than a quarrel between a man and his wife, who had just ejected him from his seat in the parlour; and the argument was, not whether he should go there at all, but whether he should go there without her permission first sought and obtained. There were not wanting auxiliaries

and allies upon each side, and there were as many advocates for the rights of women, as there were supporters of the doctrine of the free will of man. There was, besides, a third party, composed chiefly of young persons, perhaps spinsters and bachelors, who by siding, sometimes with one and sometimes with the other, seemed inclined to provoke the opposing parties to a general combat. It was evident from the clamour of the females, and from the swearing of the men, that the argument, if such it might be called, would never arrive at any legitimate conclusion; and taking advantage therefore of a general pause, the effect of exhausted rage, I was induced to offer my aid as a mediator between the two sexes. Now, it so happens, that when persons are angry or ridiculous, they like to make parties of all the spectators; and as I had taken no part in the fray, but had been strictly neutral, the proposal was generally agreed to; especially as I had the appearance of one of the meek among men. Getting therefore upon one of the benches, I stretched forth my hand, and proceeded as follows:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, the question which you have referred to me is one of the greatest importance, not only to me, but to you,—not only to you, but to all the world.

"It requires to know which of the sexes was born for dominion—whether woman should rule ('or man should be ruled,' said an Irishman). It not only questions whether wife should rule husband, or husband rule wife—but also if Queens should ascend the throne, or if Kings should sit upon it; for whichever may be unfit to command a family must be equally unqualified to rule a nation." The conclusion of this sentence was followed by shouts of applause from both parties, each applying to the other the unfitness to which I alluded. "If," said I, "we may judge from a

law which exists and has existed, I should say that the softer sex are unqualified for the thrones, from which by that very law they stand excluded." Here I was obliged to bow to the applause of my male hearers, and also to the ladies, in order to avoid the force of a flying patten.

"But there is one circumstance," I continued, "and it certainly goes strongly against such a conclusion;—I mean that in that instance the men were the law makers." Here again I had to bow to the ladies, and duck to the gentlemen. "I will say, moreover, that if we refer to the history of a nation where that law was unknown, we shall find that the reigns of two thirds of her Queens have been happy and glorious. (Loud applause from the females.)

"This fact, however, goes no further in support of this side of the question, than the Salic law on the other; for allowing that the sway of those Queens was so sweet and splendid, yet we must remember, that they governed by their ministers, and conquered by their generals and admirals. (Cheers from the men.) If we trace still further back in history, even unto the days of Saul and David, and if we find a frequent mention of Kings, and of their being anointed, what then shall we say of this question, if we find in the whole course of that history, no instance of an anointed Queen! (Hisses and groans from the ladies.) If such be the fact, what shall we infer from it, but that there were no priestesses? (Shouts and laughter from the ladies.) But why had they no priestesses? I must confess that I am unable to answer. (Cheers from the males.) I will now consider the other branch of the subject; for although it is evident, that those who are unfit to rule families, must be unqualified to rule kingdoms, yet it does not follow, therefore, that those who are unable to govern kingdoms, are unequal to the lighter task of governing a family. There are very many worthy

women whom I should be loth to trust with a sceptre, but they sway the domestic rod with vigour and success—(hear! from the men); and there are also many men of a different stamp, of indolent and profligate characters, whose affairs thrive best, or would thrive better under the guidance of their wives. (Hear! from the women.) We know, too, that there are others who have willingly resigned to their wives the control of their purse, and the direction of their affairs; convinced, by experience, that they were the best merchants, the best accountants, and the best orators. (Hear, hear! from the ladies.) Upon these grounds we may assign the right of dominion to the female sex (screams of applause from the women, and groans from the men); I say, upon these grounds we may assign the right of dominion to the female sex (the same tumult repeated); I say (said I, raising my voice), I say that upon these groans we may assign the right of dominion to the female sex, provided that the whole, or greater portion of men, may be supposed idle, profligate, or the most ignorant. But I must confess, and I do it with all sincerity, that this would appear to me to be a most unhandsome, most uncharitable, and unjust estimate. (Shouts from the men, and hisses from the ladies.)

"How then shall we decide this great question, seeing that the trial by battle is by parliament abolished? It may be ruled by precedent, or rather the want of it, that the female sex be excluded from the sovereignty and the priesthood, but their claims to domestic dominion are as yet uncontroverted (cheers from the ladies); and as yet unestablished. (Cheers from the gentlemen.) There only remains, in my opinion, a middle course to pursue.

> Let all agree,—let none engross the sway,
> But each command by turns, and each obey.

Let the lady be paramount in the kitchen and the nursery, and absolute in the garrets. Let the gentleman be king in his parlour, and emperor in his study; and as for the drawing-room and the garden, let their sway there be divided. Let her be a judge in fashions, in novels, and in all fancy articles; and let him decide on politics, on liquors, and on horseflesh. As for all other matters of argument, let them be considered as drawn battles at draughts; and finally let each sex consider itself as bound to the other, by an alliance offensive and defensive." The conclusion of this my oration was followed by very general cries of applause, which were the more gratifying, when I considered the difficulty of pleasing all parties in a concern of so much interest to each. Nor was that my only reward, for I received I know not how many invitations to partake of porter, gin, and punch, all of which I declined, alleging that I wished to go straightway to Waterloo Bridge—at least, as far as it was possible to do so by Gray's Inn Lane, Chancery Lane, and the Strand. I had just reached the middle of Elm Street, when I was alarmed by loud and piercing screams, and as a carriage had rapidly turned the corner, I feared that some unfortunate human being had been run over. There is something in the shrill cry of a female in distress, that irresistibly impels, and wings one to her succour; I flew up the hill—turned the corner, and beheld at my feet a poor swine, which was screaming under the repeated lashes of a ruffian drover. She had sunk down, apparently from exhaustion, in the middle of the kennel, and as she started and kicked under the blood-thirsty thong, her struggles and splashings wer truly shocking. Aged—and a female—exposed to insult, cruelty, and indignity; her grunts so like groans, and her squeaks so like screams, it was impossible for humanity to look on and be passive. I straddled over the unfortunate

sow, and interposed my body betwixt her and her tormentor; and had it been at the risk of immolation, my feelings could not have allowed me to shrink from it. I should have died a glorious martyr to humanity! I protected the innocent, and I did more, for I threatened to chastise her oppressor; and I should certainly have done so with his own whip, if I could only have wrested it from him. However, I accepted the brute's challenge to fight; and here I must say, that upon any other occasion, I should have deemed it disgraceful and ungentlemanly; but in such a cause, as the champion of humanity, the guardian of the brute creation, I thought it not only gentlemanly, but angelic; and I felt that I was quite in my duty when I folded up my new coat, and confided it to the care of a decent shopkeeper. We exchanged only a few blows, and if I did not thrash him heartily, he owed it to my humanity; for it was merely from a reluctance to end in blood what I had begun in tears, that I so speedily declined the combat. The spectators indeed did not seem to enter into my feeling; but whip me the man who would not prefer the praise of mercy to the meed of victory! Besides, I considered it a sin, a kind of profanation, to mar and disfigure "the human face divine," and one of us at least, was handsome.

I did not however resign the cause and interests of the poor sow, but slipping a crown into the hand of the drover, I recommended her to his mercy as a man and a Christian: "coax her," said I, "call her, or run before her, and entice her with a cabbage leaf—do anything but whip her so cruelly. And now," I continued, addressing myself to the by-standers, amongst whom were some very well dressed ladies and gentlemen, "now let me impress one very great error as regards pig driving. A pig will run this way and that, and any way, perhaps, but the right one; but it is

uncharitable and cruel to attribute to *obstinacy* what may only originate in an over anxiety to please. I have seen a pig run backward, and forward, and sideways, and if it had been possible to run a dozen ways at once, I verily believe it would have done it."

The sow got up, the crowd dispersed, and I pursued my journey. It afterwards struck me that I heard at a distance the same shrill, humanlike, and persevering screams; but it might be fancy, for I believe they will ring in my ears as often as I pass the corner of Elm Street, Gray's Inn Lane. Gray's Inn Lane, by the bye, is not, as I conjecture, the true name of it; the ancient appellation must have been anything but what it now bears—perhaps *Grazing Lane*, because ere it was built upon, the cattle used to graze in it.

Be that as it may, there is nothing farther to remark of Gray's Inn Lane, but that it brings one into Holborn.

Hence, and through Chancery Lane, I amused myself by speculating on the faces of the passengers. It's a study I am very fond of, and if I am in any way superstitious, it is in the signs and forebodings of the countenance. Who cannot trace in the face of a dandy the circulation of his two ideas,—his opinion of himself and others; and who is there that mistakes the keen eye of a genius?

But it is Temper that writes the most legible hand in the countenance; and it is easy therefore to distinguish, amongst a crowd, the pet lamb of his mother; the tyrant of his family; and the humble servant of his wife. There's that man, said I, looking at a gentleman who was standing on the edge of the pavement—his curled lip indicates his pride; but I know by the very restlessness of his eye, that he's afraid of bailiffs. As for that man who has just passed, I would not live with such a temper for my board and lodging. That lady's mask is handsome; but I must say

with the fox, "cerebrum non habet;" and her little girl's doll has more wit in her one eye than she has in two. My judgments, however, were not always fortunate; the man with restless eyes was only looking for his poodle dog: and as the cross-looking man went soon afterwards into a cook shop, I supposed that he had been rather hungered than ill-natured. As for the lady and the child, I don't know whether I set them down rightly or not, but in the meantime I will suppose so, and cling to my study. I was now in the Strand, close to Temple Bar; and from hence to Waterloo Bridge, I calculated would be the journey of an hour. Who is there that can walk along this, or any of the principal City streets, without admiring the number of elegant shops, and the still more elegant and wonderful productions which they contain? they are to me the source of the greatest pleasure, and when time will permit me to inspect them from the goldsmith's and jeweller's, to the humbler repositories of the tinman and brazier. Nay I have been caught, and rallied by my acquaintance for looking in lovingly at the haberdasher's and milliner's.

It is not that I am merely smitten with the beauty of their articles that I look into them with such admiration and delight, but it is because I can there trace an evident and progressive improvement in the arts and manufactures of my country. *This* affords me a delight in which all ought to sympathise, and *that* calls forth an admiration in which all must participate. Whether we examine those paintings and prints, which are more strictly termed works of art; whether we examine those fabrics which have been produced by the most complicated machinery, or those minor articles which are the work of the handicraftsman, we shall find that there prevails in all a degree of taste which can only be the result of a general cultivation of mind. It is this that has

led to so many ingenious inventions, and has tended above all to promote the general alliance between elegance and utility; and when we contemplate the mighty effects of its progress hitherto, who can calculate its future attainments? Long may it continue its mighty march, to the honour and happiness of my countrymen; and may they, in better days, obtain for their industry and ingenuity those rewards which hitherto have not kept pace with their merits. May they still travel onwards in the path of improvement, and surmounting all obstacles which a meaner ambition would plant in their way, reach that point of excellence and perfection to which man in this world may be destined to attain! Here a bookseller's shop gave a new turn to my speculations. We are certainly a reading people, I thought, as I looked in at the window; but I would fain know if this cultivation of the mind conduces to happiness. I was inclined to decide in the affirmative; for the collection before me suggested the names of Shakspeare, Addison, Milton, and a host of other authors, linked with a thousand delightful reminiscences—much must depend upon one's course of reading, said I, while running over the titles:—*A Sermon to Sinne—The Foole's Jest Book—Dialogues of the Dead—Life in London—Tomline's Sea Worthies—The Newgate Calendar—Cato's Letter to the Country—The King's Reply to his People—Wordes to the Wyse—Witte's Chronykill—A New Spelling Book.* But what have we here? It happened very strangely, I might almost say miraculously, that I read a solution of my speculation in a book before me. It was called *The Prayse of Ignorance;* and in the two grave-looking brown complexioned pages that lay open, I read as follows:—

"Hee was made to bee happye but not learned: for eating of the Tree of Knowledge hee was caste out of Paradyse.

Hys was the Blisse of Ignorance; but We being born to bee learned, and unhappye withal, have noght but the Ignorance of Blisse. Soe we aske not which bee the most happye; but which bee the leeste unhappye; and trulye hee hath leeste Paines that hath not most Bokes. Hee is your Berkshire or Hampshire manne with a harde Head and a long Stomach —which is a Hogge among Wittes, not a Witte among Hogges; and when hee sleepes you wot not which can grunte loudeste. For why? Hee beares no care on hys Head, excepte hys Hatte, and that hee hath not much care withal except a-Sundayes. One maye rede in hys Vysage that he wots not to write: but he maketh hys Marke and soe hath one to ten chances against the Gallowes. Hys Haire is unkempte; and so is hys Intellecte; but betwixt both hee saveth a World of Trouble. Hys Head itches: it doth not ake. It is as emptye as a drye Bowle; but hys Belly is crammede to the fulle—for hee is no author.

You may write him downe a Manne with an Idea: but hee is more blessede than anye with two; for hee hath nonne of their feverish Délirìums. How can hys Minde wandere?

Now look you to your Schollar. He cryes in hys very Birthe, for hee is stryped into his A B C; most of hys Wordes doe end in O, and hys Whyppinges have many Syllables. Hee hatéth his Boke fulle sore: and noe Marvel! For he wotteth to the Sorrowe of hys Bottom, that Learning is at the Bottom of hys Sorrowe. There is a naturall Hyphen betwixt them. A connexion of Minde and Matter. One cometh not without the other, and hee curseth them both in his Waye. Hys Grammar bringes him fresh annoye: for hee onlye weepeth in another Sense. But hee gets the Interjections by Harte. Figures are a great Greefe unto him; and onlye multiplie hys Paines. The dead Tongues doe bringe him a lively sorrowe: hee gets them at hys

Fingers endes. And soe hee waxeth in Growth; into a Quarto or Folio, as maye bee; a greater Bulke of Learning and Heavinesse; and belike hee goeth madde with Study overmuch. Alsoe hee betaketh him to write; and letts hys Braines be sukede forthe through a Quill. If hee seeke to get Monnye hys Boke is unsolde; and if hee wolde have of the Worlde's Fame hee is praysde of those that studye not hys Rimes: or is scornde and mockede of those that will not understande hys Conceites, which is a greate Sorrowe; for Poesie hath made hys Harte tender, and a little Worde is a greate Paine. Soe hee gets no Substance, but looses Fleshe. Lastlye hee dyeth a pitifull Death; the kindly Creditour of an unkindlye Worlde; and then hee is weepede for; and it is askde, 'Why will hee not write again?'

And the Parishe Clarke hys witte sufficeth to hys Epitaph, which runnes:—

> Alake! alake! that Studye colde not save
> Soe great a Witte out of so small a grave.
> But Learning must decaye, and Letters both,
> And Studye too. Death is a dreadful Goth,
> Which spareth nonne."——

Unfortunately, I could neither read further, nor turn over the leaf through the glass; and still more unfortunately, I did not go in and purchase the book. However, I had read enough to lead me to a decision, that the ignorant are the most happy; and as I walked away from the window I repeated the lines:—

> "No more: where ignorance is bliss,
> 'Tis folly to be wise."

As this was the second great question that I had decided, I walked onward to Waterloo Bridge, without any doubt of being able to determine the third, viz.: as to the merits and demerits of the bridge and its architect. But here an

unforeseen difficulty presented itself; for owing to the lateness of my arrival, and the sudden fall of a very dense fog, I was unable to do any thing more than determine to come again.

I accordingly walked back into the Strand, and finding a stage at Somerset House, I took my seat in it, and turned towards home. I had three travelling companions, two males and one female; and after we had discussed the usual topics, and paid the usual compliments, the conversation dwindled away into a profound silence; I therefore employed myself in the arrangement of my travels, and in recollecting the various incidents and reflections to which they had given rise.

I must request, Mr. Editor, your utmost indulgence towards one, so inexperienced as a traveller, and if you should find that the style of my narration is rugged and uneven, and that the incidents and reflections are abrupt and unconnected, I beg that you will attribute it to the unpleasant jolting of the stage, and the frequent interruptions and stoppages that it met with.

1822.

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

[In this year my Father still continued to manage the "Lion's Head," from which I append selections. But as his place, as one of the regular contributors, was established from this time until the Magazine passed out of Messrs. Taylor and Hessey's hands, in 1823, his writings are to be met with pretty frequently. I suspect the various correspondents, who sent lines "On Winter," "A Conflagration," and "Captivity," were in reality the same writer whose papers appeared in the "London," signed sometimes "Theodore M.," sometimes "Incog.," and occasionally with an "H." or "T." only.]

THE LION'S HEAD.

If I. E. L. had written her "Stanzas" before the appearance of Lord Byron's, their merit would have been unquestionable.

G.'s Muse should use Steer's Opodeldoc, which is allowed to be excellent for "strains."

To Y. and Y.—No; a word to the Y's.

L.—sends us a "Scene from Memory, from the French." We suppose L.'s memory is in French.

A. B. F.—"Hymn; in Imitation of Wordsworth." Lion's Head is unfortunately obliged to decline giving it the opportunity of being "said or sung" by the readers of the "London."

A Correspondent has sent us some lines "On Winter,"

which with much gravity he informs us are meant for burlesque. The following are certainly serious:

"Riding on the storm, he shies
Hail and snowballs from the skies:
And the earth, all over white,
Is very bad for a weak sight;
But spectacles made of green glass
Will make it look again like grass,
And you shall dream of making hay
In the middle of Christmas-day,
And think you spy green gooseberries pudding
In all the eyes of a raisin pudding."

[Here occurs the poem called "Please to ring the Belle," afterwards published in "Whims and Oddities," and now to be found in the second series of "Hood's Own." It is introduced by a letter from a sham correspondent, who says, "After reading, the other day, that Pope could have extracted poetry out of a warming-pan, it occurred to me that I could perhaps wring a verse or two out of a bell, or strike a few stanzas out of a brass knocker."]

TO A CRITIC.

O CRUEL One! How littel dost thou knowe
How manye poetes with Unhappyenesse
Thou mayest have slaine; are they beganne to blowe
Like to yonge Buddes in theyre firste sappyenesse!
Even as Pinkes from littel Pipinges growe
Great Poetes yet maye come of singinges smalle,
Which, if an hungrede Worme doth gnawe belowe,
Fold up theyre strypëd leaves, and dye withalle.
Alake, that pleasaunt Flowre must fayde and falle
Because a Grubbe hath ete into yts Hede,—
That els had growne soe fayre and eke soe talle
To-wardes the Heaven, and opened forthe and sprede
Its blossomes to the Sunne for Menne to rede
In soe brighte hues of Lovelinesse indeede!

W.'s "Night" is too long, for the moon rises twice in it.

We are happy to learn from L. that he has "descended from his poetic flights into another *walk*;" perhaps he has a prose essay on foot for our next number.

G. R.'s diction would inflate a balloon. He should remember that "a power of fine words" is not "poetic power."

T. says that his tale is out of his own head: is he a tadpole?

B. conjures us to tell him "whether he may ever hope to produce anything he need not blush at?" No, never; if he continues to write such poetry as he now submits to our perusal. To be serious, let our correspondent take a hint from Dr. Watts:

> "How doth the little busy b
> *Improve* each shining hour."

We thank "A Constant Reader" for his translation of the "Opening of the obscure poem of Lycophron." In his anxiety to "render it as literally as possible" he has still retained too much of the obscurity.

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum"—but *bonum* is not the Latin for Studens's lines on Chatterton.

Sam Sparkle's Anacreontic (from Queen Street, Cheapside—hush!) is too far gone: the Conduits in Chepe do not run wine now-a-days. The Muse is often agreeable in her cups; but when she stammers in her grammar and stumbles in her metaphors, it is high time she should be seen home. Sam's Muse has not a *foot* to stand upon. Can he send us something soberer, or was his Muse born with a claret-mark?

H. L. is always correct in his rhymes, but sometimes with the sacrifice of his sense—for example:

"Dark, dark is the sky, the thunder rolls,
The lightning follows,
The tempest hollows."

We should suggest also that Noah's three-decker was not provided, as in our naval *ark*itecture, with wings; and besides that, it is contrary to all seamanship to say

"Spread, spread your sail, for there *blows a gale*."

"Lines to Boreas" go rather "too near the wind."

"The Dead Ass" is dispatched, as the author desired, and "The Rose in a Shower" is under cover at our Publishers'.

Minor's "Conflagration" exhibits some power. Sometimes indeed his "words that burn" go a step on the other side of the sublime.

"Uprose the curling flames, and writhed amain,
As they had burned themselves, and roar'd with pain;

* * * *

And flocks of glowing fragments, forced on high,
Like red flamingos soar'd along the sky."

We really did not know that "Juvenile was handed down to posterity as an author much read by the Romans." For this information we are indebted to B., and not less so for his candour in pointing out one fault in our Magazine—that "the London is too full of literature." We are glad it is no worse, and have no doubt that with B.'s assistance we shall be able, when necessary, to render it quite otherwise.

Centaur on "Riding" seems to have been inspired by the King's Mews. If he had as much of it as Charles at Charing Cross, he would be glad to feel his own feet again. Riding, however—we do not mean C.'s paper—is a good exercise.

The "Essay on Agricultural Distress" would only increase it.

The sonnet by Φ (O fie!) is warm with other fires than those of poesy.

P.'s "Time," we are sorry to say, is lost; and in endeavouring to find it, ours shared the fate.

"Lion's Head" is quite overwhelmed by the liberal offers of Sophronia. Her "Sonnet on the Iron Bridge" is too like Wordsworth's on the subject. The "Moral Essays in the manner of Pope" are too chaste in style for the readers of this age. The "Nativity" is not a good subject for a tale; and an "Essay on Platonic Love" would not be fairly treated by her.

"The Echo," we fear, will not answer.

H.'s "Captivity" is in some parts pathetic; but in others he has allowed himself to be tempted into a strain that accords but ill with its melancholy.

> "Ah me, it is the worst of wretched things
> When men are pinion'd and have got no wings;
> They watch regretfully the sparrows small,
> And gaze with envy on a *freestone* wall.
> Night brought me hither, and relieved my pains
> Awhile, because she hid me from my chains;
> The morning came, and she was *mist*, and I
> Was left," &c.

"Alien" is foreign to his subject.

Senex—Is he 81 in the shade?—appears to have suffered by the dry weather.

"It is pleasant to be immortal," says a correspondent signed S., "if it be only for a season." Marry, here is a fellow that discounts eternity.

Anacreon, in his foolish Greek manner, entreated one of the Royal Academy of Antiquity (some Sir Thomas Lawrence of Teos) to paint his mistress; and though he desired effects

which were sufficient to pose the acutest brush, he still did not (to use Mr. Egan's fanciful phraseology) "render the features perfectly unintelligible." A Chelsea Anacreon submits the following directions to the R. A.'s of this age. Whether they are capable of execution we leave to the painters to determine; but the lines have an originality about them which seems to hold out its own protection. We should like to see Mr. Shee or Mr. Phillips working to this pattern.

"Come, take thy pencil—paint my love
More tender than most tender dove;
Suffuse her cheeks with that warm glow
Would fain on lover hope bestow;
And make it frequent *go and come*
Back to and from its sighful home.
Lay on her *tongue the tone of truth*,
The Vesper Hymn of virgin youth.
She loves each eve, in pious praise,
To lisp to Sol's declining rays;
And hide that song from vulgar men
Within its own most hallow'd pen,
By double row of pillars, chaste
As Dian in the *moral waste* [&c.].
From those lips *let odours breathe;*
Round them *all my kisses wreathe.*
In her fond voluptuous chin
Mould a dimple, hearts to *gin;*
And make thy magic art uprear
A heartsease smile behind each tear [&c.].
Give to her feet the airy motion
Of sunbeams trembling on the ocean;
Lay her white fingers on a harp
Of gold, the power of gloom to warp.
And *if thou canst*, in its warm nest
Paint, paint the heart beneath the breast;
Make visible its million springs,
Nor snap one of its thousand strings;
Depict it in a tear-wove guise
Floating upon a sea of sighs,
Its hundred ears inclined to one
Sweet tale of love," &c., &c.

W.'s "Tears of Sensibility" had better be dropt.

B. is surely humming!

C.'s "Sleep" seems to have composed itself.

We suspect H. B.'s "Sonnet to the Rising Sun" was written for a lark.

Thersites is left "to be reclaimed," as he desires; of which there is much need, and perchance but little hope.

We should be loth to make Mr. Christie angry by printing Athenæus's "Ode to Fonthill Abbey," now that it is advertised for sale. The poem opens bravely, but sneaks off miserably at the conclusion—or, to speak in our own style, takes up at *The Lion*, and sets down at *The Lamb*. Caliph Vathek is not "that simple Eastern tale of Turkish hearts" which the bard describes. Why cannot our correspondent get his ode inserted among the sundries in the catalogue. It would sound well. "Three saucepans, four sets of fire-irons, two grates, one ode, and a coal-scuttle." There is a way of getting these things smuggled in.

The following verses are selected from an ode written in fear of the new Marriage Act:

"FARE THEE WELL.

"Before our banns be published like a tax,
Ask'd on the portals of St. Mary Axe,
If thou wilt marry me—then prythee tell—
Oh now—or fare thee well!

"Think of old maids of seventy—fourscore,
Fourscore old women at the temple's door,
Those that can read, and those that learn to spell—
Oh now—or fare thee well!

"Suppose our names a history—suppose
Our love forepicked to pieces, like a rose
Shed blushing all abroad—my Isabel!
Oh now—or fare thee well!"—THEODOSIUS.

L. F., who dates himself under sixteen years of age, will do well to remember that youth may excuse, but not recommend, bad poetry. The "Night Thoughts" are not admired because the author was Young.

[In addition to the "Lion's Head" contributions in this year's volume, occur "Lines to Celia"—"Presentiment"—"The Sea of Death"—"To an Absentee"—"The Stag-eyed Lady"—"Lycus the Centaur"—"The Two Peacocks of Bedfont"—"Hymn to the Sun"—Sonnets, "Midnight"—"Fancy"—and two "To a Sleeping Child"—besides a humorous notice of Martin's pictures in the form of a letter from an uneducated Welshwoman in the metropolis to her friends in Monmouth.]

TO CELIA.

Old fictions say that Love hath eyes,
Yet sees, unhappy boy! with none;
Blind as the night! but fiction lies,
For Love doth always see with one.

To one our graces all unveil,
To one our flaws are all exposed;
But when with tenderness we hail,
He smiles, and keeps the critic closed.

But when he's scorn'd, abused, estranged,
He opes the eye of evil ken,
And all his angel friends are changed
To demons—and are hated then!

Yet once it happ'd that, semi-blind,
He met thee on a summer day,
And took thee for his mother kind,
And frown'd as he was push'd away.

But still he saw thee shine the same,
Though he had oped his evil eye,
And found that nothing but her shame
Was left to know his mother by!

And ever since that morning sun
He thinks of thee, and blesses Fate
That he can look with both on one
Who hath no ugliness to hate.

PRESENTIMENT.

A FRAGMENT.

If a man has a little child to whom he bows his heart and stretches forth his arms—if he has an only son, or a little daughter, with her sweet face and innocent hands, with her mother's voice, only louder—and her mother's eyes, only brighter,—let him go and caress them while they are his, for the dead possess nothing. Let him put fondness in his breath while it is with him, and caress his babes as if they would be fatherless, and blend his fingers with their glossy hair as if it were a frail, frail gossamer. And if he be away, let him hasten homeward with his impatient spirit before him, plotting kisses for their lips; but if he be far distant, let him read my story, and weep and utter fond breath, kissing the words before they go, wishing that they could reach his children's ear. And yet let him be glad; for though he is beyond seas, he is still near them while Death is behind him—for the greater distance swallows the less. And the wings of angels may waft his love to their far-away

thoughts, silently, like the whisperings of their own spirits while they weep for their father.

It was in the days of my bitterness, when care had bewildered me, and the feverish strife of this world had vexed me till I was mad, that I went into a little land of graves, and there wept; for my sorrow was deep into darkness, and I could not win friendship by friendship, nor love (though it still loved me) but in heaven—for it was purer than the pure air, and had floated up to God. And I sat down upon a tombstone with my unburied grief, and wondered what that earth contained of joy, and misery and triumph long past, and pride lower than nettles, and how old love was joined to love again, and hate was gone to hate. For there were many monuments with sunshine on one side and shade on the other, like life and death, with black frowning letters upon their white, bright faces; and through those letters one might hear the dead speaking silently and slow, for there was much meaning in those words, and mysteries which long thought could not fathom. And there was dust upon those flat dwellings, which I kissed, for lips like it were there, and eyes where much love had been, and cheeks that had warmed the sunshine. But the dust was gone in a breath, and so were they; and the wind brought shadows that passed and passed incessantly over that land of graves, which you might strive to stay, but could not, even as the dead had passed away and been missed in the after brightness.

Thus I buried my thoughts with the dead; and as I sat, unconsciously, I heard the sound of young sweet voices, and, looking up, I saw two little children coming up the path. The lambs lifted up their heads as they passed and gazed, but fed again without stirring, for there was nothing to fear from such innocent looks and so gentle voices; there was

even a melancholy in their tone which does not belong to childhood. The eldest was a young boy, very fair and gentle, with a little hand linked to his; for, by his talk, it seemed that he had brought his sister to show her where her poor father lay, and to speak about Death. Their lips seemed too rosy and tender to utter his dreadful name—but the word was empty to them, and unmeaning as the sound of a shell —for they knew him not, that he had kissed them before they were born or breathed, and would again when the time came. So they approached, dew-dabbled, and struggling through the long-tangled weeds to a new grave, and stood before it, and gazed on its record, like the ignorant sheep, without reading. They did not see their father, but only a little mound of earth, with strange grass and weeds; and they looked and looked again, and at each other, with whisperings in their eyes, and listened, till the flowers dropped from their forgotten hands. And when I saw how rosy they were in that black, which only made them the more rosy, and their bright curly hair, that had no proud hand to part it, I thought of the yearnings of disembodied love and invisible agony that had no voice, till methought their father's spirit passed into mine, and burned, and gazed through my eyes upon his children. They had not yet seemed to notice me, but only that silent grave; and, looking more and more sadly, their eyes filled with large tears, and their lips dropped, and their heads sank so mournfully and so comfortless, that my own grief rushed into my eyes and hid them from me. And I said inwardly, I will be their father, and dry their blue eyes, and win their sorrowful cheeks into dimples, for they are very fair and young—too young for this stormy life. I will watch them through the wide world, for it is a cruel place, where the tenderest are most torn because they are tenderest, and the

most beautiful are most blighted. Therefore this little one shall be my daughter, that I may gather her for heaven as my best deed upon earth; and this young boy shall be my son, to share my blessing when I die, that God in that time may so deal with my own offspring. For I feel a misgiving that I shall soon die, and that my own little ones will come to my grave and weep over me, even as these poor orphans. Oh! how shall I leave them to the care of the careless—to the advice of the winds—to the home of the wide world? And as I thought of this, the full tears dropped from my eyes, and I saw again the two children. They were still there and weeping; but as I looked at them more earnestly, I perceived that they were altered, or my sight changed, so that I knew their faces. I knew them—for I had seen them in very infancy, and through all their growth—in sickness when I prayed over them—and in slumber when I had watched over them till I almost wept.

They were so beautiful! I had kissed, how often! those very cheeks, blushing my own blood, and had breathed blessings upon their glossy brows, and had pressed their little hands in ecstasies of anxious love. They also knew me; but there was an older grief in their looks than had ever been:—and why had they come to me in that place, and in black, so sad and so speechless, and with flowers so withering? but they only shook their heads and wept. Then I trembled exceedingly, and stretched out my arms to embrace them, but there was nothing between me and the tombstone where they had seemed: yet they still gazed at me from behind it, and further and still further as I followed, till they stood upon the verge of the churchyard. Then I saw, in the sunshine, that they were shadowless; and, as they raised their hands in the light, that no blood was in them; and as I moved still closer, they slowly turned

into trees, and hills, and pale blue sky, that had been in the distance. Still I gazed where they had been, and the sky seemed full of them; but they were only clouds, and the shadows, and the rustling was the rustling of the sheep. I saw them no more. They were gone from me, as if for ever; but I knew that this was my warning, and wept, for it came to me through my own children in all its bitterness. I felt that I should leave them—as I had foretold—their hearts, and lips, and sweet voices, to one another, to be their own comfort; for I knew that such grief is prophetic of grief, and that angels so minister to man, and that Death thus converses in spirit with his elect. So I spread my arms to the world in farewell, and weaned my eyes from all things that had been pleasant on the Earth, and would be so after me, and prepared myself for her ready bosom. And I said now I will go home and kiss my children before I die, and put a life's love into my last hour; for I must hasten while my last thoughts are with me, lest I madden, and perhaps wrong them in my delirium, and spurn their sorrowful love, and curse them, instead of blessing, with a fierce, strange voice. Thus I hurried towards them faster and faster till I ran; but as my desire increased, my strength failed me, so that I wished for my deathbed, and threw myself down on a green hill, under the shade of trees that almost hid the sky with their intricate branches. And as I lay, the thought of death, with a deep gloom like the shade of a darkened chamber, blinded me to the trees, and the sky, and the grass, that were round me. But a pale light came, as I thought, through the pierced shutters, and I saw by it strange and familiar faces full of grief, and eyes that watched mine for the last look, and tiptoe figures gliding silently with clasped hands—and a woman that chafed my feet; and as she seemed to chafe them, she turned to shake her head,

and tears gushed into all eyes as if they had been one, so that I seemed drowned, and could see nothing except their shadows in the light of my own spirit. In that moment I heard the cries of my own children, calling to me fainter and fainter, as if they died and I could not save them; and I tried to stay them, but my tongue was lifeless in my mouth, and breath seemed locked up in my bosom: and I thought, 'surely I now die, and the last of my soul is in my ears, for I still hear, though I see not'; but the voices were soon drowned in a noise like the rushing of waters, for the blood was struggling through my heart, slower and slower, till it stopped, and I turned so cold, that I felt the burning of the air upon me, and the scalding of unknown tears. Yet for a moment the light returned to me, with those mourners—for they were already in black, even their faces; but they turned darker and darker, and whirled round into one shade till it was utterly dark: and as my breath went forth, the air pressed heavy upon me, so that I seemed buried, and in my deep grave, and suffering the pain of worms till I was all consumed and no more conscious. Thus I lay for unknown time, and without thought; and again awakening, I saw a dark figure bending over me, and felt him grasp me till I ached in all my bones. Then I asked him if he was Death or an angel, and if he had brought me wings, for I could not see plainly; but as my senses returned, I knew an intimate friend and neighbour, and recognised the sound of his voice. He had thus found me, he said, in passing, and had seen me faint, and had recovered me; but not till he had almost wrung the blood from my fingers; and he inquired the cause of my distress. So I thanked him, and told him of my vision, and he tried to comfort me: but I knew that the angels of my children had told me truly, and the more so for this shadow

of Death that I had passed; and feeling that my hour was near, and recollecting my home, I endeavoured to rise. But my strength was gone, and I fell backwards; till fear, which had first taken away my strength, restored it tenfold, and I descended the hill, and hurried onwards before my friend, who could not keep up with me.

When I had gone a little way, however, the road was of deep sand, so that I grew impatient of my steps, and wished for the speed of a horse that I heard galloping before me. Even as I heard it, the horse suddenly turned an angle of the road, and came running with all the madness of fright, plunging and scattering the loose sand from his fiery heels. As he came nearer, I thought I saw a rider upon his back—it was only fancy; but he looked like Death, and very terrible, for I knew that he was coming to tear me and trample me under his horse's hoofs, and carry me away for ever, so that I should never see my children again. At that thought my soul fainted within me without his touch, and my breath went from me, so that I could not stir even from Death, though he came nearer and nearer, and I could see him frown through the black tossing mane. In a moment he was close; the wild foaming horse struck at me with his furious heels—so that the loose sand flew up in my bosom—reared his head disdainfully, and flew past me with the rush of a whirlwind. The fiend grinned upon me as he passed, and tossed his arms in an ecstasy of triumph; but he left me untouched, and the noise soon died away behind me. Then a warm joy trembled over my limbs, and I hurried forward again with an hour's hope of life. My heart's beat quickened my feet, and I soon reached the corner where I had first seen the horse; but there I stopped—it was only a low moan—but my heart stopped with it. In another throb I was with my children, and in another

they were with God. I saw their eyes before they closed —but my son's——

How it happened I have never asked, or have forgotten. I only knew that I had children, and that they are dead. Now I have only their angels. They still visit me in the churchyard; but their eyes are closed, and their little locks drop blood—they still shrink, and faint, and fade away—but still I die not!

THE SEA OF DEATH.

A FRAGMENT.

———Methought I saw
Life swiftly treading over endless space;
And, at her foot-print, but a bygone pace,
The ocean Past, which, with increasing wave,
Swallow'd her steps like a pursuing grave.

Sad were my thoughts that anchor'd silently
On the dead waters of that passionless sea,
Unstirr'd by any touch of living breath:
Silence hung over it, and drowsy Death,
Like a gorged sea-bird, slept with folded wings
On crowded carcases—sad passive things
That wore the thin grey surface, like a veil
Over the calmness of their features pale.

And there were spring-faced cherubs that did sleep
Like water-lilies on that motionless deep,
How beautiful! with bright unruffled hair
On sleek unfretted brows, and eyes that were

Buried in marble tombs, a pale eclipse !
And smile-bedimpled cheeks, and pleasant lips,
Meekly apart, as if the soul intense
Spake out in dreams of its own innocence :
And so they lay in loveliness, and kept
The birth-night of their peace, that Life e'en wept
With very envy of their happy fronts ;
For there were neighbour brows scarr'd by the brunts
Of strife and sorrowing—where Care had set
His crooked autograph, and marr'd the jet
Of glossy locks, with hollow eyes forlorn,
And lips that curl'd in bitterness and scorn—
Wretched,—as they had breathed of this world's vain,
And so bequeathed it to the world again,
Through the beholder's heart in heavy sighs.
So lay they garmented in torpid light,
Under the pall of a transparent night,
Like solemn apparitions lull'd sublime
To everlasting rest,—and with them Time
Slept, as he sleeps upon the silent face
Of a dark dial in a sunless place.

TO AN ABSENTEE.

O'ER hill, and dale, and distant sea,
Through all the miles that stretch between,
My thought must fly to rest on thee,
And would,—though worlds should intervene.

Nay, thou art now so dear, methinks
The farther we are forced apart,

Affection's firm elastic links
But bind thee closer round the heart.

For now we sever each from each,
I learn what I have lost in thee;
Alas, that nothing else could teach
How great indeed my love should be!

Farewell! I did not know thy worth;
But thou art gone, and now 'tis prized:
So angels walk'd unknown on earth,
But when they flew were recognised!

THE STAG-EYED LADY.

A MOORISH TALE.

Scheherazade immediately began the following story:—

Ali Ben Ali (did you never read
His wondrous acts that chronicles relate,—
How there was one in pity might exceed
The sack of Troy?) Magnificent he sate
Upon the throne of greatness—great indeed,
For those that he had under him were great—
The horse he rode on, shod with silver nails,
Was a Bashaw—Bashaws have horses' tails.

Ali was cruel—a most cruel one!
'Tis rumour'd he had strangled his own mother—
Howbeit such deeds of darkness he had done,
'Tis thought he would have slain his elder brother

And sister too—but happily that none
  Did live within harm's length of one another,
Else he had sent the Sun in all its blaze
To endless night, and shorten'd the Moon's days.

Despotic power, that mars a weak man's wit,
  And makes a bad man—absolutely bad,
Made Ali wicked—to a fault :—'tis fit
  Monarchs should have some check-strings ; but he had
No curb upon his will—no, not a bit ;
  Wherefore he did not reign well, and full glad
His slaves had been to hang him—but they falter'd,
And let him live unhang'd—and still unalter'd.

Until he got a sage bush of a beard,
  Wherein an Attic owl might roost—a trail
Of bristly hair—that, honour'd and unshear'd,
  Grew downward like old women and cow's tail :
Being a sign of age—some grey appear'd,
  Mingling with duskier brown its warnings pale ;
But yet not so poetic as when Time
Comes like Jack Frost, and whitens it in rime.

Ben Ali took the hint, and much did vex
  His royal bosom that he had no son,
No living child of the more noble sex,
  To stand in his Morocco shoes—not one
To make a negro-pollard—or tread necks
  When he was gone—doom'd, when his days were done,
To leave the very city of his fame
Without an Ali to keep up his name.

Therefore he chose a lady for his love,
  Singling from out the herd one stag-eyed dear;
So called, because her lustrous eyes, above
  All eyes, were dark, and timorous, and clear;
Then, through his Muftis piously he strove,
  And drumm'd with proxy-prayers Mohammed's ear,
Knowing a boy for certain must come of it,
Or else he was not praying to his profit.

Beer will grow mothery, and ladies fair
  Will grow like beer; so did that stag-eyed dame:
Ben Ali, hoping for a son and heir,
  *Boy*ed up his hopes, and even chose a name
Of mighty hero that his child should bear;
  He made so certain ere his chicken came:
But oh! all worldly wit is little worth,
Nor knoweth what to-morrow will bring forth.

To-morrow came, and with to-morrow's sun
  A little daughter to this world of sins.
Miss-fortunes never come alone—so one
  Brought on another, like a pair of twins:
Twins! female twins!—it was enough to stun
  Their little wits and scare them from their skins,
To hear their father stamp, and curse and swear,
Pulling his beard because he had no heir.

Then strove their stag-eyed mother to calm down
  This his paternal rage, and thus addrest:
"Oh! Most Serene! why dost thou stamp and frown,
  And box the compass of the royal chest?

Ah! thou wilt mar that portly trunk, I own
  I love to gaze on!—Pr'ythee, thou hadst best
Pocket thy fists. Nay, love, if you so thin
Your beard, you'll want a wig upon your chin!"

But not her words, nor e'en her tears, could slack
  The quicklime of his rage, that hotter grew:
He called his slaves to bring an ample sack
  Wherein a woman might be poked: a few
Dark grimly men felt pity and look'd black
  At this sad order; but their slaveships knew
When any dared demur, his sword so bending
Cut off the "head and front of their offending."

For Ali had a sword, much like himself,
  A crooked blade, guilty of human gore—
The trophies it had lopp'd from many an elf
  Were stuck at his head-quarters by the score—
Nor yet in peace he laid it on the shelf,
  But jested with it, and his wit cut sore;
So that (as they of Public Houses speak)
He often did his dozen butts a week.

Therefore his slaves, with most obedient fears,
  Came with the sack the lady to enclose;
In vain from her stag-eyes "the big round tears
  Coursed one another down her innocent nose;"
In vain her tongue wept sorrow in their ears;
  Though there were some felt willing to oppose,
Yet when their heads came in their heads, that minute,
Though 'twas a piteous case, they put her in it.

And when the sack was tied, some two or three
  Of these black undertakers slowly brought her
To a kind of Moorish Serpentine; for she
  Was doom'd to have a winding sheet of water.
Then farewell, earth—farewell to the green tree—
  Farewell, the sun—the moon—each little daughter!
She's shot from off the shoulders of a black,
Like bag of Wall's-End from a coalman's back.

The waters oped, and the wide sack full-fill'd
  All that the waters oped, as down it fell;
Then closed the wave, and then the surface rill'd
  A ring above her, like a water-knell;
A moment more, and all its face was still'd,
  And not a guilty heave was left to tell
That underneath its calm and blue transparence
A dame lay drownëd in her sack, like Clarence.

But heaven beheld, and awful witness bore,
  The moon in black eclipse deceased that night,
Like Desdemona smother'd by the Moor;
  The lady's natal star with pale affright
Fainted and fell—and what were stars before,
  Turn'd comets as the tail was brought to light;
And all look'd downward on the fatal wave,
And made their own reflections on her grave.

Next night, a head—a little lady head,
  Push'd through the waters a most glassy face,
With weedy tresses, thrown apart and spread,
  Comb'd by live ivory, to show the space

Of a pale forehead, and two eyes that shed
  A soft blue mist, breathing a bloomy grace
Over their sleepy lids;—and so she raised
Her aqualine nose above the stream, and gazed.

She oped her lips—lips of a gentle blush,
  So pale, it seem'd near drownëd to a white,—
She oped her lips, and forth there sprang a gush
  Of music bubbling through the surface light;
The leaves are motionless, the breezes hush
  To listen to the air—and through the night
There come these words of a most plaintive ditty,
Sobbing as they would break all hearts with pity:

THE WATER PERI'S SONG.

Farewell, farewell to my mother's own daughter,
  The child that she wet-nursed is lapp'd in the wave!
The Mussel-man coming to fish in this water,
  Adds a tear to the flood that weeps over her grave.

This sack is her coffin, this water's her bier,
  This greyish Bath cloak is her funeral pall,
And, stranger, O stranger! this song that you hear
  Is her epitaph, elegy, dirges, and all!

Farewell, farewell to the child of Al Hassan,
  My mother's own daughter—the last of her race—
She's a corpse, the poor body! and lies in this basin,
  And sleeps in the water that washes her face.

LYCUS THE CENTAUR.*

FROM AN UNROLLED MANUSCRIPT OF APOLLONIUS CURIUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Lycus, detained by Circe in her magical dominion, is beloved by a Water Nymph, who, desiring to render him immortal, has recourse to the Sorceress. Circe gives her an incantation to pronounce, which should turn Lycus into a horse; but the horrible effect of the charm causing her to break off in the midst, he becomes a Centaur.

WHO hath ever been lured and bound by a spell
To wander, fore-damn'd, in that circle of hell
Where Witchery works with her will like a god,
Works more than the wonders of time at a nod,—
At a word,—at a touch,—at a flash of the eye,
But each form is a cheat, and each sound is a lie,
Things born of a wish—to endure for a thought,
Or last for long ages—to vanish to nought,
Or put on new semblance? O Jove, I had given
The throne of a kingdom to know if that heaven,
And the earth and its streams were of Circe, or whether
They kept the world's birthday and brighten'd together!

* When this poem was republished in "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," the following dedication was added to it:—

TO J. H. REYNOLDS, ESQ.

My dear Reynolds,

You will remember "Lycus."—It was written in the pleasant spring-time of our friendship, and I am glad to maintain that association by connecting your name with the poem. It will gratify me to find that you regard it with the old partiality for the writings of each other, which prevailed with us in those days. For my own sake, I must regret that your pen goes now into far other records than those which used to delight me.

Your true friend and brother,

T. HOOD.

For I loved them in terror, and constantly dreaded
That the earth where I trod, and the cave where I bedded,
The face I might dote on, should live out the lease
Of the charm that created, and suddenly cease:
And I gave me to slumber, as if from one dream
To another—each horrid,—and drank of the stream
Like a first taste of blood, lest as water I quaff'd
Swift poison, and never should breathe from the draught,—
Such drink as her own monarch husband drain'd up
When he pledged her, and Fate closed his eyes in the cup.
And I pluck'd of the fruit with held breath, and a fear
That the branch would start back and scream out in my ear;
For once, at my suppering, I pluck'd in the dusk
An apple, juice-gushing and fragrant of musk;
But by daylight my fingers were crimson'd with gore,
And the half-eaten fragment was flesh at the core;
And once—only once—for the love of its blush,
I broke a bloom bough, but there came such a gush
On my hand, that it fainted away in weak fright,
While the leaf-hidden woodpecker shriek'd at the sight;
And oh! such an agony thrill'd in that note,
That my soul, startling up, beat its wings in my throat,
As it long'd to be free of a body whose hand
Was doom'd to work torments a Fury had plann'd!

There I stood without stir, yet how willing to flee,
As if rooted and horror-turn'd into a tree,—
Oh! for innocent death,—and to suddenly win it,
I drank of the stream, but no poison was in it;
I plunged in its waters, but ere I could sink,
Some invisible fate pull'd me back to the brink;

I sprang from the rock, from its pinnacle height,
But fell on the grass with a grasshopper's flight;
I ran at my fears—they were fears and no more,
For the bear would not mangle my limbs, nor the boar,
But moan'd—all their brutalised flesh could not smother
The horrible truth,—we were kin to each other!

They were mournfully gentle, and group'd for relief,
All foes in their skin, but all friends in their grief:
The leopard was there,—baby-mild in its feature;
And the tiger, black-barr'd, with the gaze of a creature
That knew gentle pity; the bristle-back'd boar,
His innocent tusks stain'd with mulberry gore;
And the laughing hyena—but laughing no more;
And the snake, not with magical orbs to devise
Strange death, but with woman's attraction of eyes;
The tall ugly ape, that still bore a dim shine
Through his hairy eclipse of a manhood divine;
And the elephant stately, with more than its reason,
How thoughtful in sadness! but this is no season
To reckon them up from the lag-bellied toad
To the mammoth, whose sobs shook his ponderous load.
There were woes of all shapes, wretched forms, when I came,
That hung down their heads with a human-like shame;
The elephant hid in the boughs, and the bear
Shed over his eyes the dark veil of his hair;
And the womanly soul turning sick with disgust,
Tried to vomit herself from her serpentine crust;
While all groan'd their groans into one at their lot,
As I brought them the image of what they were not.

Then rose a wild sound of the human voice choking
Through vile brutal organs—low tremulous croaking;

Cries swallow'd abruptly—deep animal tones
Attuned to strange passion, and full-utter'd groans;
All shuddering weaker, till hush'd in a pause
Of tongues in mute motion and wide-yawning jaws;
And I guess'd that those horrors were meant to tell o'er
The tale of their woes; but the silence told more,
That writhed on their tongues; and I knelt on the sod,
And pray'd with my voice to the cloud-stirring god,
For the sad congregation of supplicants there,
That upturn'd to his heaven brute faces of prayer;
And I ceased, and they utter'd a moaning so deep,
That I wept for my heart-ease,—but they could not weep,
And gazed with red eyeballs, all wistfully dry,
At the comfort of tears in a stag's human eye.
Then I motion'd them round, and, to soothe their distress,
I caress'd, and they bent them to meet my caress,
Their necks to my arm, and their heads to my palm,
And with poor grateful eyes suffer'd meekly and calm
Those tokens of kindness, withheld by hard fate
From returns that might chill the warm pity to hate;
So they passively bow'd—save the serpent, that leapt
To my breast like a sister, and pressingly crept
In embrace of my neck, and with close kisses blister'd
My lips in rash love,—then drew backward, and glister'd
Her eyes in my face, and loud hissing affright,
Dropt down, and swift started away from my sight!

This sorrow was theirs, but thrice wretched my lot,
Turn'd brute in my soul, though my body was not,
When I fled from the sorrow of womanly faces,
That shrouded their woe in the shade of lone places,
And dash'd off bright tears, till their fingers were wet,
And then wiped their lids with long tresses of jet:

But I fled—though they stretch'd out their hands, all entangled
With hair, and blood-stain'd of the breasts they had mangled,—
Though they call'd—and perchance but to ask, had I seen
Their loves, or to tell the vile wrongs that had been :
But I stay'd not to hear, lest the story should hold
Some hell-form of words, some enchantment, once told,
Might translate me in flesh to a brute ; and I dreaded
To gaze on their charms, lest my faith should be wedded
With some pity,—and love in that pity perchance—
To a thing not all lovely ; for once at a glance,
Methought, where one sat, I descried a bright wonder
That flow'd like a long silver rivulet under
The long fenny grass,—with so lovely a breast,
Could it be a snake-tail made the charm of the rest ?

So I roam'd in that circle of horrors, and Fear
Walk'd with me, by hills, and in valleys, and near
Cluster'd trees for their gloom—not to shelter from heat—
But lest a brute-shadow should grow at my feet ;
And besides that full oft in the sunshiny place
Dark shadows would gather like clouds on its face,
In the horrible likeness of demons (that none
Could see, like invisible flames in the sun) ;
But grew to one monster that seized on the light,
Like the dragon that strangles the moon in the night ;
Fierce sphinxes, long serpents, and asps of the south ;
Wild birds of huge beak, and all horrors that drouth
Engenders of slime in the land of the pest,
Vile shapes without shape, and foul bats of the West,
Bringing Night on their wings ; and the bodies wherein
Great Brahma imprisons the spirits of sin,

Many-handed, that blent in one phantom of fight
Like a Titan, and threatfully warr'd with the light;
I have heard the wild shriek that gave signal to close,
When they rush'd on that shadowy Python of foes,
That met with sharp beaks and wide gaping of jaws,
With flappings of wings, and fierce grasping of claws,
And whirls of long tails:—I have seen the quick flutter
Of fragments dissever'd,—and necks stretch'd to utter
Long screamings of pain,—the swift motion of blows,
And wrestling of arms—to the flight at the close,
When the dust of the earth startled upward in rings,
And flew on the whirlwind that follow'd their wings.

Thus they fled—not forgotten—but often to grow
Like fears in my eyes, when I walk'd to and fro
In the shadows, and felt from some beings unseen
The warm touch of kisses, but clean or unclean
I knew not, nor whether the love I had won
Was of heaven or hell—till one day in the sun,
In its very noon-blaze, I could fancy a thing
Of beauty, but faint as the cloud-mirrors fling
On the gaze of the shepherd that watches the sky,
Half-seen and half-dream'd in the soul of his eye.
And when in my musings I gazed on the stream,
In motionless trances of thought, there would seem
A face like that face, looking upward through mine;
With its eyes full of love, and the dim-drownèd shine
Of limbs and fair garments, like clouds in that blue
Serene:—there I stood for long hours but to view
Those fond earnest eyes that were ever uplifted
Towards me, and wink'd as the water-weed drifted
Between; but the fish knew that presence, and plied
Their long curvy tails, and swift darted aside

There I gazed for lost time, and forgot all the things
That once had been wonders—the fishes with wings,
And the glimmer of magnified eyes that look'd up
From the glooms of the bottom like pearls in a cup,
And the huge endless serpent of silvery gleam,
Slow winding along like a tide in the stream.
Some maid of the waters, some Naiad, methought
Held me dear in the pearl of her eye—and I brought
My wish to that fancy; and often I dash'd
My limbs in the water, and suddenly splash'd
The cool drops around me, yet clung to the brink,
Chill'd by watery fears, how that beauty might sink
With my life in her arms to her garden, and bind me
With its long tangled grasses, or cruelly wind me
In some eddy to hum out my life in her ear,
Like a spider-caught bee,—and in aid of that fear
Came the tardy remembrance—Oh falsest of men!
Why was not that beauty remember'd till then?
My love, my safe love, whose glad life would have run
Into mine—like a drop—that our fate might be one,
That now, even now,—may-be,—clasp'd in a dream,
That form which I gave to some jilt of the stream,
And gazed with fond eyes that her tears tried to smother
On a mock of those eyes that I gave to another!

Then I rose from the stream, but the eyes of my mind,
Still full of the tempter, kept gazing behind
On her crystalline face, while I painfully leapt
To the bank, and shook off the curst waters, and wept
With my brow in the reeds; and the reeds to my ear
Bow'd, bent by no wind, and in whispers of fear,
Growing small with large secrets, foretold me of one
That loved me,—but oh to fly from her, and shun

Her love like a pest—though her love was as true
To mine as her stream to the heavenly blue;
For why should I love her with love that would bring
All misfortune, like hate, on so joyous a thing?
Because of her rival,—even Her whose witch-face
I had slighted, and therefore was doom'd in that place
To roam, and had roam'd, where all horrors grew rank,
Nine days ere I wept with my brow on that bank;
Her name be not named, but her spite would not fail
To our love like a blight; and they told me the tale
Of Scylla,—and Picus, imprison'd to speak
His shrill-screaming woe through a woodpecker's beak.

Then they ceased—I had heard as the voice of my star
That told me the truth of my fortunes—thus far
I had read of my sorrow, and lay in the hush
Of deep meditation,—when lo! a light crush
Of the reeds, and I turn'd and look'd round in the night
Of new sunshine, and saw, as I sipp'd of the light
Narrow-winking, the realised nymph of the stream,
Rising up from the wave with the bend and the gleam
Of a fountain, and o'er her white arms she kept throwing
Bright torrents of hair, that went flowing and flowing
In falls to her feet, and the blue waters roll'd
Down her limbs like a garment, in many a fold,
Sun-spangled, gold-broider'd, and fled far behind,
Like an infinite train. So she came and reclined
In the reeds, and I hunger'd to see her unseal
The buds of her eyes that would ope and reveal
The blue that was in them;—they oped and she raised
Two orbs of pure crystal, and timidly gazed
With her eyes on my eyes; but their colour and shine
Was of that which they look'd on, and mostly of mine—

For she loved me,—except when she blush'd, and they sank,
Shame-humbled, to number the stones on the bank,
Or her play-idle fingers, while lisping she told me
How she put on her veil, and in love to behold me
Would wing through the sun till she fainted away
Like a mist, and then flew to her waters and lay
In love-patience long hours, and sore dazzled her eyes
In watching for mine 'gainst the midsummer skies.
But now they were heal'd,—O my heart, it still dances
When I think of the charm of her changeable glances,
And my image how small when it sank in the deep
Of her eyes where her soul was,—Alas! now they weep,
And none knoweth where. In what stream do her eyes
Shed invisible tears? Who beholds where her sighs
Flow in eddies, or sees the ascent of the leaf
She has pluck'd with her tresses? Who listens her grief
Like a far fall of waters, or hears where her feet
Grow emphatic among the loose pebbles, and beat
Them together? Ah! surely her flowers float adown
To the sea unaccepted, and little ones drown
For need of her mercy,—even he whose twin-brother
Will miss him for ever; and the sorrowful mother
Imploreth in vain for his body to kiss
And cling to, all dripping and cold as it is,
Because that soft pity is lost in hard pain!
We loved,—how we loved!—for I thought not again
Of the woes that were whisper'd like fears in that place
If I gave me to beauty. Her face was the face
Far away, and her eyes were the eyes that were drown'd
For my absence,—her arms were the arms that sought round
And claspt me to nought; for I gazed and became
Only true to my falsehood, and had but one name

For two loves, and call'd ever on Ægle, sweet maid
Of the sky-loving waters,—and was not afraid
Of the sight of her skin ;—for it never could be,
Her beauty and love were misfortunes to me !

Thus our bliss had endured for a time-shorten'd space,
Like a day made of three, and the smile of her face
Had been with me for joy,—when she told me indeed
Her love was self-task'd with a work that would need
Some short hours, for in truth 'twas the veriest pity
Our love should not last, and then sang me a ditty,
Of one with warm lips that should love her, and love her
When suns were burnt dim and long ages past over.
So she fled with her voice, and I patiently nested
My limbs in the reeds, in still quiet, and rested
Till my thoughts grew extinct, and I sank in a sleep
Of dreams,—but their meaning was hidden too deep
To be read what their woe was ;—but still it was woe
That was writ on all faces that swam to and fro
In that river of night ;—and the gaze of their eyes
Was sad,—and the bend of their brows,—and their cries
Were seen, but I heard not. The warm touch of tears
Travell'd down my cold cheeks, and I shook till my fears
Awaked me, and lo ! I was couch'd in a bower,
The growth of long summers rear'd up in an hour !
Then I said, in the fear of my dream, I will fly
From this magic, but could not, because that my eye
Grew love-idle among the rich blooms ; and the earth
Held me down with its coolness of touch, and the mirth
Of some bird was above me,—who, even in fear,
Would startle the thrush ? and methought there drew near
A form as of Ægle,—but it was not the face
Hope made, and I knew the witch-Queen of that place,

Even Circe the Cruel, that came like a Death
Which I fear'd, and yet fled not, for want of my breath.
There was thought in her face, and her eyes were not raised
From the grass at her foot, but I saw, as I gazed,
Her spite—and her countenance changed with her mind
As she plann'd how to thrall me with beauty, and bind
My soul to her charms,—and her long tresses play'd
From shade into shine and from shine into shade,
Like a day in mid-autumn,—first fair, O how fair!
With long snaky locks of the adder-black hair
That clung round her neck,—those dark locks that I prize,
For the sake of a maid that once loved me with eyes
Of that fathomless hue,—but they changed as they roll'd,
And brighten'd, and suddenly blazed into gold
That she comb'd into flames, and the locks that fell down
Turn'd dark as they fell, but I slighted their brown,
Nor loved, till I saw the light ringlets shed wild,
That innocence wears when she is but a child;
And her eyes,—Oh I ne'er had been witch'd with their shine,
Had they been any other, my Ægle, than thine!

Then I gave me to magic, and gazed till I madden'd
In the full of their light,—but I sadden'd and sadden'd
The deeper I look'd,—till I sank on the snow
Of her bosom, a thing made of terror and woe,
And answer'd its throb with the shudder of fears,
And hid my cold eyes from her eyes with my tears,
And strain'd her white arms with the still languid weight
Of a fainting distress. There she sat like the Fate
That is nurse unto Death, and bent over in shame
To hide me from her—the true Ægle—that came
With the words on her lips the false witch had fore-given
To make me immortal—for now I was even

At the portals of Death, who but waited the hush
Of world-sounds in my ear to cry welcome, and rush
With my soul to the banks of his black-flowing river.
Oh, would it had flown from my body for ever,
Ere I listen'd those words, when I felt with a start,
The life-blood rush back in one throb to my heart,
And saw the pale lips where the rest of that spell
Had perish'd in horror—and heard the farewell
Of that voice that was drown'd in the dash of the stream!
How fain had I follow'd, and plunged with that scream
Into death, but my being indignantly lagg'd
Through the brutalised flesh that I painfully dragg'd
Behind me:—"O Circe! O mother of spite!
Speak the last of that curse! and imprison me quite
In the husk of a brute,—that no pity may name
The man that I was,—that no kindred may claim
The monster I am! Let me utterly be
Brute-buried, and Nature's dishonour with me
Uninscribed!"—But she listen'd my prayer, that was praise
To her malice, with smiles, and advised me to gaze
On the river for love,—and perchance she would make
In pity a maid without eyes for my sake,
And she left me like Scorn. Then I ask'd of the wave,
What monster I was, and it trembled and gave
The true shape of my grief, and I turn'd with my face
From all waters for ever, and fled through that place,
Till with horror more strong than all magic I pass'd
Its bounds, and the world was before me at last.

There I wander'd in sorrow, and shunn'd the abodes
Of men, that stood up in the likeness of Gods,
But I saw from afar the warm shine of the sun
On their cities, where man was a million, not one:

And I saw the white smoke of their altars ascending,
That show'd where the hearts of the many were blending,
And the wind in my face brought shrill voices that came
From the trumpets that gather'd whole bands in one fame
As a chorus of man,—and they stream'd from the gates
Like a dusky libation pour'd out to the Fates.
But at times there were gentler processions of peace
That I watch'd with my soul in my eyes till their cease,
There were women! there men! but to me a third sex
I saw them all dots—yet I loved them as specks:
And oft to assuage a sad yearning of eyes
I stole near the city, but stole covert-wise
Like a wild beast of love, and perchance to be smitten
By some hand that I rather had wept on than bitten!
Oh, I once had a haunt near a cot where a mother
Daily sat in the shade with her child, and would smother
Its eyelids in kisses, and then in its sleep
Sang dreams in its ear of its manhood, while deep
In a thicket of willows I gazed o'er the brooks
That murmur'd between us and kiss'd them with looks;
But the willows unbosom'd their secret, and never
I return'd to a spot I had startled for ever,
Though I oft long'd to know, but could ask it of none,
Was the mother still fair, and how big was her son?

For the haunters of fields they all shunn'd me by flight,
The men in their horror, the women in fright;
None ever remain'd save a child once that sported
Among the wild bluebells, and playfully courted
The breeze; and beside him a speckled snake lay
Tight strangled, because it had hiss'd him away
From the flower at his finger; he rose and drew near
Like a Son of Immortals, one born to no fear,

But with strength of black locks and with eyes azure bright
To grow to large manhood of merciful might.
He came, with his face of bold wonder, to feel,
The hair of my side, and to lift up my heel,
And question'd my face with wide eyes; but when under
My lids he saw tears,—for I wept at his wonder,
He stroked me, and utter'd such kindliness then,
That the once love of women, the friendship of men
In past sorrow, no kindness e'er came like a kiss
On my heart in its desolate day such as this!
And I yearn'd at his cheeks in my love, and down bent,
And lifted him up in my arms with intent
To kiss him,—but he cruel-kindly, alas!
Held out to my lips a pluck'd handful of grass!
Then I dropt him in horror, but felt as I fled
The stone he indignantly hurl'd at my head,
That dissever'd my ear,—but I felt not, whose fate
Was to meet more distress in his love than his hate!

Thus I wander'd, companion'd of grief and forlorn
Till I wish'd for that land where my being was born,
But what was that land with its love, where my home
Was self-shut against me; for why should I come
Like an after-distress to my grey-bearded father,
With a blight to the last of his sight?—let him rather
Lament for me dead, and shed tears in the urn
Where I was not, and still in fond memory turn
To his son even such as he left him. Oh, how
Could I walk with the youth once my fellows, but now
Like Gods to my humbled estate?—or how bear
The steeds once the pride of my eyes and the care
Of my hands? Then I turn'd me self-banish'd, and came
Into Thessaly here, where I met with the same

As myself. I have heard how they met by a stream
In games, and were suddenly changed by a scream
That made wretches of many, as she roll'd her wild eyes
Against heaven, and so vanish'd.—The gentle and wise
Lose their thoughts in deep studies, and others their ill
In the mirth of mankind where they mingle them still. *

THE TWO PEACOCKS OF BEDFONT.

ALAS! That breathing Vanity should go
  Where Pride is buried,—like its very ghost,
Uprisen from the naked bones below,
  In novel flesh, clad in the silent boast
Of gaudy silk that flutters to and fro,
  Shedding its chilling superstition most
On young and ignorant natures—as it wont
To haunt the peaceful churchyard of Bedfont!

Each Sabbath morning, at the hour of prayer,
  Behold two maidens, up the quiet green
Shining, far distant, in the summer air
  That flaunts their dewy robes and breathes between

* Although "Lycus" has never met with very warm admirers, owing, perhaps, to its classical origin and style (indeed, in a letter I have of his, simple John Clare confesses he does not understand a word of it), I incline to hold with the following opinion from a letter written to my father by Hartley Coleridge, in 1831.

"I wish you would write a little more in the style of 'Lycus the Centaur,' or 'Eugene Aram's Dream.' In whatever you attempt you excel. Then why not exert your best and noblest talent, as well as that wit, which I would never wish to be dormant. I am not a graduate in the Academy of Compliment, but I think 'Lycus' a work absolutely unique in its line, such as no man has written, or could have written, but yourself."

Their downy plumes,—sailing as if they were
  Two far-off ships,—until they brush between
The churchyard's humble walls, and watch and wait
On either side of the wide open'd gate.

And there they stand—with haughty necks before
  God's holy house, that points towards the skies—
Frowning reluctant duty from the poor,
  And tempting homage from unthoughtful eyes :
And Youth looks lingering from the temple door,
  Breathing its wishes in unfruitful sighs,
With pouting lips,—forgetful of the grace,
Of health, and smiles, on the heart-conscious face ;—

Because that Wealth, which has no bliss beside,
  May wear the happiness of rich attire ;
And those two sisters, in their silly pride,
  May change the soul's warm glances for the fire
Of lifeless diamonds ;—and for health denied,—
  With art, that blushes at itself, inspire
Their languid cheeks—and flourish in a glory
That has no life in life, nor after-story.

The aged priest goes shaking his grey hair
  In meekest censuring, and turns his eye
Earthward in grief, and heavenward in pray'r,
  And sighs, and clasps his hands, and passes by,
Good-hearted man ! what sullen soul would wear
  Thy sorrow for a garb, and constantly
Put on thy censure, that might win the praise
Of one so grey in goodness and in days ?

Also the solemn clerk partakes the shame
  Of this ungodly shine of human pride,
And sadly blends his reverence and blame
  In one grave bow, and passes with a stride
Impatient :—many a red-hooded dame
  Turns her pain'd head, but not her glance, aside
From wanton dress, and marvels o'er again,
That heaven hath no wet judgments for the vain.

"I have a lily in the bloom at home,"
  Quoth one, "and by the blessed Sabbath day
I'll pluck my lily in its pride, and come
  And read a lesson upon vain array ;—
And when stiff silks are rustling up, and some
  Give place, I'll shake it in proud eyes and say—
Making my reverence,—'Ladies, an you please,
King Solomon's not half so fine as these.'"

Then her meek partner, who has nearly run
  His earthly course,—"Nay, Goody, let your text
Grow in the garden.—We have only one—
  Who knows that these dim eyes may see the next?
Summer will come again, and summer sun,
  And lilies too,—but I were sorely vext
To mar my garden, and cut short the blow
Of the last lily I may live to grow."

"The last!" quoth she, "and though the last it were—
  Lo! those two wantons, where they stand so proud
With waving plumes, and jewels in their hair,
  And painted cheeks, like Dagons to be bow'd

And curtsey'd to !—last Sabbath after pray'r,
  I heard the little Tomkins ask aloud
If they were angels—but I made him know
God's bright ones better, with a bitter blow !"

So speaking, they pursue the pebbly walk
  That leads to the white porch the Sunday throng,
Hand-coupled urchins in restrained talk,
  And anxious pedagogue that chastens wrong,
And posied churchwarden with solemn stalk,
  And gold-bedizen'd beadle flames along,
And gentle peasant clad in buff and green,
Like a meek cowslip in the spring serene ;

And blushing maiden—modestly array'd
  In spotless white,—still conscious of the glass ;
And she, the lonely widow, that hath made
  A sable covenant with grief,—alas !
She veils her tears under the deep, deep shade,
  While the poor kindly-hearted, as they pass,
Bend to unclouded childhood, and caress
Her boy,—so rosy !—and so fatherless !

Thus, as good Christians ought, they all draw near
  The fair white temple, to the timely call
Of pleasant bells that tremble in the ear.—
  Now the last frock, and scarlet hood, and shawl
Fade into dusk, in the dim atmosphere
  Of the low porch, and heav'n has won them all,
—Saving those two, that turn aside and pass,
In velvet blossom, where all flesh is grass.

Ah me! to see their silken manors trail'd
  In purple luxuries—with restless gold,—
Flaunting the grass where widowhood has wail'd
  In blotted black,—over the heapy mould
Panting wave-wantonly! They never quail'd
  How the warm vanity abused the cold;
Nor saw the solemn faces of the gone
Sadly uplooking through transparent stone:

But swept their dwellings with unquiet light,
  Shocking the awful presence of the dead;
Where gracious natures would their eyes benight
  Nor wear their being with a lip too red,
Nor move too rudely in the summer bright
  Of sun, but put staid sorrow in their tread,
Meting it into steps, with inward breath,
In very pity to bereaved death.

Now in the church, time-sober'd minds resign
  To solemn pray'r, and the loud chaunted hymn,—
With glowing picturings of joys divine
  Painting the mist-light where the roof is dim
But youth looks upward to the window shine,
  Warming with rose and purple and the swim
Of gold, as if thought-tinted by the stains
Of gorgeous light through many-colour'd panes;

Soiling the virgin snow wherein God hath
  Enrobed his angels,—and with absent eyes
Hearing of Heav'n, and its directed path,
  Thoughtful of slippers,—and the glorious skies

Clouding with satin,—till the preacher's wrath
  Consumes his pity, and he glows, and cries
With a deep voice that trembles in its might,
And earnest eyes grown eloquent in light:

"Oh, that the vacant eye would learn to look
  On very beauty, and the heart embrace
True loveliness, and from this holy book
  Drink the warm-breathing tenderness and grace
Of love indeed! Oh, that the young soul took
  Its virgin passion from the glorious face
Of fair religion, and address'd its strife,
To win the riches of eternal life!

"Doth the vain heart love glory that is none,
  And the poor excellence of vain attire?
Oh go, and drown your eyes against the sun,
  The visible ruler of the starry quire,
Till boiling gold in giddy eddies run,
  Dazzling the brain with orbs of living fire;
And the faint soul down-darkens into night,
And dies a burning martyrdom to light.

"Oh go, and gaze,—when the low winds of ev'n
  Breathe hymns, and Nature's many forests nod
Their gold-crown'd heads; and the rich blooms of heav'n
  Sun-ripen'd give their blushes up to God;
And mountain-rocks and cloudy steeps are riv'n
  By founts of fire, as smitten by the rod
Of heavenly Moses,—that your thirsty sense
May quench its longings of magnificence!

"Yet suns shall perish—stars shall fade away—
  Day into darkness—darkness into death—
Death into silence; the warm light of day,
  The blooms of summer, the rich glowing breath
Of even—all shall wither and decay,
  Like the frail furniture of dreams beneath
The touch of morn—or bubbles of rich dyes
That break and vanish in the aching eyes."

They hear, soul-blushing, and repentant shed
  Unwholesome thoughts in wholesome tears, and pour
Their sin to earth,—and with low drooping head
  Receive the solemn blessing, and implore
Its grace—then soberly with chasten'd tread,
  They meekly press towards the gusty door,
With humbled eyes that go to graze upon
The lowly grass—like him of Babylon.

The lowly grass!—O water-constant mind!
  Fast-ebbing holiness!—soon-fading grace
Of serious thought, as if the gushing wind
  Through the low porch had wash'd it from the face
For ever!—How they lift their eyes to find
  Old vanities!—Pride wins the very place
Of meekness, like a bird, and flutters now
With idle wings on the curl-conscious brow!

And lo! with eager looks they seek the way
  Of old temptation at the lowly gate;
To feast on feathers, and on vain array,
  And painted cheeks, and the rich glistering state

Of jewel-sprinkled locks.—But where are they,
  The graceless haughty ones that used to wait
With lofty neck, and nods, and stiffen'd eye?—
None challenge the old homage bending by.

In vain they look for the ungracious bloom
  Of rich apparel where it glow'd before,—
For Vanity has faded all to gloom,
  And lofty Pride has stiffen'd to the core,
For impious Life to tremble at its doom,—
  Set for a warning token evermore,
Whereon, as now, the giddy and the wise
Shall gaze with lifted hands and wond'ring eyes.

The aged priest goes on each sabbath morn,
  But shakes not sorrow under his grey hair;
The solemn clerk goes lavender'd and shorn
  Nor stoops his back to the ungodly pair;—
And ancient lips that pucker'd up in scorn,
  Go smoothly breathing to the house of pray'r;
And in the garden-plot, from day to day,
The lily blooms its long white life away.

And where two haughty maidens used to be,
  In pride of plume, where plumy Death had trod,
Trailing their gorgeous velvets wantonly,
  Most unmeet pall, over the holy sod;—
There, gentle stranger, thou may'st only see
  Two sombre Peacocks.——Age, with sapient nod
Marking the spot, still tarries to declare
How they once lived, and wherefore they are there.

HYMN TO THE SUN.

GIVER of glowing light!
Though but a god of other days,
The kings and sages
Of wiser ages
Still live and gladden in thy genial rays!

King of the tuneful lyre,
Still poets' hymns to thee belong
Though lips are cold
Whereon of old
Thy beams all turn'd to worshipping and song!

Lord of the dreadful bow,
None triumph now for Python's death;
But thou dost save
From hungry grave
The life that hangs upon a summer breath.

Father of rosy day,
No more thy clouds of incense rise;
But waking flow'rs
At morning hours,
Give out their sweets to meet thee in the skies.

God of the Delphic fane,
No more thou listenest to hymns sublime;
But they will leave
On winds at eve,
A solemn echo to the end of time.

MIDNIGHT.

UNFATHOMABLE Night! how dost thou sweep
  Over the flooded earth, and darkly hide
  The mighty city under thy full tide;
Making a silent palace for old Sleep,
Like his own temple under the hush'd deep,
  Where all the busy day he doth abide,
  And forth at the late dark, outspreadeth wide
His dusky wings, whence the cold water sweep!
How peacefully the living millions lie!
  Lull'd unto death beneath his poppy spells;
There is no breath—no living stir—no cry—
No tread of foot—no song—no music-call—
  Only the sound of melancholy bells—
The voice of Time—survivor of them all!

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.*

I.

OH, 'tis a touching thing, to make one weep,—
A tender infant with its curtain'd eye,
Breathing as it would neither live nor die
With that unchanging countenance of sleep!
As if its silent dream, serene and deep,
Had lined its slumber with a still blue sky

* This and the following sonnet were written to the infant son of the late Rev. Edward Rice, Master of Christ's Hospital.

So that the passive cheeks unconscious lie
With no more life than roses—just to keep
The blushes warm, and the mild, odorous breath.
O blossom boy! so calm is thy repose,
So sweet a compromise of life and death,
'Tis pity those fair buds should e'er unclose
For memory to stain their inward leaf,
Tinging thy dreams with unacquainted grief.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

II.

THINE eyelids slept so beauteously, I deem'd
No eyes could wake so beautiful as they:
Thy rosy cheeks in such still slumbers lay,
I loved their peacefulness, nor ever dream'd
Of dimples:—for those parted lips so seem'd,
I never thought a smile could sweetlier play,
Nor that so graceful life could chase away
Thy graceful death,—till those blue eyes upbeam'd.
Now slumber lies in dimpled eddies drown'd,
And roses bloom more rosily for joy,
And odorous silence ripens into sound,
And fingers move to sound.—All-beauteous boy!
How thou dost waken into smiles, and prove,
If not more lovely, thou art more like Love!

TO FANCY.

Most delicate Ariel! submissive thing,
Won by the mind's high magic to its hest,—
Invisible embassy, or secret guest,—
Weighing the light air on a lighter wing;—
Whether into the midnight moon, to bring
Illuminate visions to the eye of rest,—
Or rich romances from the florid West,—
Or to the sea, for mystic whispering,—
Still by thy charm'd allegiance to the will,
The fruitful wishes prosper in the brain,
As by the fingering of fairy skill,—
Moonlight, and waters, and soft music's strain,
Odours, and blooms, and *my* Miranda's smile,
Making this dull world an enchanted isle.

MR. MARTIN'S PICTURES AND THE BONASSUS.

A LETTER FROM MRS. WINIFRED LLOYD TO HER FRIEND MRS. PRICE, AT THE PARSONAGE HOUSE AT ——, IN MONMOUTHSHIRE.

My dear Mrs. Price,

This is to let you know that me and Becky and little Humphry are safe arrived in London, where we have been since Monday. My darter is quite inchanted with the metropalus and longs to be intraduced to it satiety, which please God she shall be as soon as things are ready to make her debutt in. It is high time now she should be brought into the world being twenty years old come Midsummer &

very big for her size. You knows, Mrs. Price, that with her figure and accumplishments she was quite berried in Wales, but I hopes when the country is scowered off she will shine as bright as the best & make rare havock among the mail sects. She has learned the pinaforte and to draw, and does flowers and shells, as Mr. Owen says, to a mirrikle, for I spares no munny on her to make her fit for any gentleman's wife, when he shall please to ax her. I took her the other day to the Bullock's Museum to see Mr. Martin's expedition of picters—because she has such a pretty notion of painting herself—and a very nice site it was thof it cost half-a-crown. I tried to get the children in for half-price but the man said that Becky was a full-grown lady, and so she is sure enuff, so I could only beat him down to take a sixpence off little Humphry.

The picters are hung in a parler up-stairs (Becky calls it a drawing room) and you see about a dozen for your munny which brings it to about a penny a piece, & that is not dear. The first on the left hand as you go in—and on the right coming out—is called Revenge. It represents a man and woman with a fire breaking out at their backs—Becky thought it was the fire of London—but the show gentleman said it was Troy that was burned out of revenge, so that was a very good thought to paint. Then there was Bell Shazzar's Feast as you read of it in the Bible, with Daniel interrupting the handwriting on the wall—with the cunning men & the king & all the nobility. Becky said she never saw such bewtiful painting—and sure enuff they were the finest cullers I ever set eyes on, blews, & pinks and purples & greens, all as bright as fresh sattin and velvet, and no doubt they had court sutes all span new for the Banket. As for Humphry there was no getting him from a picter of a Welsh Bard because he knew the ballad about it & saw the whole

core of Captain Edwards's sodgers coming down the hill, with their waggin' train and all, quite nateral. To be sure their cullers were very bewtiful, but there was so many mountings piled atop of one another and some going out of sight into heaven that it made my neck ake to look after them. Next to that there was a storm in Babylon,* but not half so well painted Becky said as the rest. There was none hardly of those smart bright cullers only a bunch of flowers in a garden, that Becky said would look bewtiful on a chaney teacup. Howsomever some gentlemen looked at it a long while and called it clever and said they preferred his architecter work to his painting & he makes very handsum bildings for sartin. They said too that this picter was quieter than all the rest—but how that can be, God he knows, for I could not hear a pin's difference betwixt them—and besides that it was in better keeping which I suppose means it is sold to a Lord. The next was only a lady very well dressed and walking in a landskip. But oh, Mrs. Price, how shall I tell you about the burning of Herculeum! Becky said it put her in mind of what is written in the Revelations about the sky being turned to blood, and indeed it seemed to take all the culler out of her face when she looked at it. It looked as if all the world was going to be burnt to death with a shower of live coals! Oh dear to see the pore things running about in sich an earthquack as threw the pillers off their legs—and all the men of war in distress, beating their bottoms, & going to rack and ruin in the arber. It is a shocking site to see only in a picter, with so many people in silks and sattins and velvets having their things so scorched & burnt into holes! O Mrs. Price! what a mercy we was not born in Vesuvus & there is no burning mountings in

* The storming of Babylon: Mrs. Lloyd must have got her catalogue by hearsay.

Wales!—only think to be holding our sheelds over our heads to keep off the hot sinders, and almost suffercated to death with brimstun. It puts one in a shiver to think of it.

There is another picture of a burning mounting with Zadok* hanging upon a rock—Becky knows the story & shall tell it you—but it looked nothing after the other, though the criketal gentleman, you knows of, said it was a much better painting. But there is no saying for people's tastes—as Mr. Owen says, the world does not dine upon one dinner—but I have forgot one more & that is Mac Beth and the three Whiches, with such a ridgment of Hilanders that I wonder how they got into one picter. Becky said the band ought to be playing bag Pipes instead of Kittle drums, but no doubt Mr. Martin knows better than Becky, and I am sure from what I heard in the North that either Kittles or Drums would sound better than bag Pipes.

We are going to-morrow to the play, and any other sites we may see you shall hear. Till then give my respective complements to Mr. Price with a kiss from Beck & Humphry and remane,

Your faithful humble sarvent

WINIFRED LLOYD.

P.S. I forgot to say that after we had seen Mr. Martin's expedition, we went from the Bullock's to the Bonassus—as it is but a step from wan to the other. The man says it is a perfect picter, & so it is for sartin, and ought to be painted. It is like a bull only quite different, and comes from the Appellation Mountings. My Humphry thought it must have been catched in a pound, and I wundered the child could make sich a nateral idear, but he is a sweet boy and very foreward in his larning. He was eyely delited at the

* Mrs. Lloyd means Zadak, in the "Tales of the Genii."

site you may be sure, but Becky being timersome shut her eyes all the time she was seeing it. But saving his pushing now & then the anymil is no ways veracious & eats nothing but vegeatables. The man showed us some outlandish sort of pees that it lives upon but he gave it two hole pales of rare carruts besides. It must be a handsum customer to the green Grocer and a pretty penny I warrant it costs for vittles. But it is a wonderful work of Natur, and ought to make man look to his ways as Mr. Lloyd says. Which of our infiddles could make a Bonassus? let them tell me that, Mrs. Price. I would have carried him home in my eye to describe to you & Mr. Price, but we met Mrs. Striker the butcher's lady & she drove him quite out of my head. Howsomever as you likes carosities I shall send his playbill that knows more about him than I do, though there's nothing like seeing him with wan's one eye's. I think if the man would take him down to Monmouth in a Carry Wan he would get a good many hapence by showing him. Till then I remane once more

Your faithful humble sarvent

WINIFRED LLOYD.

[I discovered the following scrap of grim dry humour among other papers of my father's. From the appearance of the writing, I conclude it was of some of these early years.]

PRESENCE OF MIND IN A GHOST.

IT has been much questioned amongst the curious if there be such things (or nothings) as Ghosts; but whether or not, and leaving this Argument to the Learned,—the following may be relied upon as a wonderful instance of presence of mind in an apparition.

In the year 1421, the widow of Ralph Cranfield, of Dipmore End, in the parish of Sandhurst, Berkshire, was one midnight alarmed by a noise in her bed-chamber, and looking up she saw at her bed-foot the appearance of a skeleton (which she verily believed was her husband) nodding and talking to her on its fingers, or finger-bones, after the manner of a dumb person. [And the moonlight shone through the ribs as if through a trellis, making a barred shadow upon the counterpane.]* Whereupon she was so smitten with fear that after striving to scream aloud, which she could not by reason of her fright, she fell backward as in a swoon: yet not so insensible but she could see that the figure was greatly agitated and distressed, and would have clasped her, but on seeing her loathing, it desisted—only moving its jaw upward and downward, as if it would cry for help but could not for want of its parts of speech.

At last, she growing more and more faint and likely to die of fright, the skeleton suddenly, and as if at a thought, began to swing round its hand (which was loose at the wrist) with a brisk motion; and the finger-bones, being hard and long, and striking sharply against each other, made a loud noise like the springing of a watchman's rattle; at which alarm the neighbours running hastily in, and stoutly armed as against thieves and murderers, the Spectre suddenly departed.†

* This sentence is barely legible, having been scratched through on second thoughts.

† I cannot discover whether this ingenious ghost was the offspring of my father's brain, or the hero of some legend of Sandhurst, where my father resided, as a young man, for some period with his uncle, the late Mr. Sands.

1823.

THE LONDON MAGAZINE AND ANNUALS.

[My father this year contributed to the "London," besides the usual "Lion's Head," "Fair Ines"—"Ode to Autumn"—"To a Cold Beauty"—and Sonnets to "Silence"—"An Enthusiast"—"Death"—and "Keats' Endymion."]

THE LION'S HEAD.

A.R.'s poem has been burnt, as he requested, with a multitude of others. "It looked indifferent well," as Sir Andrew Aguecheek has it, "in a flame-coloured stock."

The Elegy on Dr. Hutton is well written —— by Mr. Carstairs.

M.'s Ode on the Martyrs who were burnt in the *rain* of Queen Mary is original, but wants fire.

"The Sketch of a Plan for abolishing Beggars"—by making them Gentlemen—is humane but Utopian.

[I suspect the following Epigram on a picture in the Academy, called "The Doubtful Sneeze," is also my father's.]

The Doubtful Sneeze! a failure quite—
A winker half, and half a gaper—
Alas, to paint on canvas here
What should have been on tissue paper.

THOUGHTS ON SCULPTURE.

THERE is something sublime in the pale repose of fine sculpture: colour is as noise and motion.—Harlequin is motley and active—but a Statue is a thing only of light and shade; and stillness and silence are its proper attributes, and the first inspiration of its presence.

On entering the repository of the Elgin Marbles, the voice is instantly subdued to a whisper, and the foot is restrained in its tread; there is no occasion for the written request of the students to preserve silence—it will keep itself, the best peace-officer of the place. We seem to be, not among imitations, but petrifactions of life,—feel as if noise, or mirth, or ungentle motion, were an insult to their constrained quietness. The most impassioned, the most ruffled, are as mute as Niobe when she turned to stone: even that snorting horse, wild and fiery as he may once have been, distends only a breathless nostril to the air, and is fixed for ever. If he move not now, he will never move more, so much has he the look of fierce intent. Theseus sits too, as if he would never rise again; but in him you might fancy it merely the fault of his will. This repose seems the proper mood of a statue. It should be pale in act, as pale in substance—either above or beneath all violence—too rock-like to be rudely acted on, or too delicate and aerial, too sylph-like for touch—too pure even (as it seems) to be stained by the light. I remember a female figure of this nature, which might have been a personification of silence,—a marble metaphor of peace. Alone, and still, and hushed, it stood in the dark of a long passage, like an embodied

twilight,—not dead, but with such a breathless life as we conceive in a solemn midnight apparition;—passionless, yet not incapable of passion, as if only there was no cause mighty enough in this world to disturb her divine rest. There she stood, with her blank eyes,* gazing no one knew whither—not asleep,—but as in one of those dreams which make up the life of gods, blissful, serene, and eternal—herself almost a dream, she seemed so pale, and shadowy, and unreal—as unreal as if only framed out of moonlight, or (what is quite possible) only the fanciful creation of my own theory.

FAIR INES.

O saw ye not fair Ines?
She's gone into the West,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest:
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

O turn again, fair Ines,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivall'd bright;

* These blank eyes (wherein there is no indication of the pupil) are the true eyes in sculpture. They seem to hold no communion with your own, but to gaze, not on points, but on all space, like the eyes of gods, or of prophets looking into the future.

And blessed will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek
I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier,
Who rode so gaily by thy side,
And whisper'd thee so near!
Were there no bonny dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before;
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore;
It would have been a beauteous dream,
—If it had been no more!

Alas, alas, fair Ines,
She went away with song,
With Music waiting on her steps,
And shoutings of the throng;
But some were sad and felt no mirth,
But only Music's wrong,
In sounds that sang Farewell, Farewell,
To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines,
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before,—
Alas, for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that blest one lover's heart
Has broken many more!

[The following poem is written on the same sheet of paper as the original copy of "Fair Ines." It was never published during my father's life—so I have decided on inserting it here.]

TO A FALSE FRIEND.

Our hands have met, but not our hearts;
Our hands will never meet again.
Friends, if we have ever been,
Friends we cannot now remain:
I only know I loved you once,
I only know I loved in vain;
Our hands have met, but not our hearts;
Our hands will never meet again!

Then farewell to heart and hand!
I would our hands had never met:
Even the outward form of love
Must be resign'd with some regret.
Friends, we still might seem to be,
If I my wrong could e'er forget
Our hands have join'd but not our hearts:
I would our hands had never met!

ODE.

AUTUMN.

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless like Silence, listening
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn,
Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn;
Shaking his languid locks all dewy bright
With tangled gossamer that fell by night,
Pearling his coronet of golden corn.

Where are the songs of Summer?—With the sun,
Oping the dusky eyelids of the south,
Till shade and silence waken up as one,
And Morning sings with a warm odorous mouth.
Where are the merry birds?—Away, away,
On panting wings through the inclement skies,
Lest owls should prey
Undazzled at noon-day,
And tear with horny beak their lustrous eyes.

Where are the blooms of Summer?—In the west,
Blushing their last to the last sunny hours,
When the mild Eve by sudden Night is prest
Like tearful Proserpine, snatch'd from her flow'rs
To a most gloomy breast.
Where is the pride of Summer,—the green prime,—
The many, many leaves all twinkling?—Three

On the moss'd elm ; three on the naked lime
Trembling,—and one upon the old oak tree !
  Where is the Dryad's immortality ?—
Gone into mournful cypress and dark yew,
Or wearing the long gloomy Winter through
  In the smooth holly's green eternity.

The squirrel gloats o'er his accomplish'd hoard,
The ants have brimm'd their garners with ripe grain,
    And honey bees have stored
The sweets of summer in their luscious cells ;
The swallows all have wing'd across the main ;
But here the Autumn melancholy dwells,
    And sighs her tearful spells
Amongst the sunless shadows of the plain.
        Alone, alone,
        Upon a mossy stone,
She sits and reckons up the dead and gone,
With the last leaves for a love-rosary ;
Whilst all the wither'd world looks drearily,
Like a dim picture of the drownëd past
In the hush'd mind's mysterious far-away,
Doubtful what ghostly thing will steal the last
Into that distance, grey upon the grey.

O go and sit with her, and be o'ershaded
Under the languid downfall of her hair ;
She wears a coronal of flowers faded
Upon her forehead, and a face of care ;—
There is enough of wither'd everywhere
To make her bower,—and enough of gloom ;
There is enough of sadness to invite,
If only for the rose that died, whose doom

Is Beauty's,—she that with the living bloom
Of conscious cheeks most beautifies the light:
There is enough of sorrowing, and quite
Enough of bitter fruits the earth doth bear,—
Enough of chilly droppings from her bowl;
Enough of fear and shadowy despair,
To frame her cloudy prison for the soul!

SONNET.

DEATH.

It is not death, that—sometime—in a sigh
This eloquent breath shall take its speechless flight;
That—sometime—these bright stars, that now reply
In sunlight to the sun, shall set in night;
That this warm conscious flesh shall perish quite,
And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow;
That thoughts shall cease, and the immortal sprite
Be lapp'd in alien clay and laid below;
It is not death to know this,—but to know
That pious thoughts, which visit at new graves
In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go
So duly and so oft,—and when grass waves
Over the past-away, there may be then
No resurrection in the minds of men.

SONNET.

SILENCE.

—♦—

THERE is a silence where hath been no sound,
There is a silence where no sound may be,
In the cold grave—under the deep deep sea,
Or in wide desert where no life is found,
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound;
No voice is hush'd—no life treads silently,
But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
That never spoke, over the idle ground:
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,
Though the dun fox, or wild hyæna, calls,
And owls, that flit continually between,
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,——
There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.

SONNET.

WRITTEN IN KEATS' "ENDYMION."

—♦—

I SAW pale Dian, sitting by the brink
Of silver falls, the overflow of fountains
From cloudy steeps; and I grew sad to think
Endymion's foot was silent on those mountains
And he but a hush'd name, that Silence keeps
In dear remembrance,—lonely, and forlorn.

Singing it to herself until she weeps
Tears, that perchance still glisten in the morn :—
And as I mused, in dull imaginings,
There came a flash of garments, and I knew
The awful Muse by her harmonious wings
Charming the air to music as she flew—
Anon there rose an echo through the vale
Gave back Endymion in a dreamlike tale.

SONNET.

TO AN ENTHUSIAST.

YOUNG ardent soul, graced with fair Nature's truth,
Spring warmth of heart, and fervency of mind,
And still a large late love of all thy kind,
Spite of the world's cold practice and Time's tooth,—
For all these gifts, I know not, in fair sooth,
Whether to give thee joy, or bid thee blind
Thine eyes with tears,—that thou hast not resign'd
The passionate fire and fierceness of thy youth :
For as the current of thy life shall flow,
Gilded by shine of sun or shadow-stain'd,
Through flow'ry valley or unwholesome fen,
Thrice blessed in thy joy, or in thy woe
Thrice cursed of thy race,—thou art ordain'd
To share beyond the lot of common men.

TO A COLD BEAUTY.

LADY, wouldst thou heiress be
  To Winter's cold and cruel part?
When he sets the rivers free,
  Thou dost still lock up thy heart;—
Thou that shouldst outlast the snow,
But in the whiteness of thy brow

Scorn and cold neglect are made
  For winter gloom and winter wind,
But thou wilt wrong the summer air,
  Breathing it to words unkind,—
Breath which only should belong
To love, to sunlight, and to song!

When the little buds unclose,
  Red, and white, and pied, and blue,
And that virgin flow'r, the rose,
  Opes her heart to hold the dew,
Wilt thou lock thy bosom up
With no jewel in its cup?

Let not cold December sit
  Thus in Love's peculiar throne:
Brooklets are not prison'd now,
  But crystal frosts are all agone,
And that which hangs upon the spray,
It is no snow, but flow'r of May!

[I find the original MS. of this dated 1823. I have been unable to trace its appearance anywhere during my father's life.]

SERENADE

Ah, sweet, thou little knowest how
  I wake and passionate watches keep;
And yet while I address thee now,
  Methinks thou smilest in thy sleep.
'Tis sweet enough to make me weep,
  That tender thought of love and thee,
That while the world is hush'd so deep,
  Thy soul's perhaps awake to me!

Sleep on, sleep on, sweet bride of sleep!
  With golden visions for thy dower,
While I this midnight vigil keep,
  And bless thee in thy silent bower;
To me 'tis sweeter than the power
  Of sleep, and fairy dreams unfurl'd,
That I alone, at this still hour,
  In patient love outwatch the world.

[The "Old Ballad" which follows is also dated 1823 in my father's common-place book. I have been unable to find where it was published. The air to which it is given is that of an old song that I remember hearing my mother repeat often. Its plot is similar to the ballad of "Binnorie," and it has a burden somewhat of the same sort. As far as I can remember, the first verse begins:

There was a King in the North Countree,
  Down—Down—Downderry—Down.
There was a King in the North Countree
And he had daughters one two and three,
  The Bough it shall bend to me, &c.]

OLD BALLAD.

Air—"There was a King in the North Countree."

THERE was a Fairy lived in a well,
And she pronounced a magical spell;
"Whoever looks in this wave," she said,
"Shall see the lady that he's to wed!"

A King came by with his hunting-spear
And stoop'd to look in the waters clear;
He laid by the brim his signet of gold,
And gave his Brother his crown to hold.

But while he knelt and was looking down,
His Brother stood and tried-on the crown;
The pearls were bright, and the rubies brave,
So he tumbled his brother into the wave.

"Oh Brother, oh Brother, you've got my ring
And the lawful crown that made me king;
But your heart shall fail, and your hand shall quake,
And the head that wears my jewels shall ache!"

The murderer stood and look'd from the brink,
"The sun is so hot, I should like to drink!"
But lo! as he stoop'd with a silver cup,
His head went down, and his heels flew up!

"Oh! Brother, oh! Brother,—I've got your crown,
But the weight of the jewels has pull'd me down,
You shall be crown'd in the skies again,—
But I shall be mark'd on the brow like Cain!"

Down he sank in the dismal wave,
As cold as death, and dark as the grave;
But when he came to the stones at last,
The Fairy caught him, and held him fast.

She took him into her crystal hall
And there he saw his face in the wall;
She look'd rosy, but he look'd white,
And all the tapers were burning bright.

The King leap'd down from his Fairy throne,
With eyes that brighter than diamonds shone;
His left hand balanced a golden globe,
But his right hand lifted his purple robe.

"Oh Brother! oh Brother! bend down your knee,
But kneel to Heaven, and not to me,
For God may frown on your grievous sin,
But I'm too happy you push'd me in.

Come hither, come hither, you're welcome now,
To my crown of gold that decks your brow;
There's smiles worth heav'n on my true-love's face,
And she has made me King of this place!"

[The following lines, suggested by a bunch of English grapes, were written about this time—as well as the two Sonnets which succeed them—and which have never been printed before.]

We did not wear a leafy crown,
And darkly glance to darker glance,
Under the green leaf and the brown,
Wooing the eyes of maids of France,

With very bloomy down :
We stain'd not hands with purple blood
In golden Arno's pleasant vale,
Where the proud Brothers quench'd the stain,
And saw two murderers in the flood
With faces guilty-pale :
Nor on the sunny hills of Spain
We used to drink the sun and twine
Long amorous tendrils to entrap
The careless finger of maid to linger
And pluck us from the trembling vine
To brim her dimpled lap.

SONNET.

Love, I am jealous of a worthless man
Whom—for his merits—thou dost hold too dear :
No better than myself, he lies as near
And precious to thy bosom. He may span
Thy sacred waist and with thy sweet breath fan
His happy cheek, and thy most willing ear
Invade with words and call his love sincere
And true as mine, and prove it—if he can :—
Not that I hate him for such deeds as this—
He were a devil to adore thee less,
Who wears thy favour,—I am ill at ease
Rather lest he should e'er too coldly press
Thy gentle hand :—This is my jealousy
Making myself suspect but never thee !

SONNET.

—♦—

Love, see thy lover humbled at thy feet,
Not in servility, but homage sweet,
Gladly inclined :—and with my bended knee
Think that my inward spirit bows to thee—
More proud indeed than when I stand or climb
Elsewhere :—there is no statue so sublime
As Love's in all the world, and e'en to kiss
The pedestal is still a better bliss
Than all ambitions. O ! Love's lowest base
Is far above the reaching of disgrace
To shame this posture. Let me then draw nigh
Feet that have fared so nearly to the sky,
And when this duteous homage has been given
I will rise up and clasp the heart in Heaven.

1824.

[For this year I have been unable to trace clearly much of my father's writing. "The Forsaken," however, which is noted in the commonplace book as "for head of Madeline," I imagine, from its date, must have appeared in some annual about this time, as also the song following it, which is marked "for Ackermann's." I have reason to believe that the next song, "O Lady, leave thy silken thread," sent to the "Times" by the late Mr. Shoberl, with a letter which I give below,* should be assigned to this date.]

THE FORSAKEN.

The dead are in their silent graves,
And the dew is cold above,
And the living weep and sigh,
Over dust that once was love.

Once I only wept the dead,
But now the living cause my pain:
How couldst thou steal me from my tears,
To leave me to my tears again?

* "THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

"The author of the following very beautiful song was the late Thomas Hood, who published it with a *nom de guerre*, when he was not known to literature. I have reason to believe that many exquisite productions by this highly-gifted writer must be lying, like wild-flowers, scattered and unnoticed, which I fear it is impossible now to gather into his wreath. That it may not prove so, and that in an edition of his collected works will be preserved all his anonymous and graceful snatches, is the wish of

"May 19, 1845. "Frederick Shoberl, Jun

My Mother rests beneath the sod,—
Her rest is calm and very deep :
I wish'd that she could see our loves,—
But now I gladden in her sleep.

Last night unbound my raven locks,
The morning saw them turn'd to grey,
Once they were black and well beloved,
But thou art changed,—and so are they

The useless lock I gave thee once,
To gaze upon and think of me,
Was ta'en with smiles,—but this was torn
In sorrow that I send to thee !

SONG.

The stars are with the voyager
  Wherever he may sail ;
The moon is constant to her time ;
  The sun will never fail ;
But follow, follow round the world,
  The green earth and the sea,
So love is with the lover's heart,
  Wherever he may be.

Wherever he may be, the stars
  Must daily lose their light ;
The moon will veil her in the shade ;
  The sun will set at night.

The sun may set, but constant love
  Will shine when he's away;
So that dull night is never night,
  And day is brighter day.

SONG.

O Lady, leave thy silken thread
  And flowery tapestrie:
There's living roses on the bush,
  And blossoms on the tree;
Stoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand
  Some random bud will meet;
Thou canst not tread, but thou wilt find
  The daisy at thy feet.

'Tis like the birthday of the world,
  When earth was born in bloom;
The light is made of many dyes,
  The air is all perfume;
There's crimson buds, and white and blue—
  The very rainbow showers
Have turn'd to blossoms where they fell,
  And sown the earth with flowers.

There's fairy tulips in the east,
  The garden of the sun;
The very streams reflect the hues,
  And blossom as they run:

While Morn opes like a crimson rose,
  Still wet with pearly showers;
Then, lady, leave the silken thread
  Thou twinest into flowers!

[Of the "Birthday Verses"—"I love Thee"—"Lines"—and the sonnet "to Wordsworth" I have not been able to discover the first publication. For want of better indications of their date, I have been led to attribute them to this period, from the appearance of the paper on which they are transcribed, and the style of the hand in which they are written.]

BIRTHDAY VERSES.

Good morrow to the golden morning,
  Good morrow to the world's delight—
I've come to bless thy life's beginning,
  Since it makes my own so bright!

I have brought no roses, sweetest,
  I could find no flowers, dear,—
It was when all sweets were over
  Thou wert born to bless the year.*

But I've brought thee jewels, dearest,
  In thy bonny locks to shine,—
And if love shows in their glances,
  They have learn'd that look of mine!

* My mother's birthday was the 6th November.

I LOVE THEE.

I LOVE thee—I love thee!
  'Tis all that I can say;—
It is my vision in the night,
  My dreaming in the day;
The very echo of my heart,
  The blessing when I pray:
I love thee—I love thee!
  Is all that I can say.

I love thee—I love thee!
  Is ever on my tongue;
In all my proudest poesy
  That chorus still is sung;
It is the verdict of my eyes,
  Amidst the gay and young:
I love thee—I love thee!
  A thousand maids among.

I love thee—I love thee!
  Thy bright and hazel glance,
The mellow lute upon those lips,
  Whose tender tones entrance;
But most, dear heart of hearts, thy proofs
  That still these words enhance,
I love thee—I love thee!
  Whatever be thy chance.